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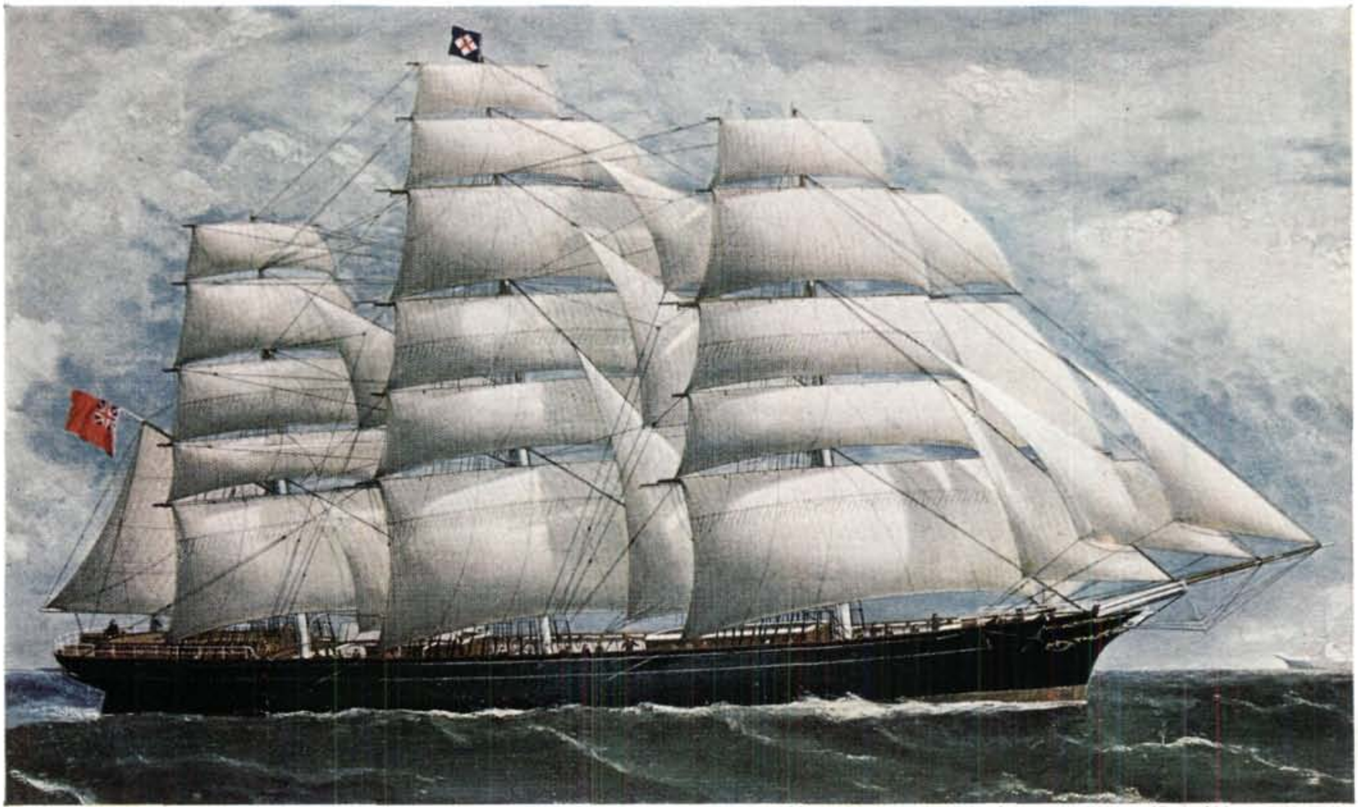

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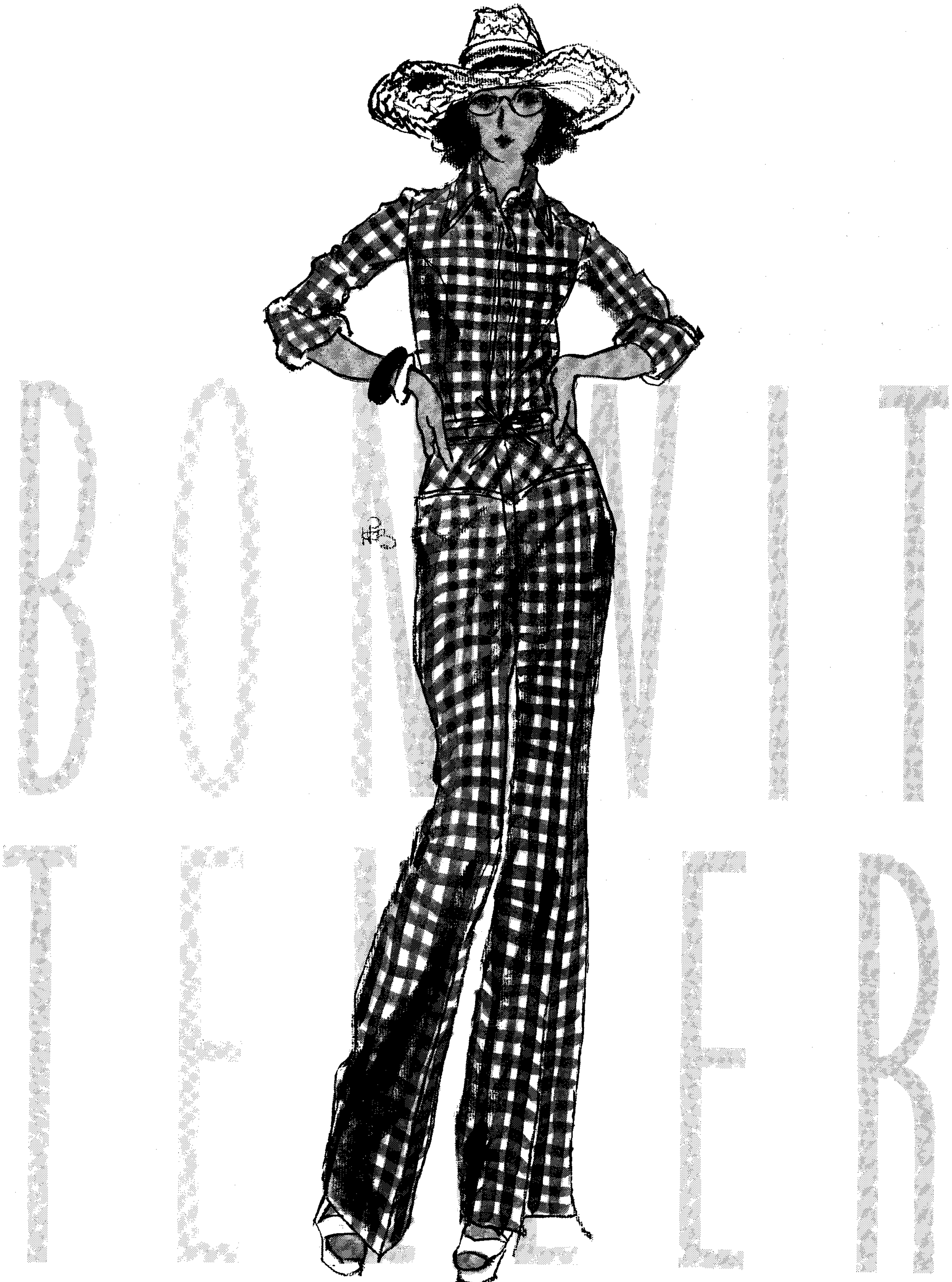

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Chickencoop Chinaman—A play written by Frank Chin and directed by Jack Gelber. Opens Saturday, May 27, and will run through Saturday, June 24. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Frederick Douglass . . . Through His Own Words—Frederick Douglass, born a slave, escaped to the North and became one of America's most eloquent, original political thinkers of the nineteenth century. This program of selections from his writings, public and private, is the final production this season of the Negro Ensemble Company. Its rewards are more intellectual and literary than dramatic, but they are there, all the same. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden are superlative in this revival, which, for a wonder, is superior to the original. Ably directed by Burt Shevelove. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hark!—A musical with lyrics by Robert Lorick, and music by Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunter—A play by Murray Mednick. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jamimma—A consistently interesting play by Martie Evans-Charles about a meek black woman and the funny and tragic results of her inability to assert herself. The performance, under Shauneille Perry's direction, is good. Marcella Lowery, Dick Williams, Roxie Roker, and Lucretia Collins head the all-black cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Night Watch—Not a good thriller, but an amiable evening in the theatre. Joan Hackett and Edward Winter are the stars. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays, except May 30, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 2:30.)

Older People—John Ford Noonan's skittish fantasy about the elderly comes in the form of vaudeville sketches and doesn't add up to much of anything, in spite of a few entertaining moments. It is well played, though, by a cast of six, under Mel Shapiro's direction. With Barnard Hughes and Bette Henritze. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

One for the Money, Etc.—Selected material from three revues—"One for the Money," "Two for the Show," and "Three to Make Ready"—by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis. Directed by Tom Panko. Revived in this form earlier this year, and now re-revived, to open Wednesday, May 24. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Promenade, All!—Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Richard Backus have a splendid time showing off their acting skills in a complicated trifle by David V. Robison. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An excellent revival of Arthur Miller's THE CRUCIBLE. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-3240. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Feet—A musical with music and lyrics by Don Brockett and a book by Dan Graham. Preview Wednesday, May 24. Opens officially on Thursday, May 25, at 7. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, except May 30, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Water Hen—A play by the late Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Arlene Dahl, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 27.) . . . BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . FOLLIES: Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . LENNY: Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: 1,805 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 5,022 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: 3,201 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . HAIR: 1,708 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . NO, NO, NANETTE: A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 29.) . . . ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . SLEUTH: Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 29, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 29.)

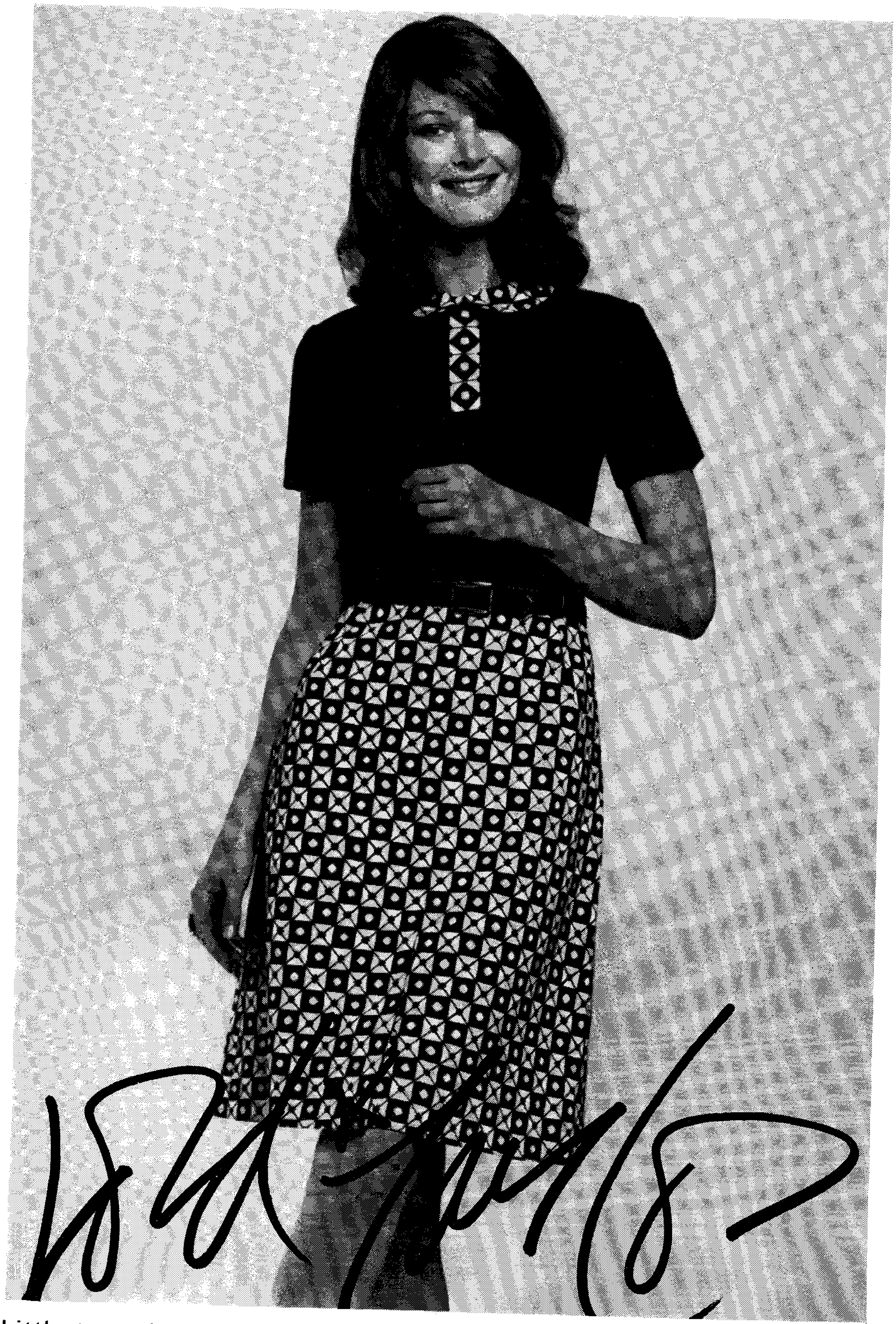
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 24, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 25, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1," "Apollo," and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ Friday, May 26, at 8: "Bugaku," "Chopiniana," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2: "Fantasies," "Episodes," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 1: "Chopiniana," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1," and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 7: "Watermill" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 30, at 8: "Fantasies," "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "In the Night," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 8: "La Source," "Watermill," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Bugaku," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 24: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 25: "Poème de l'Extase," "Dances at a Gathering," and Act III of "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 26, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 27: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 29: "The Invitation," "Thaïs," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 30: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 31: "Anastasia." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 1-2: "The Invitation," "Thaïs," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 3: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Final performances of a four-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Ceremony" on Wednesday and Thursday and at the Friday and Saturday early shows, and by "Hip and Straight" at the Friday and Saturday late shows and Sunday matinée. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 6:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

Martha Graham—The last in a subscription series of studio performances of works by Miss Graham and other choreographers performed by an ad-hoc company of leading



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dancers. (Martha Graham Center, 316 E. 63rd St. Wednesday through Friday, May 24-26, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 3 and 8:30. For tickets, call 832-9166.)

Pearl Lang and Dance Company—Friday, May 26, at 8: "Piece for Brass" and "Shirah." (The José Limón Dance Company will also perform "The Unsung" and "The Moor's Pavane.")...¶ Thursday, June 1, at 8: "The Encounter," "Passover Moments," "Shirah," and "Shore Bourne."...¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Moonways," "Dark Tides," "Piece for Brass," and "Shirah." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. For tickets, call 753-9645.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, May 24-26, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, May 27, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday and Monday, May 28-29, at 1:15 and 5:30. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Wonderful World of Horses—More than thirty Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, American saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, quarter horses, and Appaloosas. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. Friday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 27, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, May 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call 516 794-9100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Buzzy Linhart writes, plays, and sings his own songs with the force of a freight train on its way from Nashville to Newark. He will head the proceedings here through Monday, May 29. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. On Wednesday, May 24, pianist Harold Mabern will work with a bass violist. Thursday through Sunday, May 25-28, Bobby Timmons' trio will perform. Pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones start Thursday, June 1. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, usually on piano and bass. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Wednesday through Saturday, May 24-27, Cedar Walton and Sam Jones, a piano-bass team, will be playing between ten and four. Sundays through Tuesdays, from eight until two, pianist Nat Davis leads a duo.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Eddie Heywood, for whom the sunset is always Canadian, does pleasant things at the Steinway six nights a week from eight until one. Sundays, from seven until midnight, Dick Hyman subs for him. Dining.

Fiddlestix, 1487 First Ave., at 77th St. (RE 4-9777)—An informal music house that has sprung to life as part of the current Uptown drift of the jazz scene. A bunch led by trumpeter Ted Curson will be on hand through Sunday, May 28, along with singer Stella Marrs. Reed specialist Rahsaan Roland Kirk will bring in his Vibration Society on Tuesday, May 30. No live music Mondays. Italian food.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist every night but Sunday. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Gene Bertoncini and bassist Linc Milliman will trade sets with a skilled classicist named Bill Matthews. Nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. The J.P.J. quartet, which is guided by Budd Johnson's soprano and tenor saxes, will be here through Sunday, May 28. Tenor man Zoot Sims brings in his quartet on Tuesday, May 30. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are available.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. White Cloud, a rock outfit, will be here Wednesday through Sunday, May 24-28 and Tuesday through Sunday, May 30-June 4. On Mondays, folk and rock groups play from eight-thirty to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Drinks and snacks.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Friday through Sunday, May 26-28, Sandi Hewitt will sing with a trio. Soul-food dinners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Drummer Art Blakey will conduct the latest edition of his Jazz Messengers through Sunday, May 28. Max Roach, a major percussionist, arrives with his quintet Tuesday, May 30. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: With Charles Earland at the organ and the five other members of his group operating at full steam, it's a well-coördinated six-ring circus. On Tuesday, May 30, a trio led by pianist Ahmad Jamal will move in with some legerdemain of its own. From nine, and between sets by these other people, Bill Rubenstein takes an easy command of the piano. Mondays are problematical, with new talent turning up. Dining....¶ Downstairs: NRBQ, an electrified, Kentucky-bred crew, will perform Wednesday through Saturday, May 31-June 3.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Big things in a little package. The large and dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will be on the stand through Monday, May 29. The Modern Jazz Quartet (perfection under glass) arrives Tuesday, May 30. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Monday through Wednesday, and by Nina Sheldon (who also sings) and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, May 28, trombonist Benny Morton will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

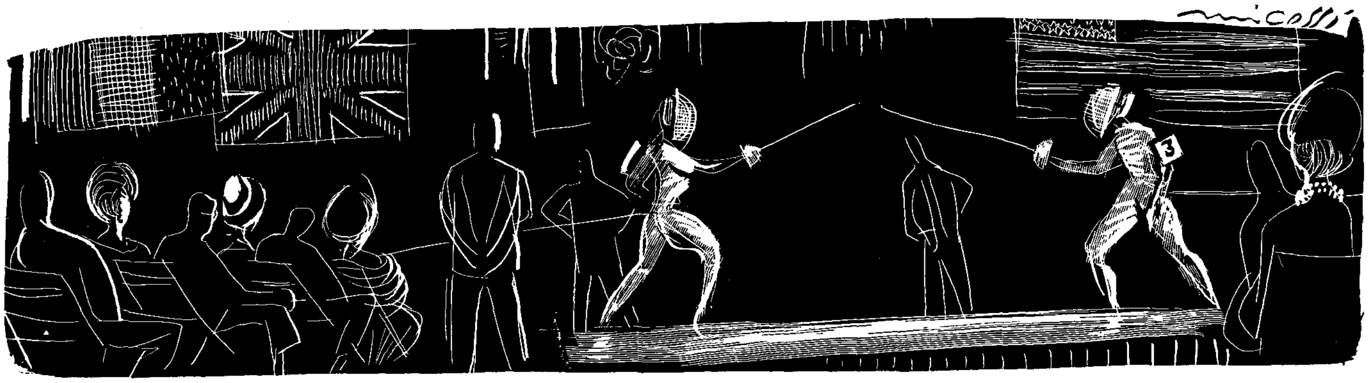
DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

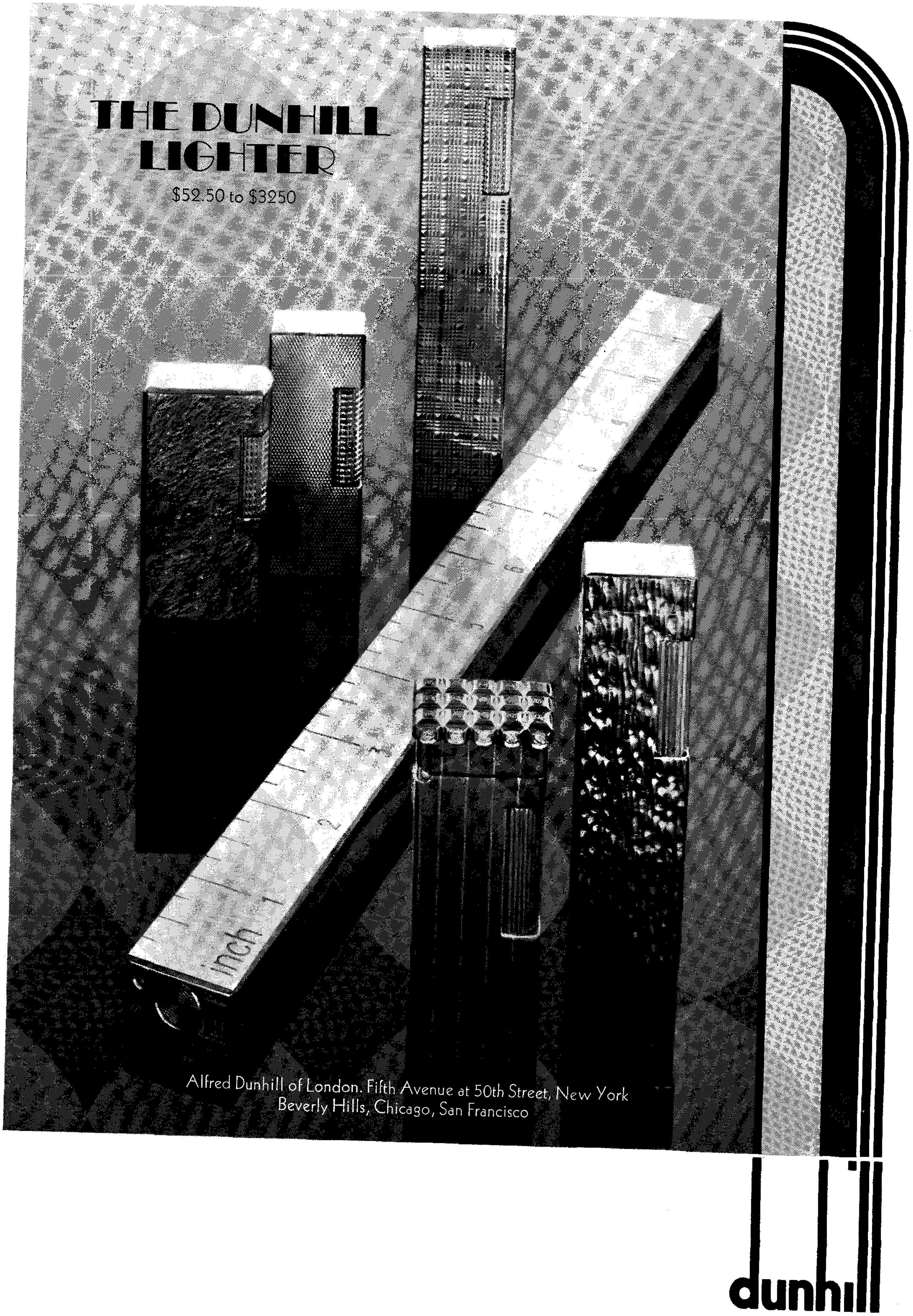
L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, Clint Holmes and the Bacchanal do pop songs. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other odd dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—From nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays, there are sessions by the guitar duo of George Barnes and Art Ryerson and vocalist Peter Dean.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret: Various enthusiasms, displayed by a frequently changing roster of young singers and instrumentalists. Cocktails and snacks. . . . ¶ In the Kitchen: On Friday, May 26, a new electronic jazz-rock outfit named Stardrive will give another of its mind-massaging, mind-bending concerts.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—A revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays and at five and eight on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Pearl Bailey's cajoling voice is asserting—at both dinner and supper in the **royal box**—that the best ways to a man's heart are her taking ways. A Ray Bloch orchestra and the Arturo Arturos band provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 31, is the final night for singer Al Green and comedian Gene Brenner. Next evening, the girl club called the Supremes and comic Herb Eden will come in. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland called **la forêt** is in season, to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise. But the **café,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In honor of the prom season, Kenny Rogers and the First Edition are front and center in the **persian room.** They will be succeeded on Tuesday, May 30, by Paul Anka, composer, troubadour, and conférencier. Shows at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 1. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 29. . . . ¶ In the **green tulip,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this mountaintop, the pièce de résistance on the menu (at dinner and supper) is the Herbie Mann quintet. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **maisonette** affords the songs of Dick Haymes. The music for featly footing it comes from the George Cort orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers only the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, who always gets her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), has just been installed in the **st. regis room.** Buddy Barnes is her excelling accompanist. Starting time is nine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Bennett removes his bonhomie and his ballads from the **empire room** on Saturday, May 27. The Room will be dormant until Thursday, June 1, when singer Melba Moore arrives. Dance tunes by Charles Turecamo and his band and the Felipe Yanez trio.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short and his wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Friday through Monday, May 26-29. . . . **duncan's,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **ruby foo,** 240 W. 52nd St. (541-9230): When Danny Apolinar sits at the piano and sings (which he does, in the lounge, from eight-thirty), it's a great big beautiful show-business world. Between his up-beat sets, it's Peking, or Shanghai, or what you will. Silent Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

genuine article, is the responsible party. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano is Ronny Whyte, whose course runs from nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. No music Friday, May 26, or Monday, May 29. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every night but Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, May 29.)

GALLERIES

BERENICE ABBOTT—Around fifty photographs of New York scenes done in the thirties on the W.P.A. Art Project; through June 7. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays, except May 28, through Thursdays, noon to 8.)

ROBERT ADLER—Paintings of New England landscapes, plus figures and interiors; through Thursday, June 1. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death; through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BATTENBERG—Cast-aluminum and bronze sculptures representing details of the oil spill on the West Coast and objects of daily life; through Saturday, May 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings on a mythological theme by a figurative artist; through Saturday, June 3. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

BEN BIANCHI—Nude females seen through sheets of fibre glass; first one-man show here. Through June 17. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Two exhibits that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum: Twenty-six hand-woven Aubusson tapestries of his designs; through Wednesday, May 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Gouaches done from 1969 to 1971; through Saturday, June 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Twelve constructions in stainless steel and aluminum in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, June 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

JANE EAKIN—Realistic still-lifes and landscapes by an American who works in Europe; first one-man show here. Through Friday, June 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—Recent paintings by a social realist and fantasist; through Friday, June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUD FINE—Constructions that consist of balancing a wide variety of materials, such as glass tubing, fibre glass, chicken wire, and stone; through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

GERTRUDE FISKE (1878-1961)—Figures and landscape paintings in an Impressionist mode by a New Englander; through Thursday, June 1. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturday, May 27.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collage-paintings of visionary landscapes; through Friday, May 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

ALLAN HACKLIN—Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in California; through June 7. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by this British artist; through Wednesday, May 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910)—A benefit exhibition of more than a hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering all phases in the career of this American landscapist; through Saturday, June 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Saturday, May 27.)

LAURACE JAMES—Viewer-manipulated kinetic constructions; starting Saturday, May 27. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Recent paintings of checkerboards of thick color with arcane references; through June 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

JOHN KEARNEY—Animals made of car bumpers; through Saturday, June 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

GYORGY KEPES—New paintings by a well-known Constructivist; through Saturday, May 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARK LANCASTER / THOMAS GEORGE—Abstract

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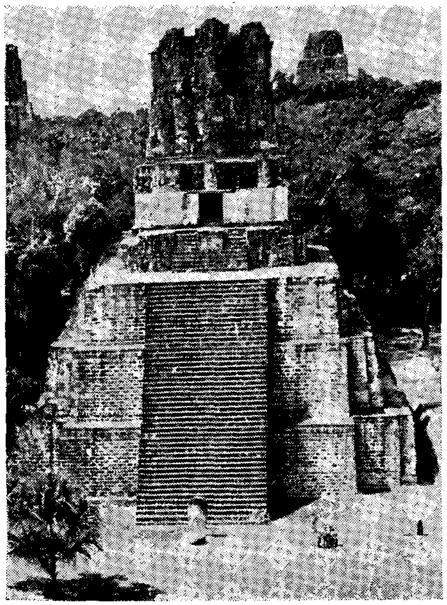

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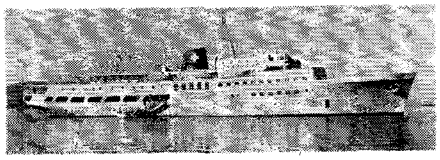

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings by a British artist working in New York. / Drawings inspired by northern Norway. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays. Through June 10.)

LE CORBUSIER (1887-1965)—Thirty-three lithographs and etchings; through June 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—Thirty gouaches from the artist's late period, with such subjects as figures, machines, and bicycles; through June 10. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MANNING—Paintings of upstate New York barns which emphasize gradations of color; through Friday, May 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through June 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A new series of landscapelike paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, June 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—A single abstract sculpture in three bronze castings of different tones, plus two in aluminum; through June 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

CLAYTON POND—Closeups of details of objects enlarged to the point where they are identifiable only by their titles; through June 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON RESNICK—The first exhibit in New York since 1964 by a familiar ex-Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, May 31. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN ROSE—Paintings by an artist who has long specialized in New York cityscapes; through Friday, May 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

LESLIE SAALBURG—Posh interiors, mostly, by this fastidious documenter of bygone elegance; through Friday, June 2. (Adam, 21 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

LUCIA SALEMME—Abstract Expressionist paintings, most of them showing traces of New York City; through Friday, June 2. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

NICHOLAS SCHÖFFER—Sculptures by the internationally known Constructivist who works in light and motion; included are early works, plus a model for his Tour Lumière, now under construction on the outskirts of Paris, which will be taller than the Eiffel Tower. Through June 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Paintings and drawings on the theme of boats, in an atmosphere of nostalgia; first one-man show here by this Argentine artist. Through Saturday, May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

FANNIE LOU SPELCE—Naïve paintings by a late-starting grandma; through Wednesday, May 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Twenty-one color-field paintings done in the past two years by this former Abstract Expressionist; through June 10. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

FREDERICK THURSZ—Geometric paintings in tonal gradations of one or two colors; through Wednesday, May 31. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Sculptures, some multi-sectioned, in poured pigmented fibre glass; through Thursday, June 1. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—New paintings by the veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, May 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Nineteen drawings by a leading American modernist; through Saturday, May 27. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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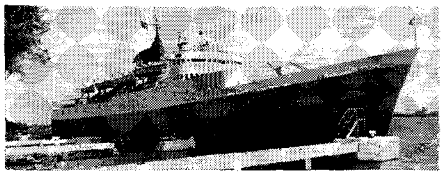


M.T.S. Apollo, registered in Greece

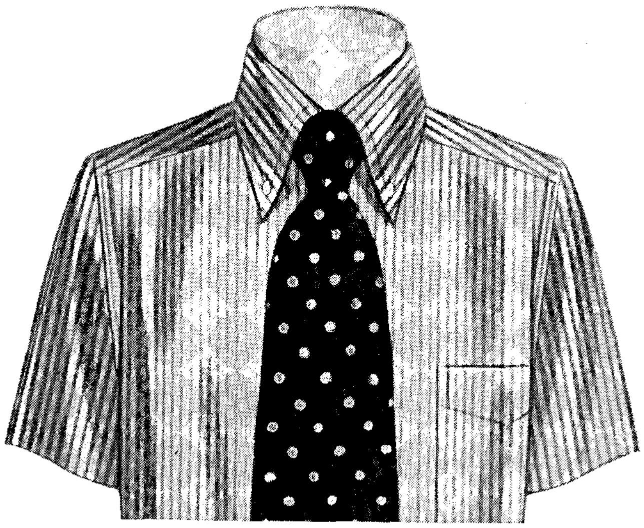
1972 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily. 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through June 30. (Closed Saturday, May 27.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fine and applied art produced in early-twentieth-century Vienna by, among others, Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by gallery artists—Bannard, Boxer, Goodnough, Gourevitch, and Kozloff, to name several; starting Saturday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists (Birmelin, Broderson, Gablik, Gwathmey, King, Oliveira, and Tovish, for instance); starting Tuesday, May 30.... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: A benefit show of works from the fifteenth century through the twentieth; through June 10.... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by William T. Wiley, Willard Midgette, Philip Pearlstein, and other gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Saturday, May 27.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Twelve young Los Angeles artists never before shown in the East; through Saturday, June 3.... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Gallery artists—Mon Levinson, Janet Fish, Larry Zox, and Rack Straw Downes—plus Fausto Melotti; through June 23. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 27.)... **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Bill Alpert, Carl Gliko, Saito, and Edvius Strautmanis; starting Saturday, May 27. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of flowers by such gallery artists as Waldo Peirce, Roy Moyer, and Robert Vickrey; through Friday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors (Sig Rennels and Paul von Ringelheim) and one painter (Eleanore Mikus); through Saturday, May 27.... **PALLEY**, 93 Prince St.: Wall pieces by Peter Plagens, Lynn Umlauf, Robert Jacks, and Joe Zucker; starting Saturday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, among them Stella, Noland, Caro, Olitski, and Sander; starting Tuesday, May 30.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Twenty-one gallery artists, including Barnet, Ben-Zion, Farr, and Marsicano; through June 8. (Closed Saturday, May 27.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: A hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by artists of the Barbizon School and their followers; through June 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, objects, prints, and photos by artists exemplifying the theories of "Aesthetic Realism;" through Wednesday, May 31. (Mondays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Andre, LeWitt, Flavin, Snelson, Ryman, and Smithson, to mention several; starting Saturday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Exhibitions by nine artists belonging to the Westbeth community, for example Julian de Miskey, Marilyn Weber, and John Manship; through Sunday, May 28. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, and others, plus two eighteenth-century Japanese screens; through Saturday, May 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5.... ¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through July 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 29, from 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight paintings, angelic in theme, by Emanuel Pereire, a contemporary French artist; through Sunday, May 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to



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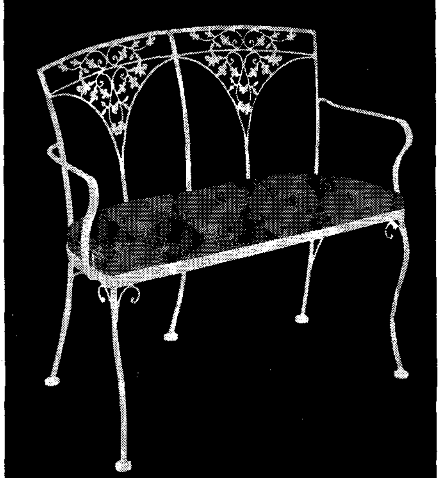

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern-master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, May 29, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About seventy paintings, sculptures, and "environments," constituting a retrospective of the work of James Rosenquist, a leading figure of the Pop movement; through Monday, May 29. . . . ¶ Fifty sculptures, the majority of stainless steel, copper, or aluminum, covering forty years of the career of José de Rivera, of New York; through June 8. A complementary show is at the Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ A small showing of drawings and gouaches, plus several sculptures and a painting by Alexander Calder, related to and displayed beside his miniature "Circus," a permanent installation at the Museum; through June 11. Complementary shows are at the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St., and at the Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Alma Thomas, a seventy-seven-year-old black artist from Washington, D.C.; through Monday, May 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, May 29, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The new Costume Galleries present fashions dating from 1800 to the present. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; and Monday, May 29, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—The alcove in the Hall of Mexico and Central America offers a stunning display of pre-Columbian gold objects from five hundred to twenty-two hundred years old. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 29, from 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Penelope Gilliatt, Gilbert Rogin, and Arthur Berger. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Noguchi, Gottlieb, Lindner, and others. Through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An impressive collection of rugs and other weavings done in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and the Balkans; through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Dragons in Chinese art since the sixteenth century B.C. in ceramic, bronze, painting, lacquerware, jade, and textile; through Sunday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Prints from the Hollanders Workshop by de Kooning, Nevelson, Motherwell, and Raphael Soyer, for example; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust. On display are first editions, proof sheets evidencing his meticulous revisions, literary and personal correspondence, and photographs and portraits. Through Saturday, June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 29, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays, except May 30, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 29, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through June 18. . . . ¶ About two hundred paintings, plus ceramics, bronze and brass metalwork, and other objects, all done in Persia from the eighth century to the nineteenth; through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over thirty maps spanning a period from the early sixteenth century to the late eighteenth, indicating the progress of exploration and settlement mostly of the North American continent. Of special interest is the first map of New York, published here in 1730. Through June 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Seventy paintings and drawings on autobiographical themes by LeRoy Clarke, an artist from Trinidad now in residence at the Museum; through June 4. (Mondays, except May 29, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—"Promenade à la Russe" on Wednesday, May 24, at 2 (with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Lorne Munroe, cello); "Tonight We Dance" Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, at 8:30 (with Edward Villella and Patricia McBride); another "Tonight We Dance" program on Wednesday, May 31, at 8:30 (with Lily Pons, soprano, as well as Mr. Villella and Miss McBride); "Festival Promenade" on Tuesday, May 30, and Thursday, June 1, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano); "Promenade Fantastique" on Friday, June 2, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and David Frost, narrator); and a repeat performance of the "Festival Promenade" on Saturday, June 3, at 8:30.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—Final offerings in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 24, at 5:45: **DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 5:45: **HARKNESS BALLET SCHOOL TRAINEES.**

Chicago—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday through Sunday, May 24-28, at 8.

Tom Jones—With Pat Henry, Rock Flowers, and the Jeff Sturges Universe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 31, at 7:30.)

Mandrill—With Ellen McIlwaine. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

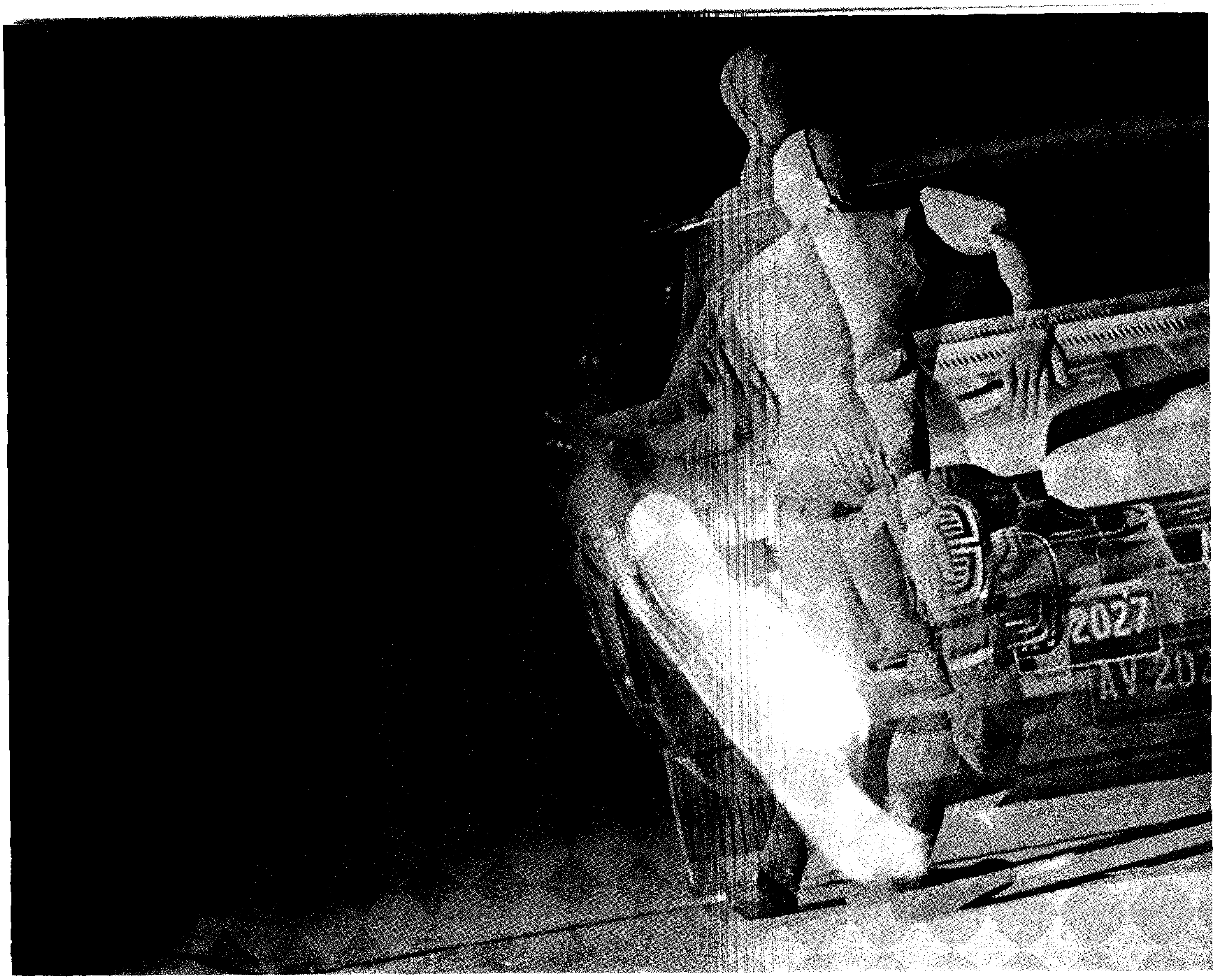
Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, May 24, at 7:30, and Thursday, May 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 26, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 2; and Monday, May 29, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday through Thursday, May 30-June 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, June 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 3, at 2:15.

Professional Basketball—American Basketball Association-National Basketball Association All-Star Game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Thursday, May 25, at 7:30. For tickets, call 516 794-9100.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3.)

Fencing—Martini & Rossi International Tournament—Friday, May 26, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 9 and 7:30: Women's individual foil and men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tourna-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 1-4.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, and Monday through Saturday, May 29-June 3.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Sunday, May 28.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, May 27, and Saturday, June 3.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 17. The Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, May 24; the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 27; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 29; the Withers, Wednesday, May 31; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:44 and 1:29, and Saturdays between 10:44 and 1:44.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 29. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 29.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Tuesday, May 30, through Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Final night Wednesday, May 24, at 8.... **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, May 25, through Saturday, July 22.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Monday, May 29, at 8:15, and on Monday, May 29, at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 2), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays, except May 29, through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

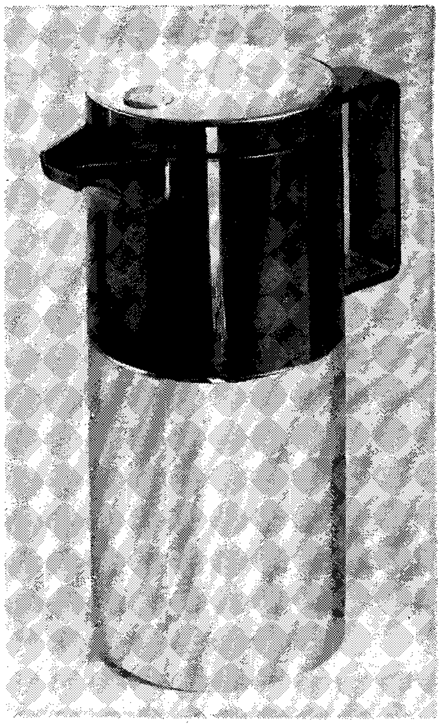
The Great Outdoors—Wednesday through Friday, May 24-26, between 11 and 3, and each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park will be closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.... ¶ On Wednesdays at noon, through the month of May, George F. Seuffert is conducting the Seuffert Band in hour-long concerts on the promenade of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 40th St. In the event of rain, the concerts will take place nearby in the ground-floor arcade of City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, the City Center people will present the Elizabeth Keen Company in the final performances of a spring dance festival—staged on various open areas and architectural spaces around town. For information about times and places, call 472-1003.... ¶ Starting Friday, May 26, and continuing through Sunday, June 11, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown.... ¶ On Saturday, May 27, at noon, a bicycle marathon around Central Park (sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company) will get under way at Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street. It will finish at the same place twenty-four hours (or, in the opinion of some riders, eleven days) later. For information, call 472-1003.... ¶ On Monday, May 29, there will be two concerts on the Central Park Mall—Karl Hampton Porter will conduct the Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra at 2:30, and Abraham Kaplan will conduct the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, at 7.... ¶ Antiques buffs and buyers from the environs display wares they've carted (via car and trailer) to the Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.). Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown.... ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.... ¶ The Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 24, at 2 and 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, by Glackens, Burchfield, Sloan, and others; the property of Lincoln Isham and others.... ¶ Thursday, May 25, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art, belonging to Colonel George Green.... ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 25.... ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 2: Chinese works of art, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 27.

Commencement Dates—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, May 28, and N.Y.U., Wednesday, May 31.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 24 at 2: "Strike" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.... ¶ May 25 at 2 and 8: "Born to Dance" (1936), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Eleanor Powell and James Stewart.... ¶ May 25 at 5:30: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Landfield, with Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth.... ¶ May 26 at 2: "Down to Earth" (1932), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 26 at 5:30: "Too Busy to Work" (1932), directed by John Blystone, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 27 at noon: "L'Avventura" (1960), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni.... ¶ May 27 at 3 and 5:30: "The Connecticut Yankee" (1931), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 28 at 12:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), a Robert Flaherty film.... ¶ May 28 at 3 and 5:30: "State Fair" (1933), directed by Henry King, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 29 at 2: "Doubting Thomas" (1935), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 29 at 5:30: "Life Begins at Forty" (1935), directed by George Marshall, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 30 at 2: "Handy Andy" (1934), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers.... ¶ May 30 at 5:30: "Pilgrimage" (1971), directed by Beni Montresor.... ¶ May 31 at 2: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn.... ¶ June 1 at 5:30: "Doctor Bull" (1933), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers.... ¶ June 1 at 8: "Judge Priest" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 25: "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson.... ¶ May 26-28: "City Streets" (1931), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney.... ¶ May 31-June 1: "The Big Clock" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Ray Milland and Charles Laughton. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vertov, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except May 26 and 31), and 10 (except May 24-26 and 31). No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—May 24: Highlights of the 10th Ann Arbor Film Festival.... ¶ May 25-31: Three films by James Broughton. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

THE GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 25: "Mary, Queen of Scots" and "Anne of the Thousand Days."
From May 26: "The French Connection."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 27: "One in a Million" and "Bathing Beauty."
May 28-30: "Innocents of Paris" and "A Bedtime Story."
From May 31: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "42nd Street."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
May 24: "Repulsion" and "Dr. Strangelove."
May 25-29: "The Devils," "Marat/Sade," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"
May 30-31: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," "Myra Breckinridge," and "Fortune and Men's Eyes."
From June 1: "200 Motels" and "Yellow Submarine."

Orpheum Music Hall, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
May 24: "Angels with Dirty Faces."
May 25: "Arsenic and Old Lace."
May 26: "The Maltese Falcon."
May 27: "Casablanca."
May 28: "Gold Diggers of 1937."
May 29: "The Hatchet Man."
May 30: "Svengali."
May 31: "Captain Blood."
June 1: "Key Largo."
(**Note:** At 8 every evening except Monday, on the theatre stage and undoubtedly live, the exhilarating art of tap-dancing will be displayed by the Hoofers, or vaudeville redivivus. Among the tappers are Rhythm Red, Sandman Sims, Jimmy Slyde, and Mabel Lee.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Skyjacked."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Swiss *Family Robinson" and "101 Dalma*tians."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Malcolm X."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
May 24: "Romeo and Juliet" and "Lord of the Flies."
May 25: "Lord of the Flies" and "Ulysses."
May 26: "Ulysses" and "The Battle of the Sexes."
May 27: "The Battle of the Sexes" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
May 28: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Third Man."
May 29: "The Third Man" and "Negatives."
May 30: "Negatives" and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey."
May 31: "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" and "The Birthday Party."
June 1: "The Birthday Party" and "Genevieve."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Fritz the Cat."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Concert for Bangladesh."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Skyjacked."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Possession of Joel Delaney."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"J. W. Coop."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 25: "Buck and the Preacher."
From May 26: "Easy Rider."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"What's Up, Doc?"

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Tomorrow."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Horror on Snape Island."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 30: "Hannie Caulder."
From May 31: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swiss Family Robinson" and "101 Dalma*tians*."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fritz the Cat."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Skyjacked."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Legend of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Malcolm X."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 30: "Gumshoe" and "Beat the Devil."
From May 31: "Is There Sex After Death?" and "Take the Money and Run."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Fritz the Cat."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Macunaima."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 30: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From May 31: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 24: "Once Upon a Honeymoon" and "None but the Lonely Heart."
May 25: "None but the Lonely Heart" and "Macao."
May 26: "Macao" and "Crossfire."
May 27: "Crossfire" and "Out of the Past."
May 28: "Out of the Past" and "His Kind of Woman."
May 29: "His Kind of Woman" and "Blood on the Moon."
May 30: "Blood on the Moon" and "The Big Sky."
May 31: "The Big Sky" and "Wagonmaster."
June 1: "Wagonmaster" and "I Walked with a Zombie."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 30: "Z.P.G." and "The Pied Piper."
From May 31: "Caged Men" and "The Bang Bang Gang."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Swiss Family Robinson" and "101 Dalmatians."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through May 31: "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 1: "The War Between Men and Women."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 25: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From May 26: "Faces" and "Shadows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 31: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From June 1: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Take the Money and Run."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"City Lights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 25: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From May 26: "The French Connection."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 28: "Uncle Vanya."
From May 29: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Last Picture Show" and "Cisco Pike."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"I Love You, I Kill You."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 30: "Blow-Up" and "Brewster McCloud."
From May 31: "Murmur of the Heart" and "One Brief Summer."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 25: "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Look for the Silver Lining."
May 26-29: "Carousel" and "Carmen Jones."
May 30-June 1: "The Barber of Seville" and "The Lovers of Teruel."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"The Last Picture Show" and "Cisco Pike."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—With James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, directed by Michael Curtiz. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 24.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Art; through May 25.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 25.)

The Bang Bang Gang—With Jae Miller and Michael Kirkwood, directed by Van Guylder. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 31.)

The Barber of Seville (1947)—Rossini's opera, with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietta Simionate, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Thalia; May 31-June 1.)

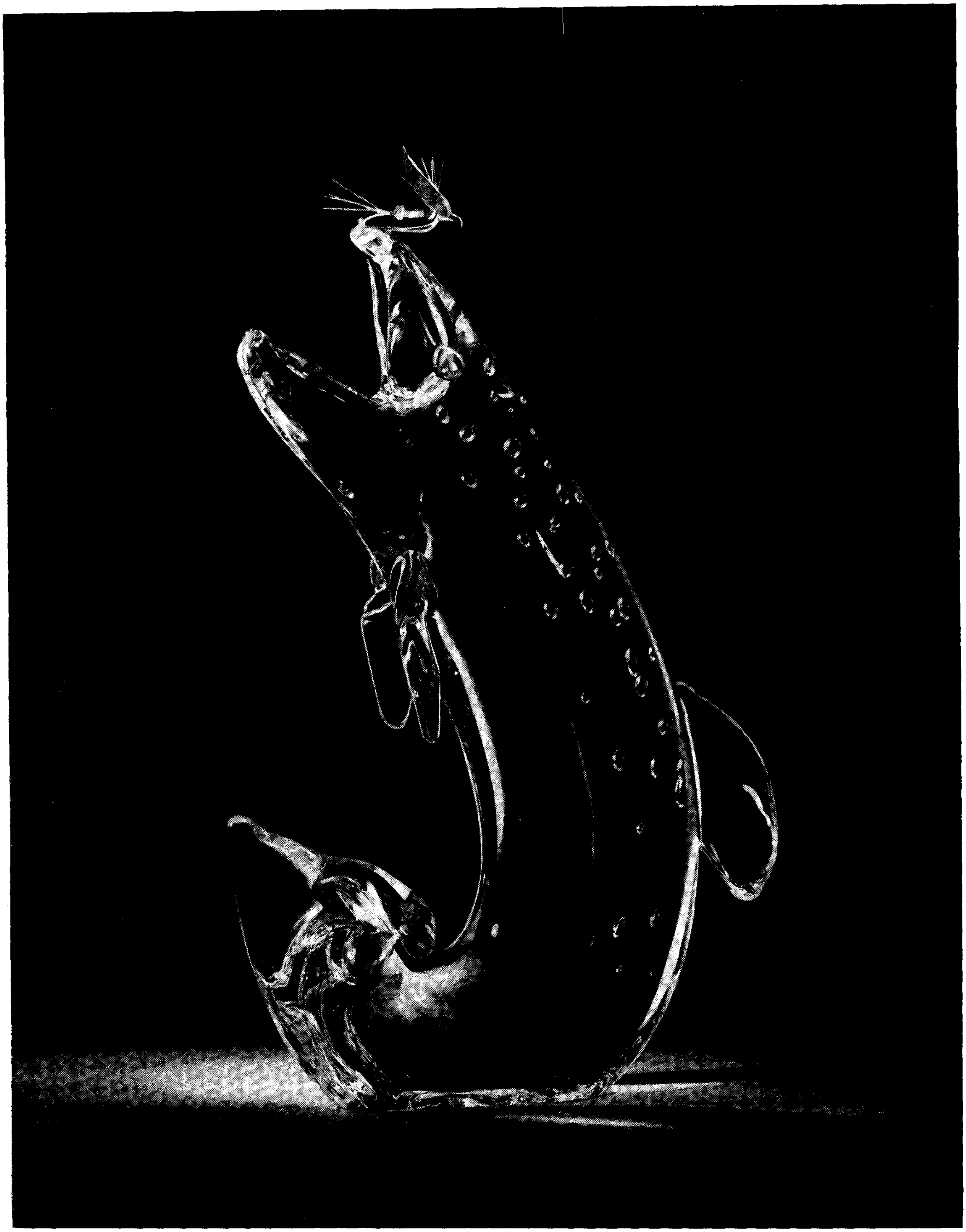
Bathing Beauty (1944)—Esther Williams, Red Skelton, directed by George Sidney. Esther Williams swims. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 27.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings in a foreseeable but still quite funny comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. English, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (34th St. East; May 26-27.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Waverly; through May 30.)

A Bedtime Story (1933)—With Maurice Chevalier as a debonair Paris lover thwarted by a baby, the baby being Baby Le Roy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28-30.)

The Big Sky (1952)—The least of Howard Hawks' Westerns, about a search for furs in the Northwest Territory. Simpleminded dialogue of the what-in-tarnation sort. Kirk Douglas is in it, and Elizabeth Threatt is an Indian girl called Teal Eye, meant to be re-



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mote and mysterious, and behaving as if Martha Graham had been tutoring her in a tepee. (Elgin; May 30-31.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material *became frozen and arbitrary.* (34th St. East; May 31-June 1.)

Blood on the Moon (1948)—Directed by Robert Wise. Stock Western with Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Preston, and an awful lot of cattle. (Elgin; May 29-30.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly mis-accented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Symphony; through May 30.)

Brewster McCloud (1970)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Symphony; through May 30.)

Buck and the Preacher—With Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte, directed by Poitier. Belafonte steals the picture by comic nonchalance, perhaps with Poitier's connivance. (Columbia II; through May 25.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

Caged Men—With Ross Stephanson and Maureen McGill, directed by Edward J. Forsyth. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 31.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 31.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Otto Preminger directing an all-black fantasy version of "Carmen," with Dorothy Dandridge as the heroine, converted into a girl working in a cigarette factory in Jacksonville, and Harry Belafonte as a guy called Joe, off to flying school to train as a pilot. The cast also includes Pearl Bailey and Olga James. The picture is not much musically (Bizet turned into jive), and the fantasy world that Preminger created of black America looks a clumsy evasion now. Oscar Hammerstein II wrote the book and lyrics, handicapped by the notion that blacks can speak really quite fair English until the mo*ment when they break into song, when he sees* their syntax and pronunciation as collapsing. (Thalia; May 26-29.)

Carousel (1956)—Henry King's version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Thalia; May 26-29.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 27.)

Cisco Pike—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson; directed by Bill L. Norton. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia.)

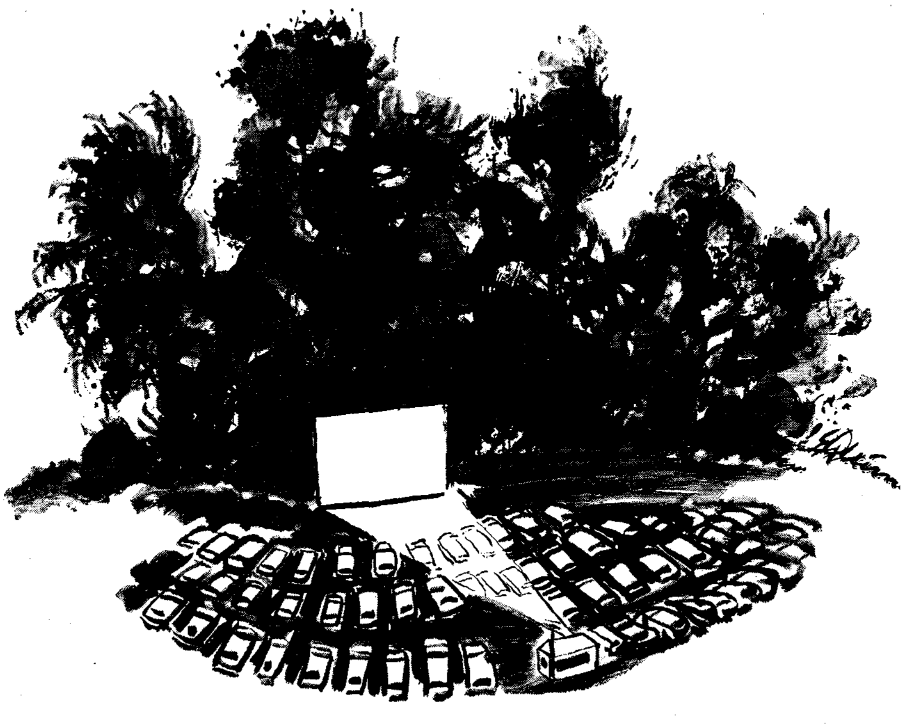
City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Plaza.)

Crossfire (1947)—A rather maladroit attempt by Hollywood to take a crack at anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan, that great actor—here playing a Fascist—stands out; so does Sam Levene. With Robert Young as a district attorney painstakingly explaining that he hates racial murder. Edward Dmytryk directed, not too brightly. (Elgin; May 26-27.)

The Devils—*In Ken Russell's film about a con*tagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (St. Marks Cinema; May 25-29.)



Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (St. Marks Cinema; May 24.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Columbia II; starting May 26.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Festival; starting May 26.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays through Sundays and Monday, May 29, at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 29, at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (St. Marks Cinema; May 30-31.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 31.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Art and Cinema Studio; starting May 26.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Fine Arts, U. A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (34th St. East; June 1.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon

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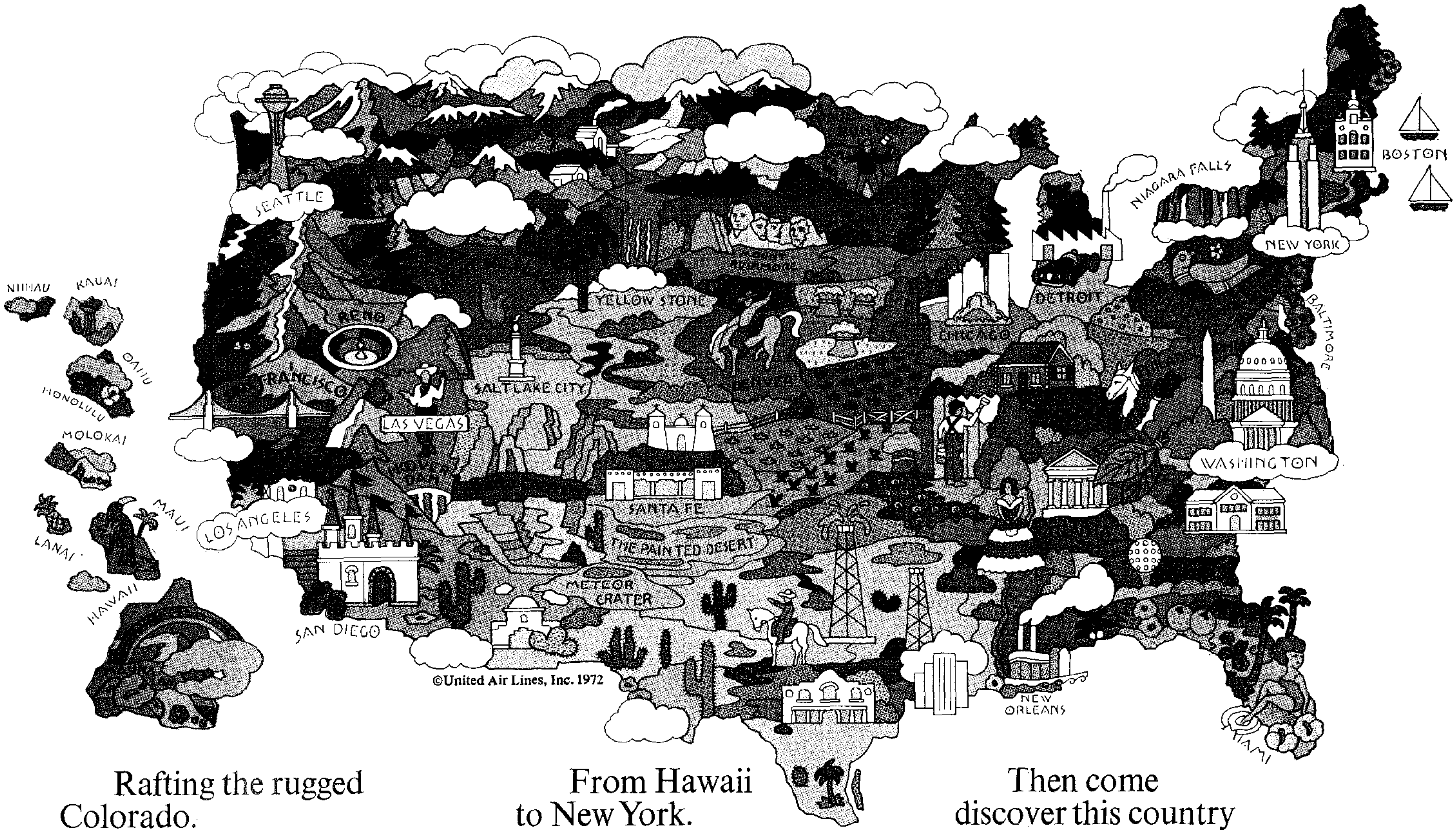
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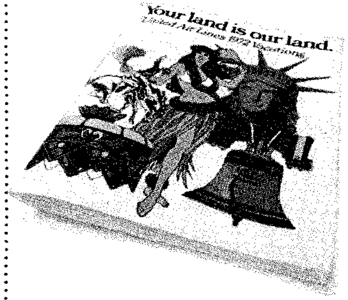
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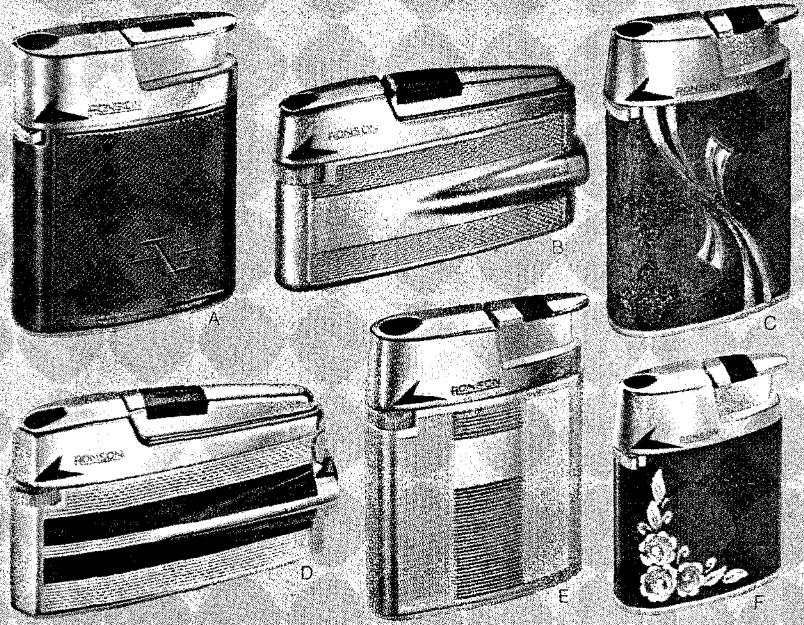

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Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Gold Diggers of 1937 (1936)—Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Not much gold dust here. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 28.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad of an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-send-up, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Waverly; through May 30.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Hannie Caulder—With Raquel Welch, Robert Culp, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Juliet 1; through May 30.)

The Hatchet Man (1932)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young in a fairly interesting thing that passes for a comedy, set in San Francisco. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 29.)

His Kind of Woman (1951)—Winsome comedy about a deported racketeer trying to sneak back into America. Vincent Price, Jane Russell, and Robert Mitchum as the good guy. Directed by John Farrow. (Elgin; May 28-29.)

Horror on Snape Island—With Bryant Haliday and Jill Haworth, directed by Jim O'Connolly. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Festival and Cinema Studio; through May 25.)

I Love You, I Kill You—The début in feature films of Uwe Brandner, a young German writer, who here directs a film that is almost entirely wordless. An allegory about Fascism, sheeplikeness, unplaced chauvinism, sadomasochism, with the fervor drained out of politics and the pleasure out of sex. The slow clump of indifferently violent events, standing for everything and nothing, takes place in an innocently dumb-looking Hansel-and-Gretel small town. The film is brittle, chilling, brilliant, and terrifyingly theoretical. In German. (New Yorker.)

Innocents of Paris (1929)—With Maurice Chevalier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28-30.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Waverly; starting May 31.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Elgin; June 1.)

J. W. Coop—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (Columbia I.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 1.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (34th St. East; May 27-28.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Greenwich; through May 30. . . . ¶ Playboy; through May 31.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia.)

The Legend of Nigger Charley—With Fred Williamson, directed by Martin Goldman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Look for the Silver Lining (1949)—The life of Marilyn Miller. You wouldn't want this film to be your biography. (Thalia; through May 25.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (34th St. East; May 24-25.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Thalia; May 30-June 1.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (34th St. East; May 30-31.)

Macao (1952)—Von Sternberg at low ebb, working with Jane Russell in a love story about filthy Abroad. (Elgin; May 25-26.)

Macunaima—Directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Malcolm X—Film biography: speeches, interviews, and so on. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 26.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (St. Marks Cinema; May 25-29.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—Periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Tots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Art; through May 25.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Symphony; starting May 31.)

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (St. Marks Cinema; May 30-31.)

NEGATIVES (1968)—Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, Glenda Jackson in a well-acted first film directed by Peter Medak. Medak was born in Hungary in 1937 and left for England during the 1956 uprising; he has gone on to make "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," soon to be released in this country. (34th St. East; May 29-30.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (1944)—Taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel. Mr. Llewellyn is high among the champions of best-seller scholars for "How Green Was My Valley" and this soupy stunner. The chap here is a tragic hero of the border line between London's gentility and London's low life. He is gifted with perfect pitch and a floundering wish for poetic self-expression. The cast includes Cary Grant, taking himself rather sombrely, Barry Fitzgerald (Irish, you may remember), and Ethel Barrymore. (Elgin; May 24-25.)

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (1942)—Null mock-Ninotchka adventure comedy, directed by Leo McCarey, with Ginger Rogers in the surrogate Garbo part, Walter Slezak as an unconvincing Nazi, and Cary Grant as a heroic journalist. (Elgin; May 24.)

ONE BRIEF SUMMER—With Felicity Gibson and Clifford Evans, directed by John Mackenzie. (Symphony; starting May 31.)

101 DALMATIANS (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, and Guild.)

ONE IN A MILLION (1938)—Sonja Henie; and what else does one need to know, apart from Adolphe Menjou? (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 27.)

THE OTHER—With Uta Hagen and Chris and Martin Udvarnoky, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Coronet.)

OUT OF THE PAST (1947)—Second-rung gangster stuff directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Robert Mitchum. (Elgin; May 27-28.)

THE PIED PIPER—With Jack Wild, Donald Pleasence, John Hurt, and Donovan as the Pied Piper. Directed by Jacques Demy. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 30.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Music Hall; through May 31.)

THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (St. Marks Cinema; May 24.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE (1945)—The life of Gershwin at his most, if you trust musical biographies for a second. (Thalia; through May 25.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (34th St. East; May 24.)

SHADOWS (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young and unfamiliar players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. The results of the improvisations are always surprising and, occasionally, quite wonderful. (Festival; starting May 26.)

SKYJACKED—With Charlton Heston and Yvette Mimieux, directed by John Guillermin. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and 86th St. East.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

SUMMER OF '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Greenwich; through May 30. . . . ¶ Playboy; through May 31.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Festival and Cinema Studio; through May 25.)

SVENGALI (1955)—English remake by Noel Langley of the 1931 starer by Archie Mayo about a chap obsessed by nymphets. With Hildegarde Neff and Donald Wolfit. Not up to much. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 30.)

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Throw away your head, or throw up. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, and Guild.)

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (1949)—Busby Berkeley directing Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams, and Gene Kelly in a turn-of-the-century musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 31.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Waverly; starting May 31. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting June 1.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Playboy; starting June 1.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (34th St. East; May 28-29.)

TOMORROW—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—Inanely radiant film about the trial of the Berrigan brothers and the seven others who burned draft cards at Catonsville. Poshly photographed by Haskell Wexler, abominably acted, tritely written from Daniel Berrigan's own stage play: what a poor and puffed-up piece of testimony to stand for brave acts and for people of grand and simple purpose. With Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, directed by Gordon Davidson. (Cinema II.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 1.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (34th St. East: May 25-26.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency; through May 28.)

Wagonmaster (1950)—A very fine John Ford about a Mormon wagon train guided by two young horse traders and menaced by Indians and outlaws as it travels across the country to Utah in the eighteen-seventies. The original story is by Ford, that great cinema general in charge of last stands; the direction is full of the characteristic Ford density of character detail and easy sweep. Don't miss. (Elgin; May 31-June 1.)

The War Between Men and Women—With Jack Lemmon, Barbara Harris, and Jason Robards, directed by Melville Shavelson and based on the James Thurber material. (Music Hall; starting June 1.)

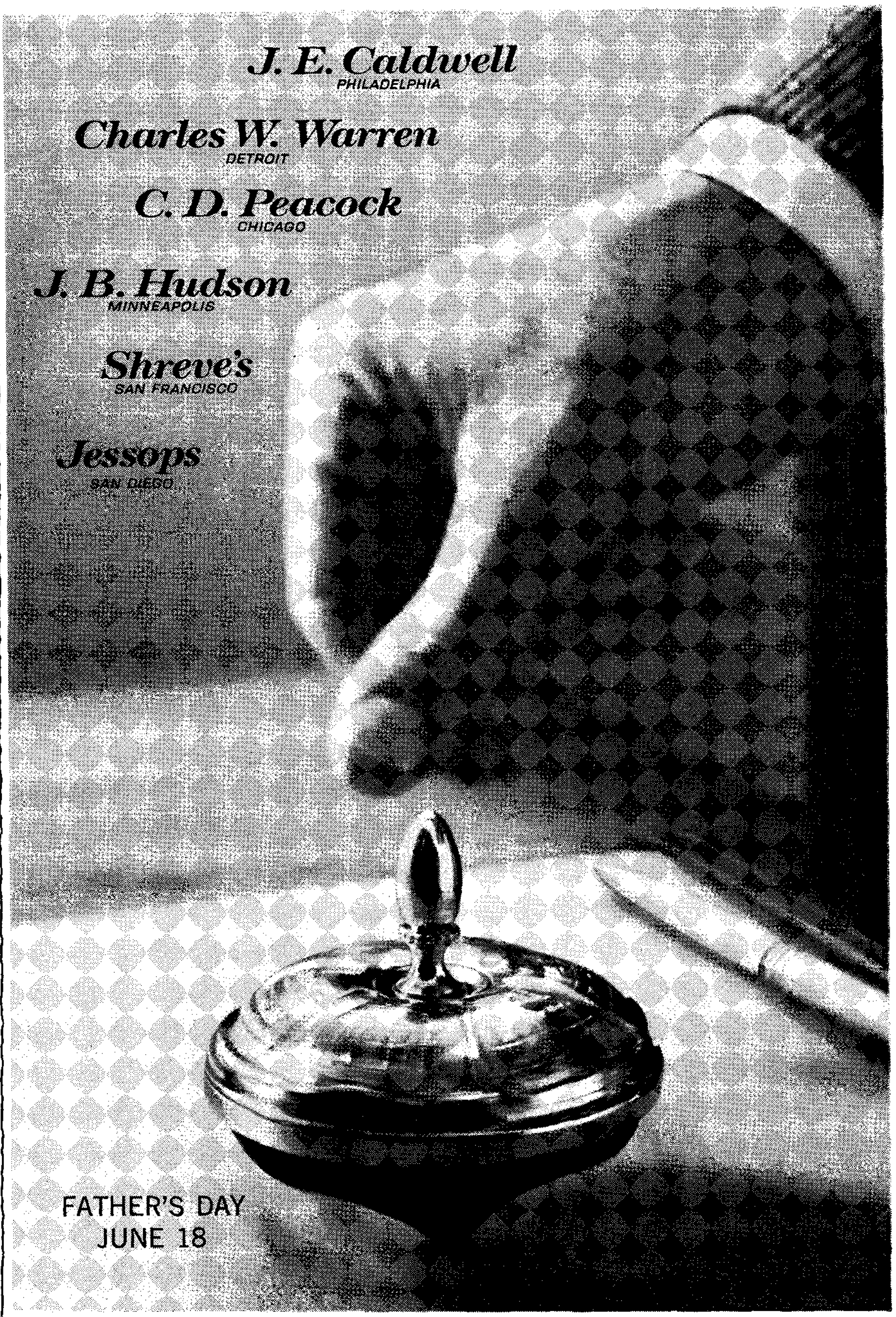
What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? (1962)—Robert Aldrich directs Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a story with a style possibly describable as Gothic/psychoanalytic. The two stars play sisters; Baby Jane Hudson (Bette Davis), a child star of vaudeville, once crashed her car into Blanche Hudson (Joan Crawford), a Joan Crawford star of the movies. High-camp hell ensues. (St. Marks Cinema; May 25-29.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Beekman.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best; Burton's best is extraordinary. (St. Marks Cinema; May 30-31.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 1.)

Z.P.G.—With Oliver Reed and Geraldine Chaplin, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 30.)



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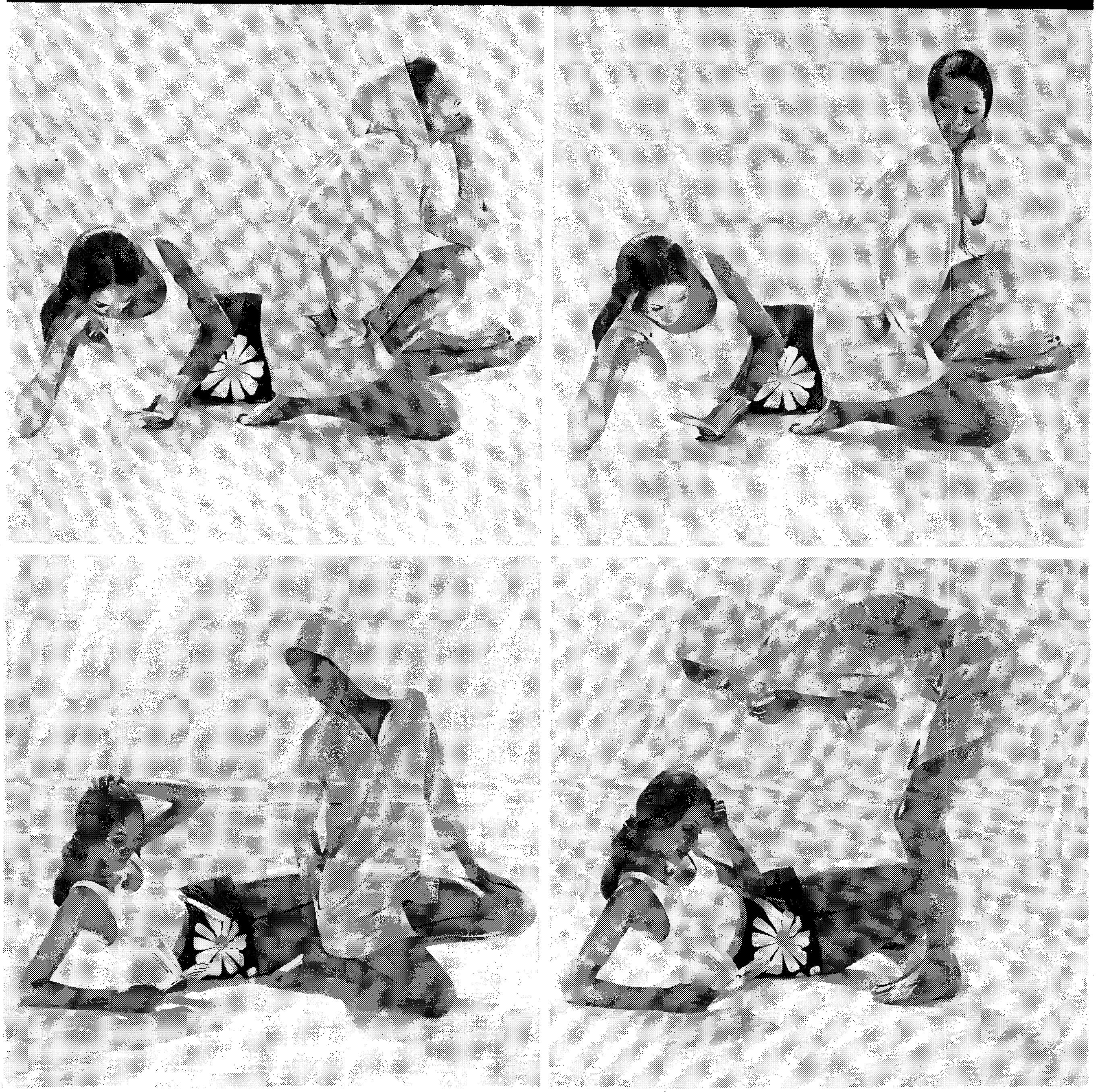
Seen at the beach



Yep, some pretty interesting things are to be seen at the beach. Not the least of which is great looking beachwear. As here, in our hooded, zip-front coverup in soft, sleek nylon knit, yellow or white, S-M-L sizes, 24.00* Or the easy-fit swimsuit with softly shaped bra and daisy-appliqued skirt, polyester knit, black/white with a touch of yellow for the daisy and sash, 8 to 16 sizes, 34.00

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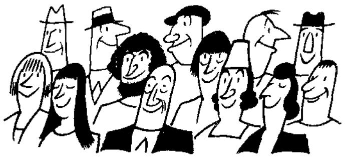
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BELIEVE it or not, it looks as though America is waking up once again to the importance of just plain old-fashioned smiling. Assassination attempts and nuclear alarums notwithstanding, Americans everywhere are coming to the defense of their "right to smile." What's more, it looks as if smiling is at last going to get the backing it needs and deserves from big guns in government and industry. There's no mistaking it. Americans are starting to put some muscle behind their smiles. A rundown on some of the top developments:



- Some high-level smiles got front-page and TV coverage from coast to coast recently when photographers snapped the President, Henry Kissinger, and Russian visitors at the White House grinning ear to ear. No message was issued from the meeting, but the happy faces said all.
- At Radio City Music Hall this week, where thousands pack in nightly, the audience joins in singing "Smile" as the lyrics are projected on a scrim. The last lines are "You'll find that life is still worth while,/If you'll just smile."
- Another big smiler to get top news coverage this week: the alleged assassin Arthur Bremer. Most photos show Bremer with a fixed smile, in spite of everything.
- Smile buttons are moving fast, so incurable sourpusses can pull their weight, too. "If you can't put a smile on your face, put one on your lapel!" is the message to non-smilers.
- In the biggest boost for the pro-smiling forces, the Pepsi-Cola Company has announced a new slogan to give its beverage's image a new lift. The slogan: "Pepsi people—the smilin' majority." Says Pepsi-Cola Vice-President for Marketing Services John Corbani, "It's sort of an up-with-people, a happy campaign, and it goes along with the feeling that the nation is moving into happier times." Corbani adds, "There is a difference in the user group between Pepsi and our major competitor. The Pepsi person is a happier person."

Some wreckers and fashionable disparagers of America are saying that the traditional American smile is out of style. Not so.

Bird Walk

AT the American Museum of Natural History's auction last fall, as some of our readers may recall, a bird-watching trip for six to Jamaica Bay guided by the Museum's president, Gardner D. Stout, went for six hundred dollars. "An excellent chance to see what an expert sees in a marsh—in May," the attraction's description ran, and we were pleased, the other day, when President Stout invited us to accompany him, along with the winning bidder, a local real-estate developer (who, presumably out of shyness, had asked to remain anonymous), and his guests. Following an early breakfast with the Stouts in their ornithological-book-laden and Audubon-print-bedecked apartment—Mr. Stout is the editor of "The Shore Birds of North America," and Mrs. Stout is an accomplished wildlife photographer—we were driven by our hosts to the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge, a nine-thousand-acre tract of tidal marsh and sandy upland just west of Kennedy Airport. "Hats off to Bob Moses, who got the last of the property for the city in the nineteen-thirties," Mr. Stout said on the way out, "and to Herbert Johnson, who joined the Parks Department as a gardener in 1937. He landscaped it with all sorts of exotic trees, installed freshwater ponds to attract ducks, and created this perfectly beautiful thing for all of us. We gave him the Audubon Society Medal two years ago."

We were joined at the Refuge by the shy auction winner and his friends—two women, three men—and by John Bull and his wife, both connected with the Museum. "You'll see no fewer than sixty species of birds," our guide said as, carrying a tripod telescope, he led us down a marsh-and-pond-bordered path toward the bay. "There goes a glossy ibis. A medium-sized marsh wader, mostly bronze-chestnut; at a distance, it looks black. Ibis used to be rare in the North, but they've established themselves here; they're breeding."

"They've extended their range from Florida," Mr. Bull said. "What we call waders are mostly herons. What we call shorebirds the British call waders."

Mr. Stout set up his telescope and trained it on the bay. "There's a snowy egret," he said.

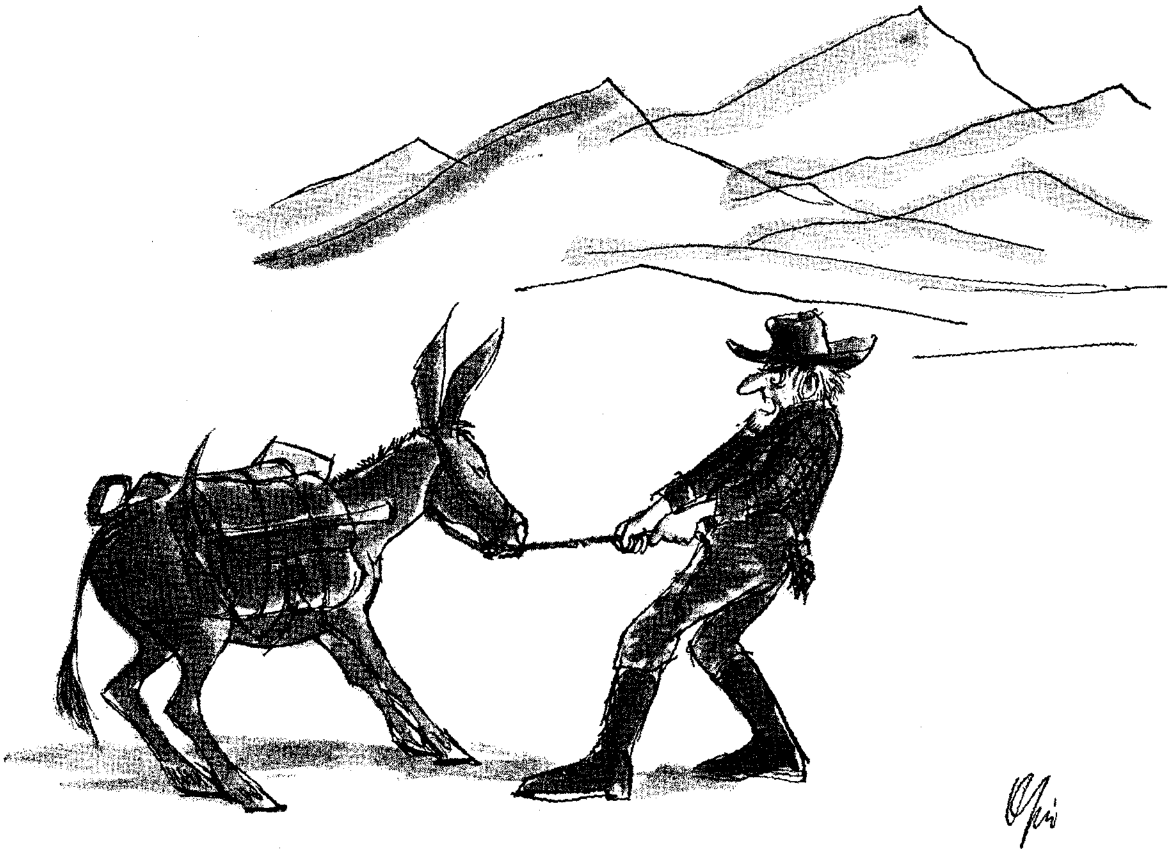
All hands peeked.

"There's a brant out on the shore," Mr. Bull said. "There's a killdeer. Brant are geese. Killdeer are plover." Brant, we later learned from a Refuge brochure, like to eat eelgrass but in its absence make do with sea lettuce, a marine alga that covers the bottom of Jamaica Bay.

"I want to get a shoveller," Mr. Stout said, and then, "I've got a shoveller right in the 'scope! A male."

Everybody lined up and admired this duck, which had a spatulate, shovel-like bill, great for dredging up delicacies in the muck. A nearby pond was black with coots; dozens of gulls, brant, and cormorants were flying over the bay.

"Gardner and I used to come out here at six or seven in the morning



"Come on! It's fifty-four dollars and sixty cents an ounce in Zurich, fifty-four seventy in London, and fifty-four ninety in Frankfurt, and still going up, for all I know!"

• •

when he was working in Wall Street," Mrs. Stout said to us. "Then I'd get him downtown by eleven o'clock."

"I've got a whole bunch of black-bellied plovers in the 'scope," the former president of Dominick & Dominick said presently.

"Look!" one of the ladies said. "A big fat muskrat!" This mammalian interloper lolloped along into some bulrushes by the pond.

A mild drizzle acompanied our marshland tour, past a solitary snipe and scores of teals, rails, plovers, gallinules, and sandpipers. We regained the parking lot (which contained only one car other than those of our party) via a sandy inland path that took us past some house finches in a birch tree; they had raspberry-colored heads and rumps, and a lively, warbling note. Mr. Bull said they were protected California birds that were illegally caged in the nineteen-forties by Brooklyn dealers, who sold them as songbirds. "The dealers sold them as linnets, which are not protected, and which they aren't," he said. "Then the dealers got frightened and released them, and some of them came here, where they've flourished."

The trip wound up with a carside picnic, furnished by the Stouts, of sandwiches, red wine, cookies, and coffee. Mr. Stout then filled out the official count of species spotted. "Seventy-two," he said, sounding satisfied.

The auction winner and his party thanked him enthusiastically for a good day, and as we got into the cars a heavy rainstorm, providentially deferred, began.

Speaks with Sharp Tongue

ONE of the prettiest and most disconcerting figures on the college lecture circuit these days is Kahn-Tineta Horn, a young Mohawk Indian woman who once was successful as an actress and model and now is prominent among North America's Indian activists. Student audiences often find Miss Horn's rhetoric unsettling, perhaps because it won't fit comfortably into any of the familiar pigeonholes on the left or the right. In a typical speech, Miss Horn may annoy conservatives and centrists with her description of white society as confused, insecure, misguided, power-hungry, and murderously aggressive. Before the leftists in the audience can say "Right on!," Miss Horn is telling them that they are insincere, destructive, misinformed, naïve, and unable to distinguish a slogan from an idea. Liberals who want to help out are dismissed as "bleeding hearts and do-gooders," and advised to stay away from Indians. Blacks, if they are mentioned at all, receive the same advice. Given enough time, Miss Horn will go on to hurt the feelings of numerous other groups, including integrationists, egalitarians, pot-smokers, junkies, the dairy industry, newspaper reporters, believers in universal education, sexist men, advocates of women's liberation, prudes, and the Indians themselves. We aren't qualified to assign a place in the spectrum of Indian opinion to Miss Horn's views, but Richard La Course, of the American Indian Press Association, in Washington, says that most of them are shared by most Indian activists.

Miss Horn lives a few miles from Montreal, on the Caughnawaga Reservation—the home of a group of Mohawk Indians who have become famous in the United States as steelworkers, because of their seemingly innate ability to work with ease at great heights. Miss Horn is studying law at McGill University, and in her spare time she wages a one-woman campaign to obtain legal aid for Indians, as individuals and as a group. When she was in town the other day to meet with some steelworkers, we invited her to lunch.

"People are upset by what I say because they don't like to have their old, comfortable assumptions challenged," Miss Horn told us. "Even people who mean well think that the Indian is asking for a handout, and that they, in their superiority and generosity, are going to give him a few crumbs. They say, 'We want to help. What can we do?' And I say, 'The best thing you can do is stay away from us. Don't help us.' White people feel they are their brothers' keepers, and they're going to help you even if it kills you. For example, Ralph Nader was up in Montreal recently making some statements about the James Bay project, in northern Quebec. This is a big hydro project that could displace about ten thousand Indians who live near it. Now, we're making a study of this, and we're going to be making our moves. And what happens? Mr. Nader comes up there—a foreigner, a white man, someone who doesn't know anything about Indians—and starts making a big splash in the papers and on television, with all kinds of statements about the project. This was very, very destructive to us. It makes it look as though Mr. Nader is our leader and we can't come up with a decent leader of our own. It makes us look stupid, with a white man leading us again. Besides that, we had moves that we were planning to make in negotiations with the government, and Mr. Nader has come up and absolutely destroyed everything. This is the kind of do-gooder, bleeding-heart white person that I'm trying to keep away from Indians."

We asked what Miss Horn thought about Jane Fonda's efforts on behalf of Indians, and ducked. "*Jane Fonda!*" Miss Horn almost shouted. "The sooner she never mentions Indians again the better. She led the Indians into Fort Lawton, and when the television and newspaper people came around and started interviewing her, she was protesting Vietnam. She forgot which crusade she was on. She's done *so* much harm to Indians. She makes us look ridiculous. Do we need a white woman to lead us? She's just exploiting us. If she really wants to help, why doesn't she give money for legal aid and stay in the background, as a lot of sincere white people do? Not her. She has to be in the forefront. She degrades Indians and makes white people lose respect for us. What makes it even worse is that she's a leftist. No good can come of Indians' associating with any organization or person that is leftist or Socialist or Communist. Because our treaties are with the Establishment, and whatever we can get that belongs to us we can get only from the Establishment. We are existing only by the good will of the white people, who could wipe us out any time they felt like it. If the white man wanted to, he could pass some legislation and get rid of our Indian rights, our Indian lands, and our Indian status as a separate nation. I don't think we will accomplish anything by antagonizing the white man. I think we have to do things that will gain us more respect. I don't think marching up and down in front of some building, carrying signs, is going to gain us much respect.

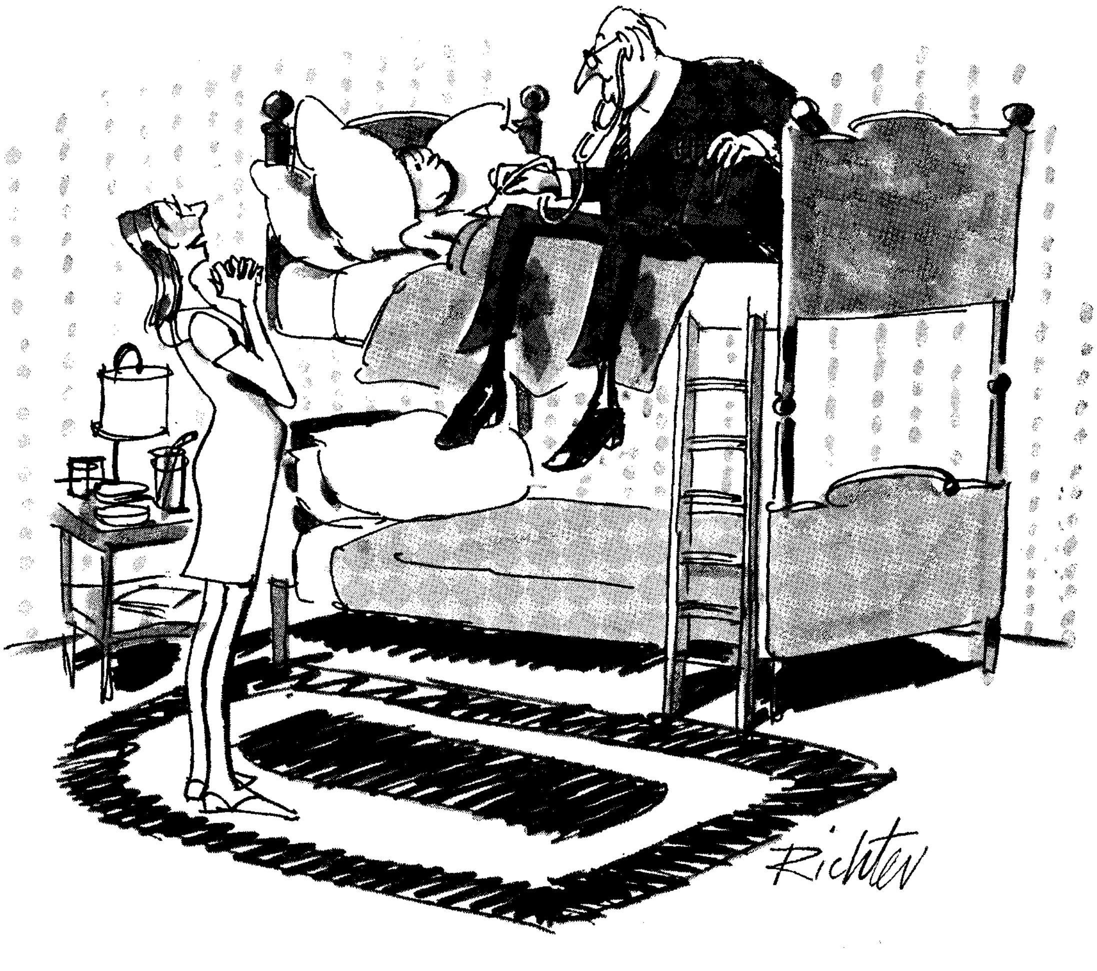
"A lot of the Indian organizations have fallen by the wayside because of interference by bleeding-heart white people," Miss Horn went on. "These white people come in there and divert the Indians from what they're supposed to be doing. They want to start up some protests, take children out of school, occupy the Bureau of Indian Affairs offices, and things like that—things that are very damaging to Indians. In one case, some Indians were thrown out of a hotel and some more Indians were not allowed to register there. Well, some bleeding hearts pushed the Indians and said they ought to take the case to court, on the basis of the Bill of Rights. I advised the Indians not to go into court, because I knew about those Indians. There were about nineteen of them in the room, and they made a mess of the room, and they were drunk, and they were having, you know, like a three-day party. The hotel was trying to throw them out. So the Indians went into court, and what do you think came out in the court? *The bad behavior of Indians.* That's what they got for their trouble—bad publicity. Oh, I was so *ashamed* when I read the reports, because I knew they were true. We don't need that kind of thing. It makes people hate Indians even more than they already do."

"Do you think people hate Indians?" we asked.

"*Sure* they do," Miss Horn said. "Why shouldn't they? You think they should love us for doing things like that—what they did in that hotel? Go to a city like Winnipeg, where about five per cent of the population is Indian. The Indians are on welfare, they're derelicts, they're always in jail. Go to magistrate's court Monday morning and there's one Indian after another—drinking and fighting, drinking and fighting. Thirty-nine killings in that area, and all but six involving Indians. So there is a certain amount of bad feeling there. Can you blame the whites?"

"Well, who *is* to blame?" we asked.

"Liquor, in the killings," Miss



"Yours is a vanishing breed, Doctor."

Horn said. "Plus no development on the reserves, so that the Indians are migrating to the cities."

"Who's to blame for what happens to them in the cities?"

"Both sides. You may think you love Indians, until you get involved with them. If you knew them, you might not like them. They're an awfully difficult bunch of people. Very complicated, very difficult, very hard to understand, very unpredictable."

"Isn't it a clash of cultures?" we asked.

"That goes without saying," Miss Horn replied. "Both sides are to blame. For existing, for being born. Liquor is really a big problem—the easy availability of liquor. Liquor was controlled until a few years ago, and there were few killings among Indians. Now, as far as the clash between the two cultures goes—the Indians are being asked to be white people, and they can't be. They can't be two people at once. They're trying to strip the Indian of his identity. The Indian is different. He can't make it in the white society. If the Indian can't have his ancient feeling of community, if he can't 'go on the warpath'—that is, do work that suits him—if he can't go through the old rituals that signify to him that he has become a man, then he is emasculated. He's a caged animal. That's why he has so much trouble in the city. So a crucial problem is the lack of development of the Indian environment. This is ultimately the responsibility of the government, of the white people. Because the white people have the money, and it's our money. That's why we let you people live here. For the rent you pay on the continent."

Miss Horn holds the unfashionable view that there are inborn differences between the races, and that to ignore them is dangerous for Indians. This conviction underlies her hostility to higher education for Indians, to efforts to integrate Indians into white society, and to Indian involvement in the civil-rights movement.

"I want there to be a recognition that Indians are mentally and physically and culturally different," Miss Horn told us. "Everyone goes around saying that everybody is the same. This is a kind of propaganda pitch. Especially in the higher levels of education, they like to say that if everybody's brought up in the same environment they're going to turn out the same. That's like saying, 'Let's bring down a team of little Eskimo basketball players and raise them in Harlem, and maybe someday they'll beat the Harlem Globetrotters.' This outlook has been very destructive to Indians. I can give numerous examples of Indians brought up right here in the city, and they're still Indians and they still feel Indian, and they don't know why they're so confused.

"To cite just one basic physical difference between Indians and other people, our reaction to milk is not the same as that of white people. Milk has some kind of gluey substance in it that requires a certain enzyme for its assimilation, and that enzyme is missing in Indians. This stuff coats the inside of your throat, the respiratory area, the intestines, the arteries around the heart, and it's very bad for you. I think this is why we've had a high infant-mortality rate. I haven't been able to get the Indian Health Service to stop sending milk to Indians, and they wonder why Indians are so sick. We've never had cows in all our history.

"Now, why are our people so good at working on the high steel? They're like mountain goats up there. I'm convinced that it's an inherited ability of some sort. And this brings me to education. In order to function as a good steelworker, you have to have very good reflexes, of course, and you can't really think about what you're doing. It has to do with getting messages to your muscles from a certain part of your brain—the lower part, which controls your reflexes. Something happens to you if you get too much education. I guess the electric charges go into the other part of your brain. I don't know. But for some reason your reflexes aren't as good after you start getting more education. That's why my brother had to quit working on high steel. He fell once, and he knew he was going to kill himself—as our father did—so he quit. Virtually all of the Indian steelworkers who have fallen in the past thirty years have been men who were improving their education. This is why I'm opposing the establishment of a high school in Caughnawaga. I think most Indians shouldn't go past about the seventh grade. Right now, we have about ninety-five-per-cent employment on our reserve. The men do a certain kind of work—it suits them, it appeals to them, they make good money, they look after their families. They bring about four hundred thousand dollars a week in wages into the reserve. If they get a better education, they can't work on high steel and there are no other jobs for them, so they end up unemployed. So if we're concerned about Indians' being employed and being self-sufficient, then education is a drawback."

We asked Miss Horn if her theories about education applied to all Indians or just to those in Caughnawaga.

"Well, I'm talking principally about Caughnawaga," Miss Horn replied. "But I think most Indians shouldn't get the same education that white people get. Some of us have to get an education. We need professional people—doctors and lawyers. But not all Indians should have this education. We had fifty Indian students at McGill this year, and it was pretty sad to see what happened to some of them. We need some way to find out which Indians can go to college and not be ruined by it and degenerate the way these kids did. They're ruined for life. They can't even go back up North without infecting the communities they came from."

"Infecting them with what?"

"The diseases they picked up down in white society. The fashionable confusions, the drugs, the venereal diseases, the white values that they're taking back up there and confusing the Indians with. Those Indians up there are doing very well the way they are. They're very unconfused, they're looking after their families, they're leading a happy life. And these kids go back up there and say, 'Look here, why are you so happy? You shouldn't be so happy.' I think that at a certain age Indians should be given aptitude tests and guided into the kinds of skills they need so that they can go to work. They're good at outdoor work. They're no good at office work. They aren't good at working in mines. They're good at operating machinery, at flying, at operating tourist camps, and at being guides."

We asked Miss Horn why she advised Indians not to coöperate with blacks in the civil-rights movement.

"I say this because our problems are very different from those of the Negroes," Miss Horn said. "The Negroes want integration, and that doesn't work for Indians. They use tactics—demonstrations, marches, and so on—that aren't productive for us. Besides that, it confuses the issue for us to be involved with them. It creates the impression that we're full-fledged citizens, which we aren't, and that we're just another minority group, which we aren't. We're a separate people, with special rights guaranteed by the laws of this country. People get very upset when I compare the history of the Indians with that of the Negroes. I al-

"Damn! Missed it by two numbers!"

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ways say that Negroes have been very well treated here. They started out as less than a million, and now there are twenty-two million of them. Indians, on the other hand, have dwindled to about a tenth of what they were. There was a policy of genocide against them—*real* genocide, with millions of murders. But people don't look at it that way. It's as though you had a field containing five hundred horses and five hundred cows, and you came back twenty years later and there were five thousand horses and three cows, and everybody said, 'Isn't it awful how those horses have been treated?' I was speaking at a university not long ago, and a bunch of Black Panthers came there and were very insistent about their idea that Indians should form a group like the Black Panthers. And I thought, How silly! We're less than one per cent of the population. We don't represent any kind of threat, either in buying power or political power. And here they were, saying that we had to have a group like the Black Panthers. I really thought they were kidding. I said, 'What are we gonna call ourselves? The Pink Panthers?' And they got so mad! They didn't have any sense of humor about it."

We asked Miss Horn to tell us a little about her legal-aid efforts in behalf of Indians.

"I'm mainly interested in Constitutional law," she said. "I'm hoping that after I get my law degree I'll be taking on a few Constitutional cases—anything concerning treaties and land rights. For now, well, I was involved in getting white people off the Caughnawaga Reservation. Squatters. According to the law, they're not supposed to be there, but the federal government wouldn't take them off. I had a test case against my sister, who had married a white man, and I got them off."

"How did she like that?" we asked.

"She didn't like it," Miss Horn replied. "She'll never speak to me again. But—law before love. I'm also concerned with Indians who get into trouble with the law. Murders. Ever since a case we had in the Northwest Territories in the late sixties, there's much more leniency in giving liquor to Indians. As a result, Indians make up about fifty per cent of the jail population in parts of western Canada. I would like for it to be very hard for Indians to get liquor. They just go berserk on it, and the next day they don't even remember what happened. I go up to the Kingston, Ontario, Penitentiary and talk to the women, and they're all in there for manslaughter or murder. And every one of them committed the crime under the influence of liquor. I haven't come across a single exception. It's a very sad situation."

DISCOBOLUS

Trav always got to the field before I did, and he'd be on his third or fourth circuit of limbering up while I was still lacing my spikes. When I was ready, I'd join the track at some point ahead of him and shack along pretty slowly till he caught up; then I'd fall into the rhythm of his stride, and shoulder to shoulder we'd jog for two miles—maybe three, if the air struck cold—until he peeled off at a sprint toward the throwing practice area. By the time I reached the triple-jump pit in the far corner from him, Trav was already out of his track suit and doing his shoulder and waist exercises, and while I raked the sand to a meticulous evenness and measured my run-up, he'd be loosing off a few standing throws at half power. Trav was superb. You couldn't help but admire the style and strength of his action. It was obvious he'd win everything in sight during the coming season. Sometimes, reeling in my tape or crouching to test the firmness of the cinders, I'd catch a brief glimpse of the discus as it glinted against the dark mass of the pine copse, and before I could begin to concentrate for my first jump I'd feel bound to watch him make one full-blooded, twirling shot. He'd let fly, and I'd follow the perfect line of the parabola upward, upward to its peak, and the long, slow, graceful curving down, and the flat bounce, and the skimming into the fringe of longer grass.

We were nineteen. Nowadays, whenever I remember him, I think of Trav as he was during that final summer term at school, though we'd been friends since we were very small boys. (We were about four years old, I think, when his family moved down from the North of England and came to live near us.) Nobody who ever saw him could forget those extraordinarily broad shoulders, the long arms, the huge hands. His jacket strained tight across his back and the sleeves rode high above his wrists. He'd have needed to be a foot taller to be described as well proportioned, I always thought. That curiously short trunk and the wild hank of crinkled red hair gave him, when he was fully dressed, more the shambling air of a scholar than the economical movement of an athlete.

We were killing time, spending the leisurely interim between passing our Advanced Level exams and going on to university. Trav had won a Mathematics scholarship to Oxford and I had a place to read Classics at Cambridge. Our deferment from National Service—it was in the early fifties, when boys of our age group were fighting in the Far East and Kenya—was on condition that we stay at school, pursuing a full-time course of studies. But nobody made us work. In the afternoons it was a tacit convention that we should attend classes in our respective subjects with our successors in the sixth form, but the masters took no more than cursory notice of us. We were answerable only to the headmaster and had no obligations but all the privileges, and the effect of our ambiguous status in the school was to make us, academically, bone idle. With no imminent examinations to work for, we had no duty to perform except to present ourselves at registration each morning, and thereby cheat the Army with a neat row of ticks against our names. From nine o'clock until lunch, Trav used to potter about in an unused laboratory, while I sat in the library office reading novels and the *Times*. I could see him across the yard from my window. He had a trick of filling soap bubbles with coal gas and igniting them with a taper on a stick; coronets of flame would rise in a kind of ritual ceremony from time to time—small but ardent tokens of Trav's boredom. I reached the stage when I didn't laugh anymore.

Though it was the close season, athletics became our common obsession—or, it would be truer to say, gradually I came to share some part of Trav's. We were both field-events men. The summer before, we'd broken six school records between us. Trav was already a remarkable athlete—an all-rounder—and could easily have beaten me at my events; but the rules limited us to three each, so I took long jump, pole vault, and the triple, and Trav the javelin, shot, and discus. I added my fractions of an inch to the records, while he demolished the existing figures by feet and yards. We belonged to the generation that had grown up during the war; stringent food rationing, paradoxically, made us fit and strong in our infancy, for our diet was perfectly balanced, if sparse. And we were the first to have the benefits of the welfare-state free milk, orange juice, vitamins, and medical and dental care. None of this occurred to Trav and me at the time. We compared our performances with the old records and concluded that we were champions in the making.

In those days, very few of the people responsible for school athletics took much interest in the jumping and throwing events; promising sprinters and middle-distance men were quickly spotted and given special coaching, but the rest of us were left to teach ourselves. This suited Trav, who in all things preferred to be independent. He decided to specialize in the discus. It was the complex elegance of the movement that he loved, he told me one day: its abstract beauty, its utter uselessness.

"What do you mean—uselessness?" I asked him.

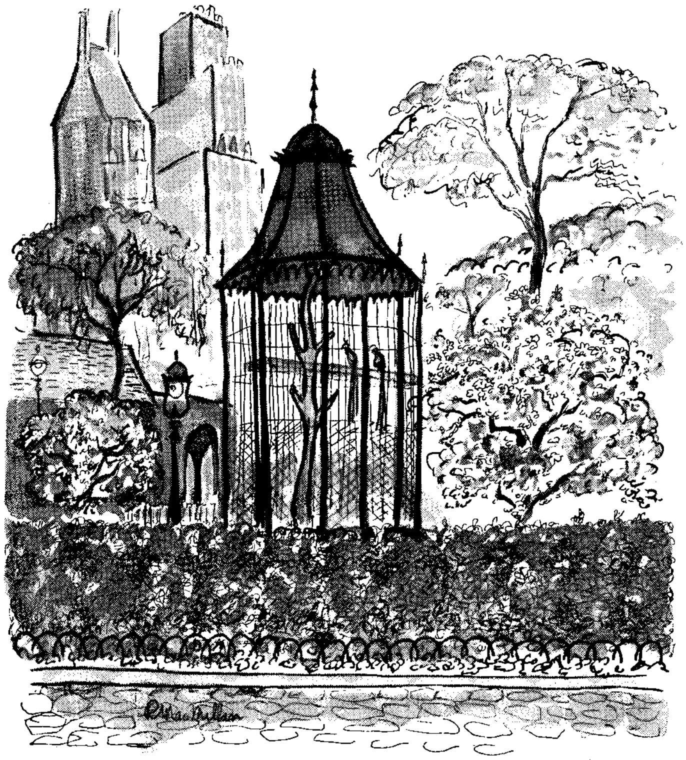
"It's pure. It's original. It relates to nothing else in life. It's an action you perform only for itself."

"So's putting the shot."

"Rubbish. Watch an Irish navvy loading boulders onto a truck."

"Javelin?"

"Mneh. A useful skill, old as the Stone Age. The discus, now, consider it. The shape. Mathematically, a beautiful, perfect form. A creation of man's genius that has no echo in nature. Javelins are tapering sticks and a shot is a ball as com-



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“Do you ever get the feeling Brother Francis isn’t meditating at all—that he’s just woolgathering?”

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mon as stones worn smooth and round by the sea.”

“I’ve seen pebbles discus-shaped.”

“With steel rims, wood bodies, and brass centerplates?”

“For a scientist, Trav, you don’t argue with much logic.”

“And for an artist, old flower, you’re no more capable of aesthetic perception than this bit of chalk. O.K., so forget about the shapes in nature. What I’m trying to get at is that the discus isn’t a brute trial of strength like the shot, or a modified hunting weapon like the javelin. As an offensive missile, a discus would be no use at all. It’s an object that creates the sole problem of how to hurl it away as far as possible—the solution of which problem serves no conceivable purpose except the enjoyment involved in overcoming the difficulties. Art for art’s sake. An activity unsullied by such loathsome possible by-products as being able to throw sixteen-pound bombs over the heads of cheering crowds or sticking a wild pig at twenty paces. Discus throwing is the purest form of athletics ever devised by humankind.”

“Pole vault?”

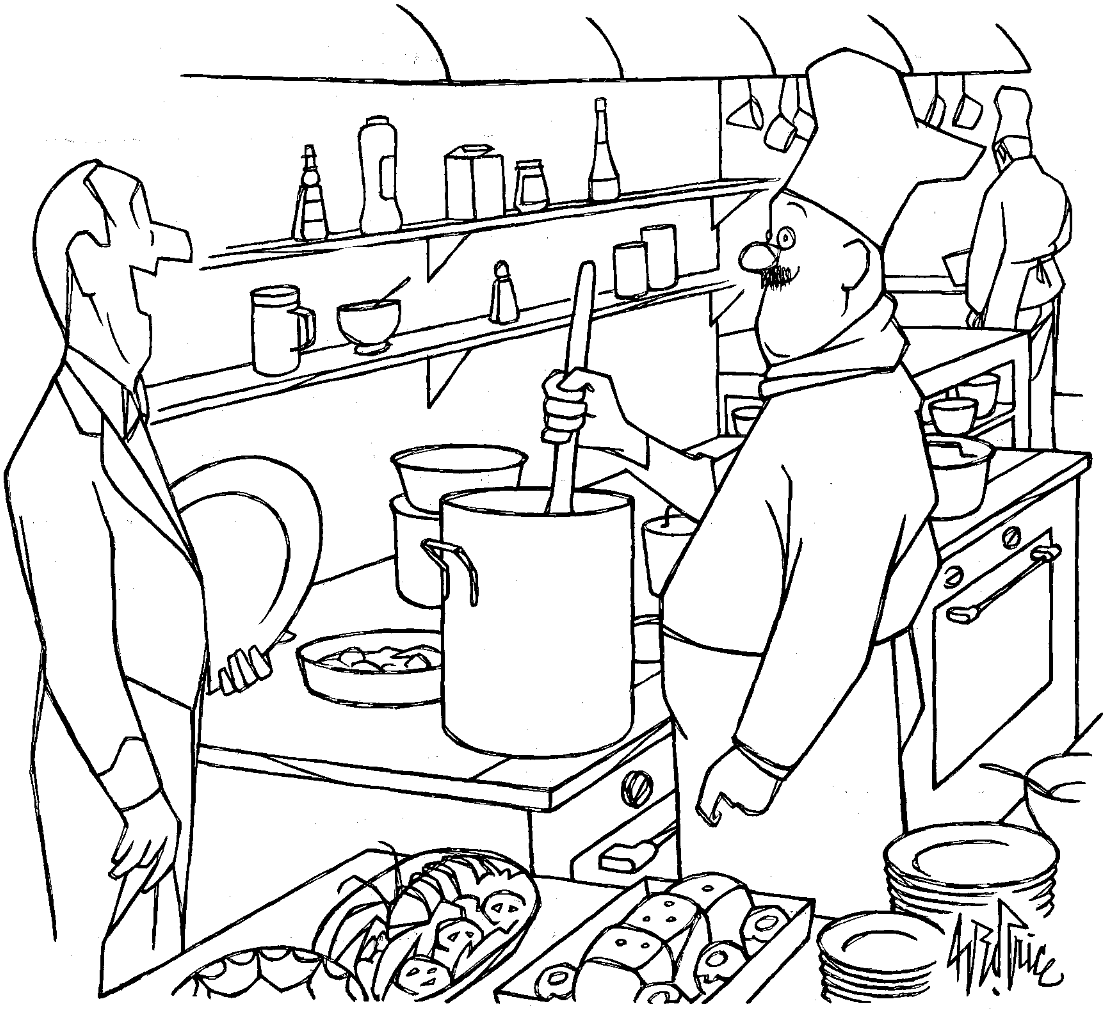
“Boy Scouts crossing rivers, using staffs hacked from the willow tree.”

“Long jump?”

“Scoutmaster types in the Antarctic leaping a yawning crevasse. That leaves you, my boy, if you want to join the ranks of us purists, with the triple jump. Mind you, I can imagine a situation in which three streams, running closely parallel—”

“Shut up. I’m going to take up sprinting.”

IT was a prolonged, snowy winter that year. Sometimes we went for runs through the lost farms, shoving over yellow-white drifts that cantilevered from the hedgerows like big, dead tongues, and once we frightened a fox from the carcass of a sheep. Trav used to swing with his throwing arm at the snow festoons on low branches and the



"Compliments from Table 5 in the alcove and a standing ovation from the group in the Colonial Room."

icicles grown long from the gutters of barns. But most afternoons we trained in the gym after ten minutes of skipping in the boiler room. I used to enjoy these daily workouts mainly as a release from the tedium of sitting about, but for Trav they were a serious—even solemn—preparation toward an ambition that, when he confided it to me, seemed outrageous, preposterous. Showing me an action shot of Adolfo Consolini that he'd cut out of *World Sports*, he said, "Look at that right leg, that follow-through, the angle of the forearm. I can do better than that. I shall be better than him." He said this with a quiet, matter-of-fact assurance.

"Oh come on, Trav," I said. "He's the best in the world."

"You don't understand."

"A hundred and eighty-odd feet."

"That's nothing to do with it."

"He's the world champion."

"You don't understand. You don't try to understand."

I half laughed at him, but had to look away. He worked out his anger on the weights.

I concentrated through January and February on gaining more height from my initial spring, until I could leap over all the sections of the vaulting box. Trav practiced his swing and follow-through until he achieved the smooth, fluid motion of a dolphin, say, turning within its length. The controlled fury of that movement, endlessly repeated, obsessively rehearsed, haunts my mind to this day. It was other animals than the dolphin; the cobra uncoiling to strike, the zoo panther pawing from his bars, the springbok halting stiff-legged and alert. He devised routines with medicine balls, swinging them three at a time in tough string bags, like a Patagonian with a bola, and he had a bicycle inner tube tied to the lowest wall bar that he'd stretch outward and upward, day after day, week after week, until its resilience gave out and it snapped. By the time the finer weather came and we could train on the field, Trav had become moodily silent with me. I took it as some kind of affectation. I occasionally did a few circuits with him, wondering if he'd come out of his shell, but all I got from him was a series of abrupt, snarling replies. I let him get on with it. If Trav wanted to act the role of the introverted, dedicated athlete for a week or two, that was O.K.; delusions of grandeur, I reckoned, but he'd soon be his old self again. Meanwhile, I'd added two feet four inches to my personal best for the triple jump.

I WAS getting good. At the beginning of May, I joined an athletic club and had regular coaching. Trav wouldn't join. I described the facilities—the clubroom, showers, well-equipped gymnasium. It was only half a crown a year if you were still at school, I told him. He didn't want to know. There was no one in the world who could help him, he said. I showed him the club badge, a gaudy embroidery I'd had stitched onto my track-suit top, and he sneered. Every afternoon, whatever the weather, he trained by himself in the top corner of the field. And there was no doubting his ability; for someone entirely self-taught, he was remarkable, outstanding. I was certain that, with a little expert tuition, he could make even more of his talent. In my own case, performance was improved immediately by five per cent when the coach altered the length of my run-up and persuaded me to launch off my right foot first instead of my left. By the end of the season, I was told, I could be approaching national class if I obeyed instructions to the letter. I set my sights higher and higher—a Blue in my freshman year, England Under-21 Colours, maybe even the '56 Olympics. Meanwhile, I was first-string for the Harriers, and I looked forward to a summer of competitions against the best men in London and the Southern Counties.

Trav surprised me one afternoon toward the end of our usual session. He came over to the pit to watch me jump. I'd been having a great deal of trouble hitting the board right that day, and time and again I'd taken off much too far back or, knowing I'd missed, run straight through the sand. But I was so delighted to see Trav relaxed and serene after his weeks of glowering aloofness that I was determined to show him how well I'd progressed. I put back my mark about six inches, breathed deeply, and rocked gently to and fro on my front foot as I concentrated. Everything was perfect. My rate of acceleration gave me top speed at the exact stride for the launch, and I got the height and thrust I needed for the middle step, and there was still plenty of momentum in reserve for the final jump. The timing, the rhythm, the style and the power and the speed all combined in the precise proportions I'd hoped for. It was another personal best, by an inch and a bit.

"How about that then, Trav?"

"Not bad."

"There's praise! Christ!"

"No, really. You're shaping quite nicely. If only you didn't run like a manacled crab, you'd be getting the best out of yourself."

I seethed, but said nothing. With aggressive dignity, I towelled my face and put on a sweater.

"Don't look so aggrieved, old flower. You'll make it if you keep plugging away. Be honest, now. Was that last jump the same as the one before?"

"No. I've been having some difficulty with my run-up. But—"

"Well, that's what I mean, you see. Luck still comes into it."

"Yeah, well, we all need luck."

"I don't. You can't take credit for luck. Want to come and see me throw?"

"O.K."

We strolled through a junior cricket game to the other side of the field. The groundsman had marked out a practice circle, and two long white lines to show the sixty-degree sector extending from its center toward the two ends of the pine copse, but I saw that Trav had left his discuses halfway between the circle and the trees. He picked one up and spun it from hand to hand, and as casually as one might toss a pebble into the sea he sent it toward the copse; it hit a branch at the height of its trajectory and twirled crazily down like a dead thing, a shot bird. "Just a loosener," he said. "I've done most of my practice from here—not so far to go and fetch them if they hit the trees. But let's take these others back to the circle." I took two for him, then sat down to watch. He took off his track suit and walked into the circle from the front.

"That's going to be a foul throw for a start," I said, "not entering from the back." I still felt needled by his faint praise.

"A meaningless formality. The point about the circle is the restriction it imposes. You sound like a minor politician. The diameter's too small for a grown man to make his throw without control and discipline. Like the fourteen lines of the sonnet to a poet."

"Rules are rules. Shut up and get on with it, Trav."

It was beautiful to watch, magnificent, an unforgettable experience. It was like seeing ocean waves for the first time from a childhood beach—the collecting mass, the compression of energy, the gathering of force to a pent stillness, and then the explosive moment breaking, and the dispersal of every shred of power. Five times he crashed out of that calm, lazy coiling down, and every throw was the same. It was as though his arms passed along invisible slots, like the slicked components of a complex machine. Each discus he slung rode the air like some Arctic bird flighting to a place it knew.

He lay down and closed his eyes. I went to collect the discuses; they'd come to rest within a few feet of each other. And I got the one from the copse.

"That was great, Trav. Just great."

"Hmm. I think I'm about there."

"I paced it out. Unbelievable. I'll go and get my tape."

"No, don't. It's irrelevant."

"How can you say that? You'll win everything that's going."

"I won't. I'll win nothing. I've won."

"A drawerful of medals. Cups on the sideboard."

"You and I don't talk the same language. You make me sick."

He reached for his track-suit top and pulled it on, and bowed his head between his knees.

"How do you mean, Trav?"

"You're like all the rest—just a bloody pothunter. All you're concerned about is tenths of an inch and beating the competition and getting your name in the paper. It's puerile."

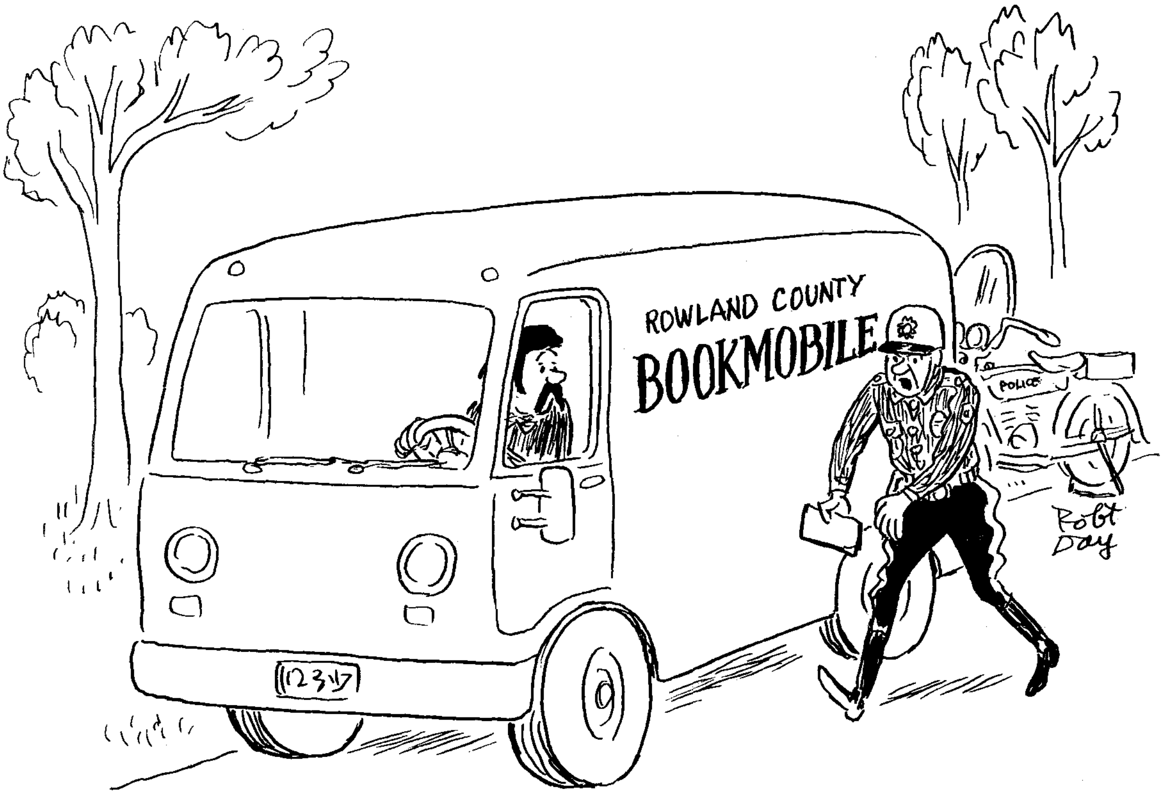
"Don't give me that. You were pretty damn pleased last year when you broke those records."

"That was then. Schoolboy stuff."

"Well, what's so different now, Trav? The point of it all is still to win. All that's changed is that we've specialized and improved out of all recognition. I remember you saying you were going to throw farther than Consolini. You might, too, one day."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"How can you be such a liar, Trav?



"All right, Mister. Where's the cultural explosion?"

You showed me his picture that time."

"I said I'd throw better, not farther. And I am better."

"Ah, Trav!"

"I am better. Anyway, I'm better than he was in that picture."

It wasn't bragging, the way he said it. But I shook my head, and sighed, and shredded the turf under my spikes. I couldn't understand his strangeness, the perversity of his attitude. For fifteen years I'd known him, and suddenly he had become this bizarre, irrational, incomprehensible being: an athlete in his prime who didn't want to win.

"Art for art's sake," I said, "is a sterile, discredited notion."

"You think I'm crazy."

"No, Trav, it isn't that. I just can't see why—"

"Listen, I'll try to explain. I took up athletics in the first place because I couldn't stand team games, right? I suppose I'm something of a loner, and I hadn't got the temperament for fitting in with a bunch of other people. Throwing missiles around didn't require me to be dependent on a gang of teammates; I took my turn in the line and had my throw and that was that."

"I follow you so far. Then what?"

"Well, you're quite right, I did enjoy winning last summer, and getting all that glory, but afterward it all seemed hollow and somehow ignoble."

"How's that?"

"Getting pleasure from beating people. Playacting at warfare. That's what it's all about, if you boil it down."

"But that's the whole idea, Trav. It's playacting. A substitute for the real thing."

"Let me finish. When we came back to school for this final year and had nothing to do with our time, I got to thinking things over. We were so lucky, you and I. Twelve months to use in any way we wanted, while our friends got themselves shot at in some Asian jungle or had their throats slit by the Mau Mau. I tried to imagine what it must be like for them, but I couldn't. Remember Richardson, who got the Military Cross?"

"Yes."

"What a brain, what a physique. He could have done anything."

"He did. You just said he did."

"A bit of tin on the end of a ribbon. Anyway, when we started to train, way back in the winter, I got this idea that I'd like to do something to the best of my ability while there was still time."

"You've got the whole of your life, Trav."

"I'll be too busy with work at Oxford. And then God knows what will happen when I have to do National Service. Can't get deferment forever. So—I decided to perfect one physical activity that had nothing to do with pitting myself against others. Me versus me. I wanted to be as good as my body would allow. And at this moment of time I've reached the stage where I can throw as well as it's possible for me to."

"You'd improve with coaching. And you might still grow another inch."

"I had to do it on my own. The future's imponderable."

"But I still don't see why you couldn't contest. No harm in it, surely."

"It was a hard decision, but I had to prove a point. I expect you'd find it a bit farfetched. Don't laugh if I tell you.

END OF MAY

Atop each stem
an iris or two has turned in
on itself with no regrets and given up
color. Pink, yellow, and red,
the rose petals are spread
so wide they already tend
toward total drop.
Peony litter covers the ground.
On earlier days,
friends and neighbors in pairs have been summoned
to have a drink and see the bloom,
have admired everything and gone.

I sit in my suntan oil alone—
almost alone; a jay
tries to flap me away
from his drinking trough.
His coarse, demanding rebukes
pierce my ears. He chirks
news of impending drouth.

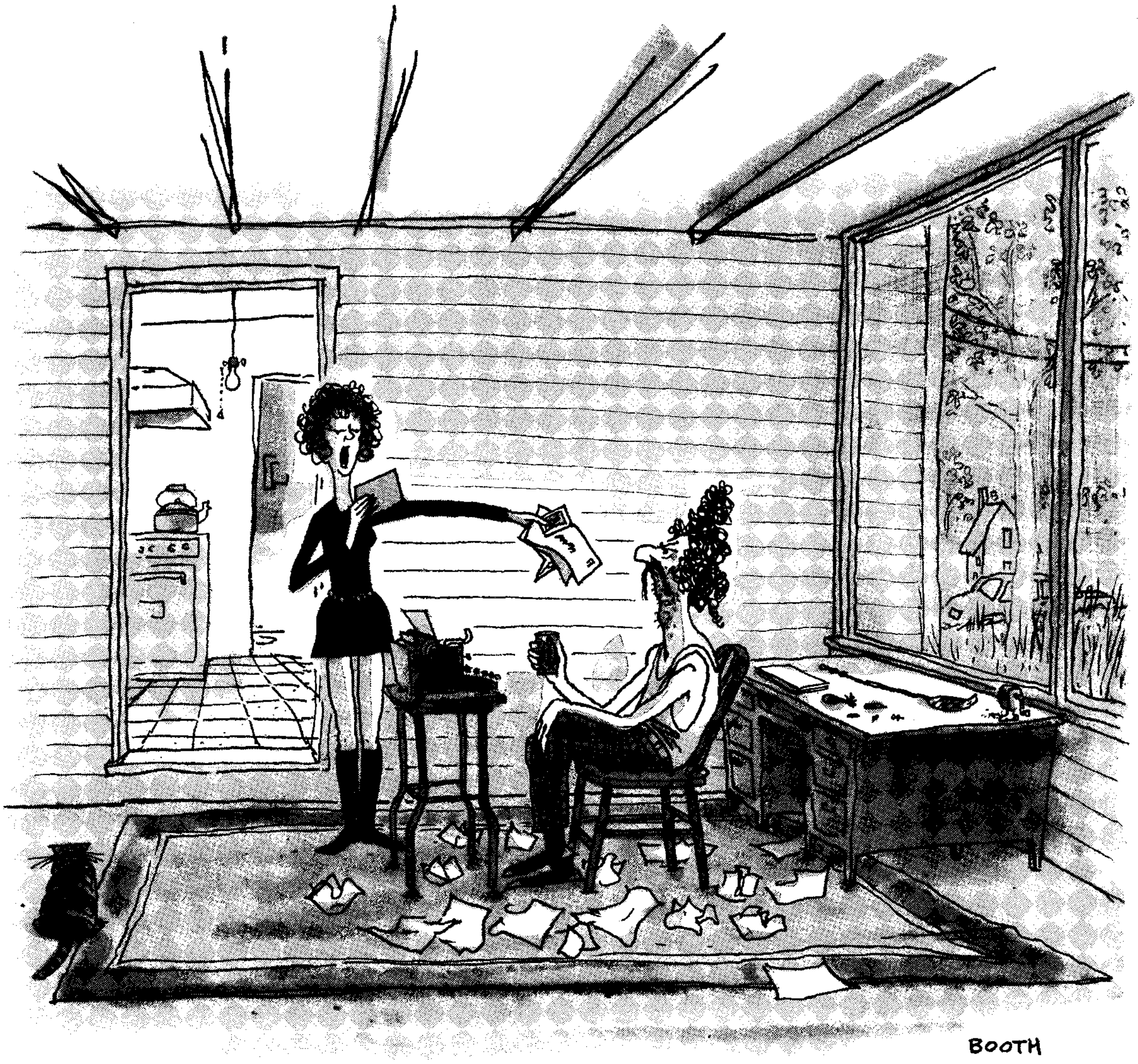
But under my feet as I tan
is no longer a brick patio,
rather a light brown
paisley made of seed wings
from the silver maple, which can sow
faster than I could sew
this fine fabric into something.
And in the air,
like a great snow,
are flakes alive with purpose.
The cottonwood huffs and puffs
them everywhere.

On oil that sheathes me from sun
they cling to bare parts of person.
All the long, late
day, my arms and legs are furred
with such a will to beget
I think I can almost afford
to forget it's only skin-deep.
It's like taking dope.

It's too late, I tell the tree,
you've settled on somebody seedless.
Equivocally, it nods its head.
But I have been overheard.
Maybe for you but not for me,
the seedy old world says.

—Mona Van Duyn

• •



"A free Thunderbird key chain from the veterans, 'Time' sent another little bitty pencil, Pampero Mission sent greeting cards and enclosed a snapshot of a sick Indian, and 'Reader's Digest' says you may already be a winner."

• •

I wasn't going to tell anybody."

"All right."

"You see the distance I can throw?"

"Yes."

"It's enough to make me Southern Counties champion. I could get my Blue, easily. But I wanted to see how difficult it would be to have power in my grasp and not use it. It's hellish hard, but it's possible. I got depressed, as you well know, a little while back. I thought I'd yield again to the desire to win, and I couldn't live with myself. I had to believe that a human being's capable of renouncing a chance of grinding a boot in somebody's face. Capable, if you like, of not pressing a button to wipe out a nation. It wasn't enough to conjecture, or make theories. My body had to know. And now it does." He yawned, stretched his arms.

"So I've finished with the whole damn business. No sense in going on."

"It's a waste, Trav. Terrible waste of talent. I think you're being morbid. I can understand how you felt about old Richardson, but I've got no sympathy with this philosophy of yours. It's quirkish. You'll finish up as a mad old don, living on carrot juice. What'll you do instead? Sailing? Mountaineering?"

"I'll think of something else."

"Let's see you throw just one more."

"No. I'm getting cold. Let's go home."

I MET him a few times in Oxford, whenever we had a match against one of the colleges there. On his desk he had a replica of Myron's "Discobolus," and he used a discus for a paperweight. Now and again we exchanged letters, but we grew further and further apart, and made new friends, and by the time we'd taken our degrees we'd stopped making contact. I did my National Service, learning to be a Russian interpreter in the Army, while Trav was found to be medically unfit; some minor eye defect, somebody told me. I went on with my triple jumping, but though I won often enough, it became apparent that I'd never reach international class. I got lazy, and wouldn't train; younger men came along who seemed like a breed of supermen. In the school where I went to teach, I coached a few promising youngsters. Yet my heart wasn't in it, and gradually I found myself more and more irritated by the rapacious gleam in athletes' eyes, their gloating self-esteem when they took their medals, their parades of mock humility. They were no different, I supposed, from people who did well at anything else—business, composing symphonies—but I couldn't stand any longer the peculiar, brittle solipsism that breeds on the track, and my interest waned. I wondered how many of those champions I saw come and go ever found out about themselves, the way Trav did, the way he taught me to, though it took so much longer. His achievement was total and unique; I often recalled the special, tranquil pride on his face when he said, "I'll win nothing. I've won." So that when I heard of his death last year in a gliding accident, I felt that his tragedy was classical, strangely hubristic. In a sense, it was news I'd always half expected. I never learned the details of the crash, and I never want to know them. I think of Trav, Discobolus, winding up to let fly. I remember his loosener into the trees, spinning down into the pine needles like a dove with dead wings.

—TED WALKER

•

Locks, as pointed out, cannot provide all the answers. Sometimes a human element is needed and a dog can supply that very well.—*Bernard Gavzer in the Post.*

Our dog likes to *think* so, anyway.

PEOPLE IN A DIARY—III

ONE day in 1943, my telephone rang. It was Theresa Helburn, at the Theatre Guild, asking me to come to her office. Elia Kazan was there. I was astonished to learn that the Guild was going to put on my play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," and that Elia Kazan was to direct it. In its casting of the play, the Guild was inspired: Louis Calhern for the Colonel; Annabella for Marianne; and, for Jacobowsky, the Viennese comedian Oscar Karlweis.

I had seen Karlweis once, some time before. An Austrian friend had invited me uptown, to the East Side, to see a performance of "Fledermaus," promising me, "You will see an entrancing actor." Karlweis played Prince Orlofsky. I was entranced by him from the moment he appeared on the stage. He was stylish, he was crisp and elegant, he was an aristocrat who saw through aristocracy's pretensions. Through everything he said and did there was the sportive javelin thrust of humor. The refrain "*Chacun à son goût*" he sang with a *je-m'en-fiche* nonchalance, an air of "I can take it, but I can leave it," that was irresistible. He had the audience in the palm of his hand. That's where I was. I had long been fascinated by the idea of writing a play about Montaigne. As I watched Karlweis, I thought, Here is my Montaigne. I no longer had an excuse; I must write this play, and for him. He even looked like Montaigne.

And now here was Prince Orlofsky-Montaigne sitting with me, and with Kazan and Miss Helburn, in the Oak Room of the Plaza. He had been singing in a Paris night club at the time of the fall of France. A high-placed friend, whom he later married, knew the way things were going and facilitated his escape. Karlweis was half Jewish. ("So was Montaigne," I said to myself.) "But," Karlweis said, "the way things are, half is more than enough." He captivated all of us; he was so light in touch, witty, and self-deprecatory. I determined that as soon as we'd opened in New York I would sew him up for Montaigne.

All through rehearsals, which went swimmingly, the Guild and Kazan were after me to find a title for the play, since it was manifestly impossible to call a play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel." For one thing, that title was unpronounceable. "Can you imagine people coming to the box office and asking to buy seats for a play with a title like *that?*" Kazan said. I couldn't imagine it, and promised to find a title. I wrote down scores, but I didn't like any of them. Neither did anyone else. We decided, finally, to open with the one we had, and, with false confidence, were sure we'd get a workable title on the road. We opened in New Haven, on a Friday. As soon as Karlweis walked on and spoke a few sentences, we knew we were all right. The audience took him to its heart. In the first intermission, Terry Helburn came up to Lawrence Langner and me, beaming. "We're in," she said. "I've just talked to Lee Shubert. He says it's Potash and Perlmutter with class." In the inevitable conference that night at the Taft—which included Stewart Chaney, who had done the sets, and Paul Bowles, who had written a modest but evocative score—the atmosphere was optimistic, even though we all knew that we could do with a stronger last act.

After a weekend in New Haven, the play went to Boston. I had spent the weekend in New York doing rewrites. I watched from an aisle seat in the fifth row, making notes. In front of me sat two elderly gentlemen of a type more frequently encountered in London than in this country—tall, slim, with narrow faces, keen eyes, and beautifully brushed silver hair. The first act had gone well, and Karlweis had captivated the audience, as he had done in New Haven. I wanted, if possible, to get a comment on the play from these two gentlemen. In the intermission, I walked up the aisle just behind them.

"You know," said one, "I think that fellow Karlweis . . . is Jewish."

There was a long pause. The other man took time to assimilate this bizarre fact. Then he said, "Well . . . I don't mind."

We sold out in Boston and in Philadelphia, which was our last stop before New York. Audiences seemed able to pronounce the title, so we all forgot that we were going to find another one. After we opened in New York, at the Martin Beck, Louis Calhern told us that, walking in for the first Saturday matinée, he saw two bearded Williamsburg Jews staring up at the marquee. He overheard one say to the other, "Jacobowsky and the *what?*"

I studied Karlweis during the run of "Jacobowsky and the Colonel." We became friends. More and more, I identified him with Montaigne: he was aristocratic, as Montaigne was; he was skeptical, as Montaigne was. I told him I was writing a play for him. He was much excited. I didn't tell him what it was about, but I told him I would soon have something to show him.

After "Jacobowsky" closed in New

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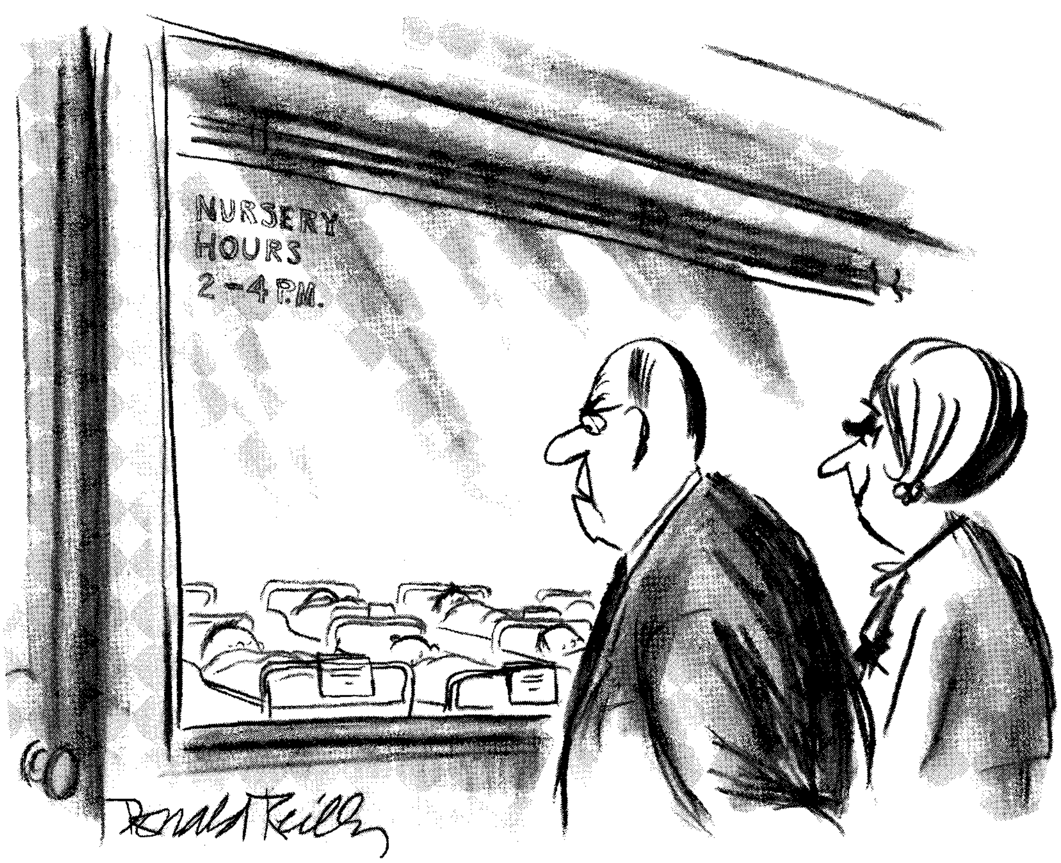
SLOW
SOARING PRICES AHEAD

York—it ran for a year—the Guild sent it on tour. In Chicago, Karlweis had a heart attack. He was sent to the hospital. The tour was ended. Karlweis recovered. One bright January day some years later, he came to see me in my apartment. He looked wonderful and was in wonderful spirits, and was now much excited about a new project, with which he wanted my help. There was to be a drama festival in West Berlin and he had been invited to appear in it. He wanted to do "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," which was about the flight of two men from the Nazis. Wouldn't it be marvellous? Wasn't it an ideal, a poignant choice? Wouldn't it really prove that the Nazi horror was over? He wanted me to try to get Kazan to direct it. I said that I would do my best and that I'd call him the minute I'd spoken to Kazan. He was radiantly happy. Two days later, I got the news: Karlweis was dead.

I went that afternoon to see Mme. Karlweis. She asked me if I would speak at Oscar's funeral. I said that I was no speaker but that I would. The next morning, I stood beside Karlweis's coffin in the Little Church Around the Corner and said farewell to him.



"Oh, sure, they look innocent enough now, but behind those cherubic faces there could be lurking a Jack Anderson or a Ralph Nader."

• •

ON a spring morning in 1932, during one of my Hollywood stints, Sonya Levien, the screenwriter, burst into my office in excitement. "It's all settled," she said. "On the Aquitania."

"Has there been a dispute on the Aquitania?" I asked.

"Sol just told me. He asked me to tell you." (She was referring to the Fox producer Sol Wurtzel.)

"In that case, why don't you?"

"We're going to England," she said. She sat down on the sofa and began fanning herself with a huge silk handkerchief. I gave her a minute to get control of herself. "The studio has bought 'Cavalcade.' Noël Coward's. They want us to go to London to see it. They want us to write the screenplay." This excited me as much as it did Sonya. It seemed too good to be true. "The studio has made all the reservations—the Savoy," she concluded.

"Well," I said, "that *is* news. When do we leave?"

"Friday, on the Chief. Gets us in just in time for the Aquitania. She sails Wednesday."

"Just the two of us!"

"Oh, no. Frank Borzage and Lou."

Frank Borzage was one of Fox's top directors. Lou was his brother, and was on his staff.

"What about Carl?" I asked, referring to Carl Hovey, Sonya's husband.

"Oh, he's coming."

"I'm glad," I said. "It'll be fun to have him."

"Carl loves England. He used to go all the time when he was running the *Metropolitan*—to see authors."

I went to the studio post office and cabled my friend Siegfried Sassoon.

We had a pleasant journey on the Aquitania. Carl had suggested that we postpone discussion of the film version of "Cavalcade" until we had seen the London production. Sonya had agreed. Perhaps it had occurred to her that Carl deserved a rest from the perpetual story conference in which his life was spent, during meals at home, in the family car (Sonya was always travelling with one or another of her collaborators)—everywhere and all the time. As we started the voyage, we were as free as birds. We dined together every night—Frank Borzage, Lou (I called him Soothin' Lou, because he always agreed heartily with everybody), Sonya, Carl, and I. On the wall above our table in the dining room hung a tremendous oil painting of the Renaissance general Colleoni. Carl was the only one who knew who Colleoni was; he enjoyed teasing Frank by pretending to see a resemblance between him and Colleoni.

"But isn't it extraordinary?" he said. "Don't you *see* it? Same chest, same arms, same shoulders."

Lou was the first to agree that he saw the resemblance. "Spittin' image," he said.

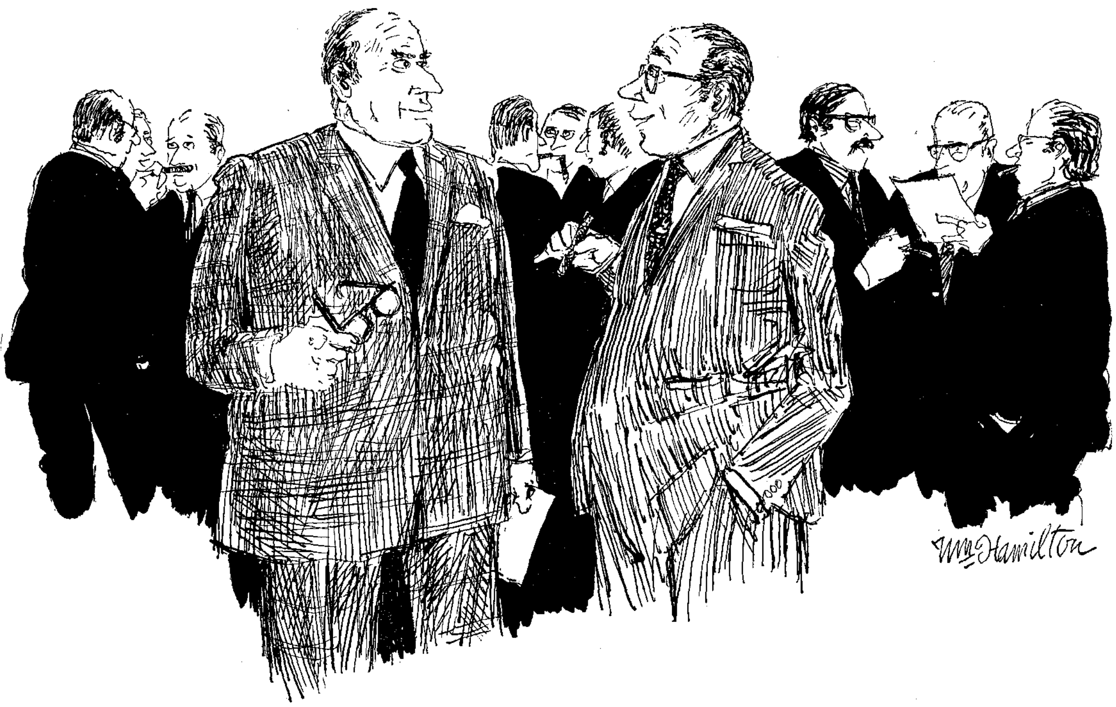
"Oh, no," said Sonya. "He looks so fierce, and our dear Frank is so gentle."

"That's true, too," said Soothin'.

Frank, an authentic innocent, was embarrassed. He didn't like being the subject of a conversation. He blushed. To spare him, Sonya changed the subject.

"Isn't that a wonderful little scene in 'Cavalcade'—the honeymooners on the Titanic?"

That did it. The story conference was on. Everybody except Carl, who hadn't read the play, became articulate and combative: little quarrels about casting; ideas on where to stay with the script and where to depart from it; where to place Queen Victoria's funer-



"I'm crazy about your image, Ray. Who designed it?"

al, which the "Cavalcade" family watches from a window, in a scene with the final, blackout line "She must have been a very little lady." It went on full tilt. I watched Carl nursing a liqueur. He smiled wanly.

When you travelled for a film company in those days, you travelled at the height of luxury, and in London I found myself in a river suite looking out at the twilit Thames. It was thrilling. I felt at home at the Savoy, though I had never stayed in it before. Previously, I had felt most at home in a room I rented at the house of Siegfried's friend "Dame" Nellie Burton, on Half Moon Street. Arnold Bennett had devoted his last novel to describing the Savoy and the intricate mechanism that manipulated it. It was amusing to keep testing Bennett's accuracy. He held up pretty well.

I found a message from Siegfried; he was still living at Campden Hill Square. I called him. He was having dinner with Glen Byam Shaw at the Reform Club. I had become fond of Glen—and of his wife, the actress Angela Baddeley—on the several visits he had made to New York, where he had come to direct English plays. He was sensitive, modest, and all kindness. I insisted that Siegfried and Glen come to the Savoy for dinner. "I don't want to leave the river," I said. "I have become very much attached to it." Siegfried laughed, and said he was sure it would be all right with Glen.

We had a happy time in the Savoy dining room. Glen wanted the Grill, because theatre people were addicted to it, but I insisted on getting a table in the dining room, with a river view. Siegfried looked older. He was very quiet; it pleased him greatly that Glen and I had become friends. In a satirical voice, he expressed criticism of me for making this journey to see someone else's play when I should be retiring to the country—to the Spread Eagle at Thame, for example—to write one of my own. I made a weak defense. I said that I shouldn't in that case be entertaining him and Glen in the style to which they were accustomed.

"I don't think I've been in the Savoy in twenty years," Siegfried said mildly.

I asked Siegfried whether he had succeeded in finding a country house for himself.

"He hasn't succeeded for himself," said Glen, "but he's succeeded for Burton."

Half Moon Street had proved no longer possible for Burton, and Siegfried had found her a pleasant house with a large garden in Woodside.

"Angela and I went to see her," Glen said. "Her new house is lovely, but somehow everything about it is huge. The tomatoes are huge, the sunflowers are huge, the sofa in the drawing room is huge, and the lunch was huge. I don't know how we ever got through it. But she's always wonderful. You must go and see her, Sam."

"Of course," I said. "I can't wait."

"I always kiss her when I see her," said Glen. "It's like kissing a large, wet gooseberry."

Back in my river suite, I telephoned Burton. She invited me for lunch on the following Thursday. I said I'd prefer tea. She yielded to my preference. Sonya and Carl were not back yet, and neither were the Borzages. The Borzages had gone to the Drury Lane Theatre to see "Cavalcade," and the Hoveys were spending the evening with some London friends—the writer F. Tennyson Jesse and her husband, H. M. Harwood. I sat at my window to see what was doing—so late in the evening—on the Thames.

The next night, we all went to "Cavalcade." We arrived at the historic theatre and were ushered into a stage box reserved for us. The vast house was crowded. One felt a palpitant expectancy in the audience. As the play unfolded, one could feel increasingly a deep wash of sympathy, of recognition, of national identification, of pride. The things that were happening to this family had happened to all of them. Those who had not seen Queen Victoria's funeral had nevertheless deeply felt it: the symbol of the great Empire laid low. Frank Borzage, though not English, had tears in his eyes.

In the intermission after the first act, we were greeted by Charles B. Cochran, the producer of "Cavalcade." "You've made Borzage cry," I said to him, "and he is a very hard man." Cochran laughed; it was only too obvious that Borzage was not a hard man. We asked for Noël. Cochran said that he had gone to South America. Having directed and opened "Cavalcade," and having received the thanks of the King, he'd treated himself to a holiday. Cochran asked whether we didn't think it would be a good idea to photograph the play, so we'd have a record of the London production. We all thought it would be. Cochran said he would see to it. He also told Sonya and me that Noël would be in Hollywood before we really got working on the script.

I had invited Harold Laski and his wife to lunch the next day. Harold asked if he might bring a friend whom he greatly admired, and who was prominent in the Labour Party—Edward Frank Wise. I said fine, but that I would retaliate by inviting Siegfried. "That will be perfect," said Laski. We met next day in the Grill, at one o'clock. I liked Wise at once—good-looking, very forthright and open. Laski was in great form; he had a great deal to say, very edged, about Ramsay Macdonald ("The ribbon is in his coat and he will never know the verdict of history"), and he also talked about former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Arthur Henderson, whom he loved. Laski had spent Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's ninety-first birthday with him, and the recollection of this made him happy. He quoted the Justice on Coolidge's writing: "He makes even his platitudes seem vulgar." Mrs. Laski was very quiet; she had learned, evidently, that this was the destiny of the wives of great talkers. I asked the Laskis whether they had seen "Cavalcade." They had. Laski took a poor view of it. "Sentimental nationalism, in which the whole play was drenched," he said. The treatment of Queen Victoria particularly irritated him. The Queen, he said, was a tough woman, who would not abolish whipping in the Navy.

Frank Wise took issue with him on this. "I don't agree with you, Harold," he said. "The Queen is, by this time, a symbolic figure. She is part of the mystique which made this little island a great power in the world. Don't forget—while she lived, the people in the audience lived. They shared, more or less, the same fragment of time. They share, with her, the national memory. I don't at all agree with you."

Laski then said that of course she was a symbol universally accepted—a symbol of the nationalism that was the greatest breeder of wars. He attacked Cecil Rhodes and Standard Oil as conquistadores who enticed their governments to take certain actions in order to protect their own investments. He touched on the conflict over Morocco, the scramble for Africa, the fight for the spoils of Manchuria, the Middle East. Siegfried and I exchanged glances. Laski was way beyond our depth. To show that I was not without international outlook, I quoted from Maurice Hindus's just published book on Russia, in which he mentions that gypsy music was banned in Moscow, because it didn't help the Five Year Plan. Frank Wise laughed, but said he was sure this was an improvisation of Hindus's. Wise was a most charming and likable man. He had just returned from America; he had seen all our labor leaders. He was struck by our heterogeneity, whereas in England, he said, labor is so homogeneous that "I can mobilize all of British labor in one morning."

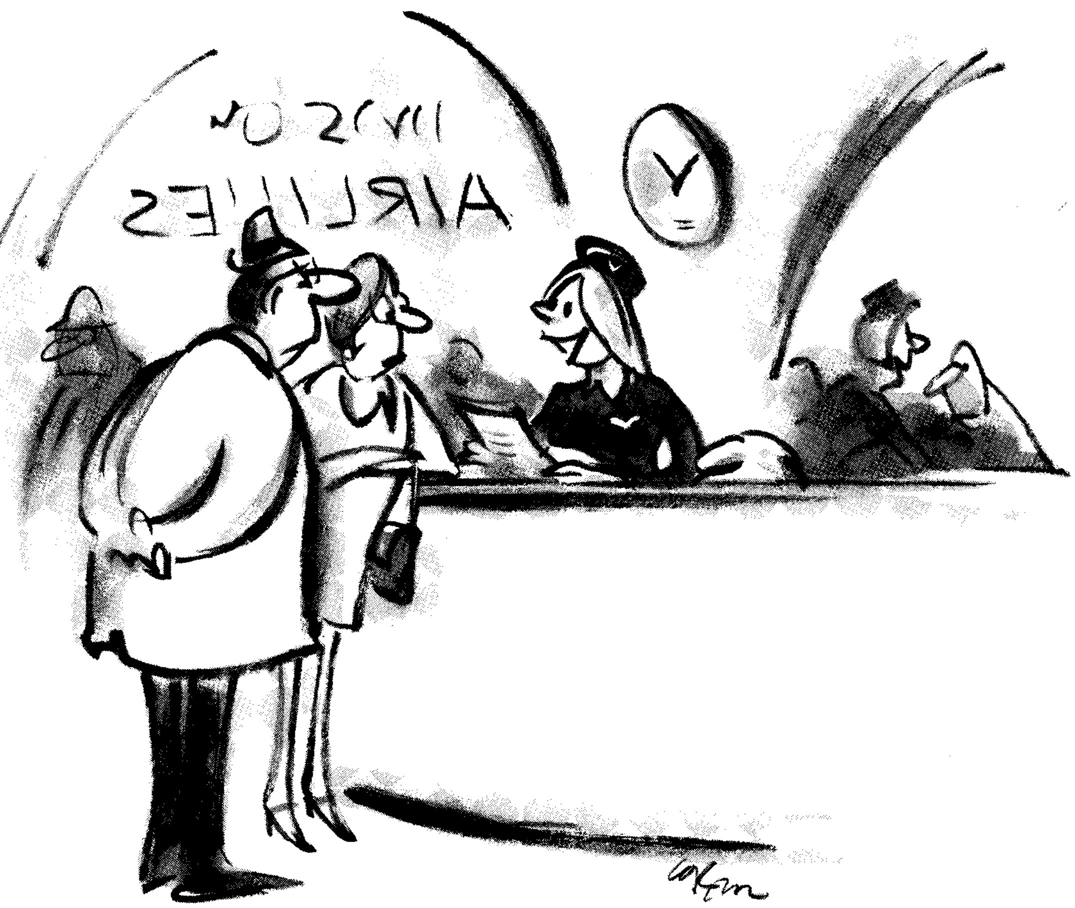
I rode back with Siegfried in a taxi, to drop him at Campden Hill Square. I asked him whether he didn't feel himself lost in a conversation like that, with Laski's dizzying spirals all over the world.

"But, my dear Sam, that is my habitual feeling wherever I go," he said. "I am totally uneducated, and the people I see know everything. I often think I should call my book, instead of 'Sherston's Progress,' 'Simpleton's Progress.' "

Siegfried asked me to meet him in Salisbury, so that I could see the cottage he'd taken for the summer at Teffont Magna. I had to go to see "Cavalcade" again. I asked Siegfried to join us, but he said he simply had to get some quiet in the country. He told me of a good train to Salisbury on Tuesday morning, and I said I'd be on it.

Siegfried met me at the train that morning and drove me the fourteen miles or so to his cottage. I was enchanted by the beauty of the country and the villages through which we drove. To get in to his cottage, we had to cross a little bridge over a brook that ran right beside his front door. I have never forgotten that day. Siegfried and I talked about it many times in Heytesbury, Wiltshire, where he finally settled. He showed me the poems he had written—enough for another book. He had also been rereading George Meredith and was about to gather himself to write a biography of him. He hoped to revive interest in this unjustly neglected author, and, especially, to reanimate interest in him as a poet. We talked until late in the evening. I said what I felt—that I could spend the rest of my life in Teffont. And there have been times when I've wished I had. I had to get back to London to keep my Thursday date with Burton, and I was sailing Saturday on the Berengaria. Siegfried suggested that I come back on Friday. He would drive me to Southampton—an easy drive—to make the sailing. I accepted his offer.

As Siegfried was sitting and brooding, with large silences, his face would crease into a smile. It was always some memory of Burton. "I came back from Bayreuth one summer, full of excite-



"We can give a super-deal on two weeks in San Moyantino. They just declared martial law."

ment about the performances I had seen there," he said. "I could get no adequate response from Burton. I did my best over 'Tristan.' She cut me short. Her favorite opera was 'Carmen.' She had seen it in Berlin, in the company of Robbie Ross's mother, and, she said—with a great suspensive silence before to set it off—there had been nine horses on the stage! Could Bayreuth match that? I had to confess it couldn't. Burton loves animals."

On Thursday, after lunch, I hired a car at the Savoy, gave the address to the chauffeur, and started out for Woodside. It took about an hour. The car stopped, finally, before Burton's new home—a square, verandahed house on a leafy street. Burton opened the door. I hugged and kissed her. Never having tasted a gooseberry, I couldn't test the accuracy of Glen's comparison. We were certainly glad to see each other. She was a bit older, a bit grayer, but otherwise unchanged—the same look of irrepressible beneficence and gaiety. She was tidy; everything about her was tidy.

"Come in—come in," she said. I followed her down the front hall and into the sitting room. It was large and pleasant. It was a rare afternoon for England—full of sunshine. On the piano I saw a photograph of Burton happily cuddling a lion cub on her lap. I asked her how she had acquired this pet.

"I got 'im in the Berlin zoo when I was there with Mrs. Ross. They lent 'im to me. 'E was 'appy with me. I was 'appy with 'im. 'Is nyme is Siegfried."

"I saw Siegfried," I said. "He sends his love. So does Glen Byam Shaw."

"'Ave you been to Teffont?"

"Yes. I spent the night there."

"It's good for Sieg. It quiets 'im."

"I think so."

"Come into the garden. Then we'll 'ave tea."

I followed.

"You look wonderful, Burton."

"You can see I don't use pynt or powder. I'm a natural woman."

"Where's Mr. Fleming?" I asked, referring to the Theosophist who had rented the rear double back at Half Moon Street. "When I see you, I miss Mr. Fleming."

"'E went to America. 'E's naughty. 'E 'asn't written yet."

The garden was lush: sunflowers as tall as I was, birch trees, maples, and elms. Burton took me by the hand and led me to the bottom of the garden, and to the side farthest from the road. It debouched into a small clump of trees. There was a circlet of enormous sunflowers and, in its center, a bamboo reclining chair, like a chaise longue. Burton had a great air of showing it off. "Siegfried's bower," she said. "'E loves to sit 'ere an' muse."

"I don't wonder," I said.

She took my hand again. "An' over 'ere I'll show you—Osbert's nook." She was referring to Osbert Sitwell.

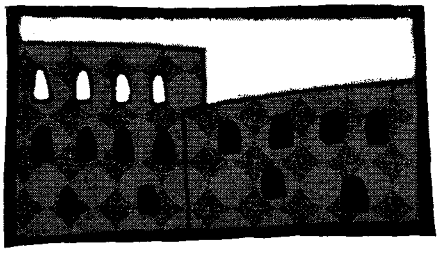
The nook was less relaxed and less protected than the bower. It had a swing between two of the trees in the clump behind the bower, with an ordinary wicker chair and a huge ashtray on a taboret beside it.

"Cigars, 'e smokes," said Burton.

"I should think they'd spend all their time here."

"Osbert 'as a 'ouse in Italy," said Burton, to account for his non-presence at the moment.

We walked back to the house. Burton rang, and a maid entered and served tea in a bay window overlooking the garden—a Half Moon Street tea. Burton produced a bottle of champagne. We sat drinking it. Suddenly she said, "Do you think 'e's 'appy—Siegfried?"



The question startled me. Actually, I'd had the feeling that all was not entirely well with Siegfried.

"Tolerably," I said. "Not especially."

She shook her head. "It's no good," she said. "That's why 'e's in Teffont. No use 'is styin' there. No use. The longer 'e styes, the worse 'e'll be."

I did not inquire. I knew she would not tell me.

"I'm going back there," I said. "My last night in England. He's driving me to the boat."

"Good," she said. "I'm glad you'll be there. I wish—just now—you'd tyke 'im back to America."

"I'll ask him," I said.

There was a long silence. I saw that it was time to go. Burton walked with me to the door. "Well," she said, "they're a genius, I suppose—meant to leave some wonderful book or poem, an' that's all?"

There was a query, but I could not answer it. Did she wish me to say "That's enough"? It would not be good enough for Burton. Instead, I said, "I'm happy to see you so nicely settled here. I loved Half Moon Street, but this is ampler."

"'E did it—Siegfried. 'E took the trouble to find it. 'E bought it. 'E pyed for it. You couldn't 'ave a more loyal friend in the world than Siegfried."

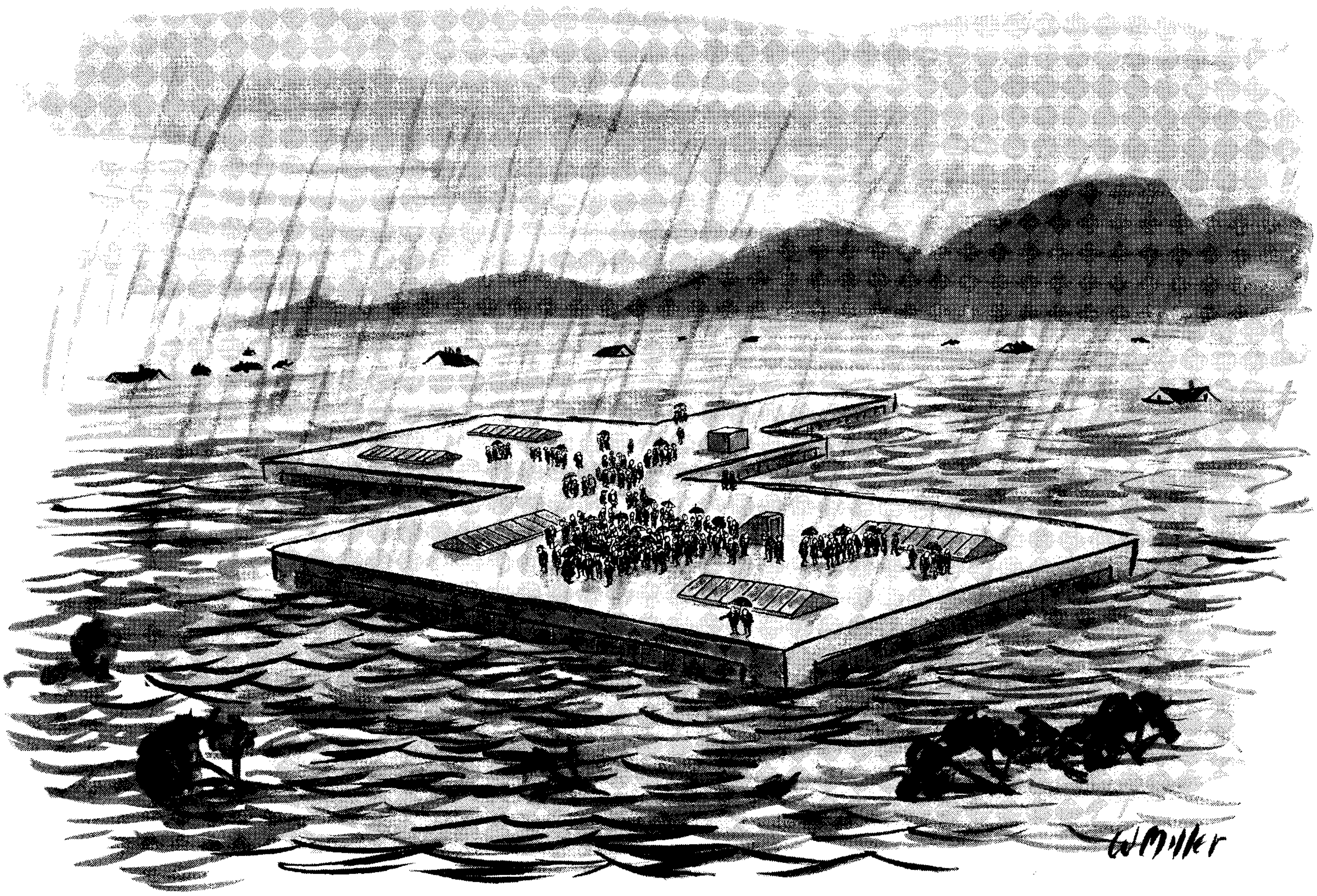
"I have found that to be true."

Burton was moved. She held my hand. "I can sy this," she said. "Be-

SØREN

The lion was his father,
Apostate in the cage—
A matted tail that swung
The mangy genitals
Like severed fists; from these
He saw that he was born
A moral hunchback. Fear
Was everywhere, for fear
Was thinking anyone
Might care for him, might love,
Making him estimate
His worth over again,
Even from the beginning—
He who had no beginning—
Force him to leave that room
Whose windows he had carved
With his own hands, the door
That only he could pass through,
The corner cot of straw,
The lighthouse lens erected
Gleaming in midfloor, naked,
The crate of notebooks scratched
With clawmarks of Jerome's
Blond beast, and marked *pariah*.
How leave those windows, marvels
Of flawed glass, wart and wave,
Each figure in sea change,
Tiding to petals through
Disease, so that his eyes
Wanted none, needed all,
Clawing gold from the canker—
Hath nature fashioned well shafts
Around roses, or planted
Roses in well shafts? And
Who can uproot her dream
Save he who dangles head-
Down in the cool, dark column
Of dead air, even where
Narcissus died, and feels
The arrow from the god
Sweet in his own flesh as
He gazes at the buds
Sprouting in wall chinks—he,
Who knew the god would shoot
Sure as he bended down?

—John Peck



"*What an embarrassing situation for a think tank to be in.*"

• •

tween Siegfried an' me . . . it's a pure love."

She stood outside the front door and waved to me as the car moved down the street. It was the last time I ever saw her. By the time of my next visit to London, she had died.

On Friday afternoon, Siegfried met me in Salisbury, and the externals were as usual, but I knew Siegfried well enough to realize that these might be deceptive. I felt that all was not well. Also, I had been troubled by Burton's odd remarks. Why had she said that he should not stay in Teffont, that I should take him to America? I was troubled by this but was also cherishing the appealing beauties of the countryside. Siegfried said, "Would you mind if I made a detour here? I feel I should pay a call on the Hunter girls. They have been extraordinarily kind to me during a difficult period—they are taking care of a friend of mine. Also, they are theatre-crazy, and eager to meet you."

I said I'd be delighted.

We drove along in silence for a while. Then Siegfried told me that the estate we were about to visit belonged to a famous British public figure. The Hunter girls, who were in charge of the house, were at present looking after the famous man's nephew, who was there alone and ill.

The next hour or so still has a quality of phantasmagoria, and when I consult my diary I find it there, too. The quiet, ordered beauty of the estate we entered—the gardens, the lawns, the trees—was as warm as an embrace. The house, with its tower and its solitary invalid, exercised a spell that was disquieting, necromantic. I met the Hunter girls: two ladies, one past forty, her sister a little younger, who were manifestly darlings who adored Siegfried and were eager to do anything in the world to make him happy. Siegfried asked a few questions about the invalid: Did he know that he was coming? Yes, they had told him, but he was not well enough to see anyone.

"There's nothing wrong with him, as we know," said Siegfried.

This seemed to embarrass the Hunter girls, but one of them quickly covered it up by asking me questions about the theatre. They were especially keen about the Lunts, whom they had seen in London. Were they coming again? When and in what? I answered these questions as well as I could. All the time, I was in a daze at the beauty by which I was surrounded—the dappled lawns, the vista of the far hills, the church steeple in the village that belonged to the estate.

Siegfried and I walked a little way down the lawn to the great flower beds, streaming color.

"I've never seen any place so utterly beautiful," I said to Siegfried.

I followed his glance. He was looking up intently at a window in the square tower. "Yes," he said. "It *is* beautiful. It's like 'The Turn of the Screw.' "

Siegfried changed direction, heading back to his car. We stood for a moment chatting with the Hunter girls. And then, suddenly, we were not alone. A young man had joined us—a flamboyantly dressed and arrogant young man. The women evidently knew him. He treated them with condescension. " 'Ow is 'Is Lordship today?" he asked, with a jocular wink at them.

The elder Hunter girl introduced us.

" 'Ow do you do?" He nodded up

toward the tower room. "'E expects me, an' I 'ave to make the six-thirty to London. Apologies." He turned abruptly and walked into the house.

The Hunter girls suffered. Having told Siegfried that the invalid was too ill to see him, they were embarrassed and unhappy. Siegfried had gone white. He turned and walked toward his car. I followed.

We rode in silence. Siegfried's face was set; he kept his eyes on the road. I wondered, Had the invalid contrived this visit from the disagreeable young man in order to humiliate Siegfried? The ride back to Teffont passed in painful silence. The incident was ugly, grotesque. We crossed the rivulet in front of Siegfried's house and entered his cottage. I said I thought the Hunter girls perfect. He said it would be nice if I sent them something from America. I said I certainly would. Conversation at supper lagged. The visit had left an impression of evil, intensified, somehow, by the surrounding beauty. It remained with me that Siegfried had mentioned "The Turn of the Screw." It was like that—a poisoned beauty.

After supper, I gave Siegfried my new play to read. He gave me his new poems. Next morning, before we left for Southampton, he presented me with a lovely little book of woodcuts of churches and village street scenes in the Salisbury environs. It is before me now. I read Siegfried's inscription:

> Fitz House—23/4/32
> On Shakespeare's Birthday—
> Off to the boat.

I had a good deal to think about on the boat. I remembered Burton. I thought I saw why she had suggested that I should take Siegfried back with me to America. About a year later, in New York, I had lunch with a famous English stage star. He said that there was no more pernicious young man in England than the occupant of that tower room. Now I sat in my cabin thinking about Siegfried with a heavy heart. He was one of the few people I had known with a true quality of nobility; he was a poet of exquisite sensibility. I had been a witness to his humiliation—a humiliation arising from a vulnerability that had nothing to do with his character. Because of the loftiness and sensitivity of his nature, he could not defend himself. It was tragic.

"I'll bet you're a Taurus. Right?"

In 1915, I was a junior at Harvard. I blew myself to a second-balcony seat at the Colonial Theatre in Boston to see "The Ziegfeld Follies," which featured Ina Claire. She was then under twenty, and was a star of musical comedy. She came before the footlights in an organdie dress and, in a spotlight, sang a satiric song called "Marie-Odile." The big musical revues then used for material takeoffs on plays that had recently been successful. "Marie-Odile" had been a tremendous Belasco success, starring Frances Starr. She had played a young peasant girl whose knowledge of biology was rudimentary; she did not know how babies were generated, and was shocked when she had one.

As Ina Claire sang, I craned forward in my faraway seat to take in this personality, because she saliently was a personality. There was a comedic edge to her singing that made the audience laugh warmly. By the end of the song, Ina had the audience at her feet. The next time I heard her sing that song was in Paris some forty-five years later. I was staying briefly with my friend, and erstwhile producer, Joseph Verner Reed, who was doing a stint as cultural attaché to President Eisenhower's ambassador to France. In the Place Vendôme, I ran into Ina. She had by then done three plays of mine. I hadn't seen her in a long time. We fell on each other's neck. She was free for dinner. I asked her to come to the Reeds'. I was sure they would be delighted to have her. They were. As we sat having cocktails before dinner, I said, "Ina, do you remember the song you sang in the Ziegfeld show in Boston in 1915—the 'Marie-Odile' one?" She said, "Of course I do." "Won't you sing it for us?" Joe Reed asked. She sang it—two verses and the choruses. She wowed the Reeds, as she had wowed the audience in Boston forty-five years before.

I tried to get Ina for my seventh play, "Rain from Heaven," in 1934, but that didn't work out. Ina was busy; Jane Cowl played it. A couple of years earlier, I had given "Biography" to Guthrie McClintic, who wanted Laurette Taylor for it. I had an unhappy correspondence with Miss Taylor about it; things swerved, the way they irrationally do in the theatre. Ina was in Philadelphia trying out a Euro-

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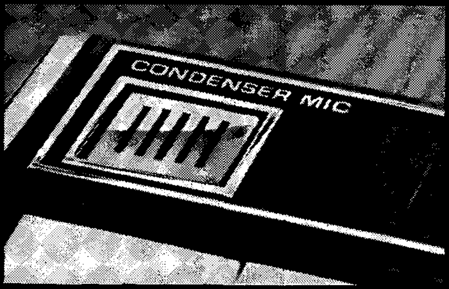

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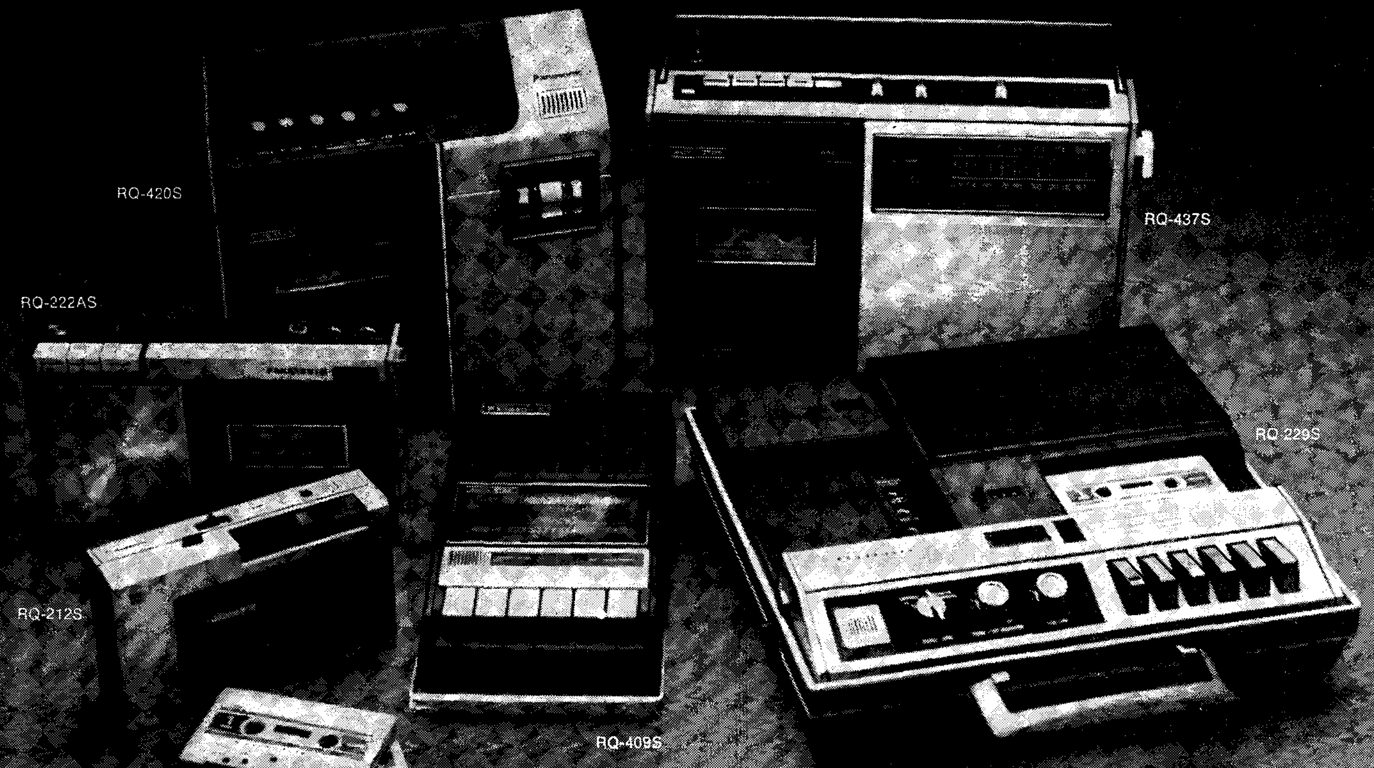

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pean play for the Theatre Guild. Terry Helburn called from Philadelphia and asked me to come to see Ina in this play, which, she said, had almost got over. She felt that if I were to do a rewrite on the play it might work. I went. I would go anywhere to see Ina in a play. We made a date in Terry's suite at the Ritz-Carlton to discuss a possible rewrite. We met after the performance—Ina, Lawrence Langner, Terry, and I.

Ina is the most candid, most unsecretive person in the world. She is like some British aristocrats I have known, who tell you everything about themselves and their families at first meeting. This candor has often astonished me. I think it comes from a feeling of independence, of ultimate security. Ina liked to talk about her romances, especially if they hadn't gone well for her. Soon after I met her, she told me of her experience with Vincent Astor. He was in love with her and wished to marry her. The great obstacle was his father, John Jacob Astor. One day, the obstacle disappeared in the Titanic disaster. When the obstacle disappeared, so did Vincent. She simply stopped hearing from him. Years passed; she had written him off long since. One day, she arrived in New York, feeling low, and went to the Pierre, where she always stayed, in a single room. She felt she must find a place for herself—a home. She said, "I thought, God damn it—Vincent. *One* thing he could do, with all the real estate he owns, is find me an apartment. I'll call the swine." Before she could follow up on this plan, the phone rang. It was Vincent. He was awfully glad to hear her voice. She was the one person in the world he wished to see at that moment. Ina kept listening. He finally came to the point. "The fact is, darling, I've written a play. I'd love to have your opinion of it. Frank, you know—utterly frank. Will you read it for me?" She told me, "I never got an apartment from him—I never got a chance to mention it. I just found myself reading his goddam play. It was lousy, I'm happy to say."

In Terry's suite, Ina began to talk about a more recent romance of hers, with a European princeling. Ina had begun to wonder about him, and she went on to clarify her feelings in front of all of us. She went on and on. Meanwhile, I was getting very sleepy. I hated midnight conferences anyway. Terry jumped up. "We're all tired," she said. "Let's postpone this till tomorrow—the noon train to New York. I've got a drawing room for Ina. We'll have our conference there." This suited everybody. I went thankfully to my room.

I was glad to be alone, because that afternoon in New York I had received a most surprising letter from Siegfried, announcing that he was going to be married. I had brought the letter along with me, and I now reread it for the third time. Siegfried had been to a *fête champêtre* given by some friends of his. It was a costume party on the lawn of their country place. He had danced with a masked girl in a Renaissance costume. He had been so beguiled by her that by the time the evening was over he had asked her to marry him, and she had accepted. His mother was a friend of the parents of the bride-to-be, and liked her greatly. His mother was very happy. So was he. He longed for me to meet her. He would write presently, when they were settled. I had cabled at once, saying how happy I was.

The next day, Ina appeared at the train: tall, sparkling, beautifully dressed. The members of the company were gathered in a knot at the Pullman entrance. When Terry, Langner, and I arrived, we found Ina in impassioned conversation with her leading man. We all got aboard the train, and the company distributed itself in Pullman chairs. Ina's conversation was going full tilt when the train started. Terry told Ina we'd wait for her in her drawing room, at the end of the car. We marched into the drawing room and sat, leaving the door open. We watched. Ina and the actor showed no sign of reaching a conclusion.

"What on earth are they talking about?" Terry asked.

"She's talking to him about the play," said Langner.

"That's what we'd like to do," said Terry. "We certainly couldn't get to it last night."

Langner placed himself so that he could look down the length of the car.

"Take it easy, Terry," he said. "I'll report."

In about half an hour, he did. Ina and the actor were lengthily saying goodbye to each other. Ina started to her drawing room, but she stopped to say goodbye to the ingénue, the character woman, the second lead. She sat in an empty chair to accomplish each of these farewells in depth. Trenton passed, and Princeton, but Ina did not pass. She had something personal and interesting to say to every member of the company. When we got to Newark, Ina had not yet reached the drawing room. Terry appealed to Langner. "For God's sake, Lawrence," she implored. "Do something."

"Stop Ina talking?" Langner said hopelessly. "It can't be done."

We arrived in Pennsylvania Station. Langner, Terry, Ina, and I started the long trek up the platform.

"I've never been in a company I liked better," said Ina. "They're charming—absolutely charming. When are we going to talk about the play?"

"That's what we're beginning to wonder," said Terry.

"Well," said Ina, "I'll be at the Pierre, and available."

"What about five o'clock this afternoon?" said Terry. "O.K. with you boys?"

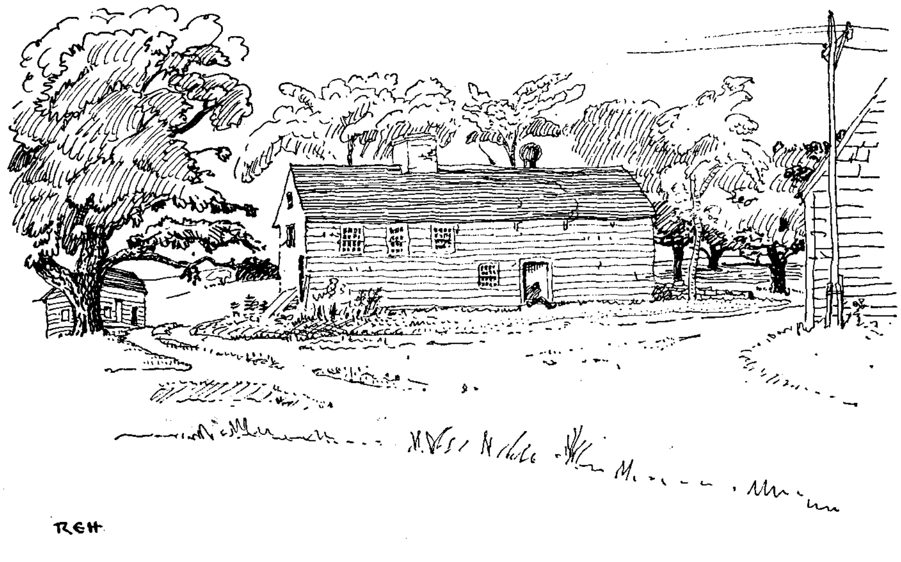
Langner and I said it was all right with us boys.

"I just remembered," said Ina. "Five o'clock is no good for me. There's a feller coming up to talk to me at five o'clock."

"He will not," I said, with some bitterness, "realize his intention."

Ina laughed. "These wisecracks of yours! Why don't you get them into your dialogue?"

I knew in my bones that the play I had seen in Philadelphia was a dead duck (it was), but I was glad to have



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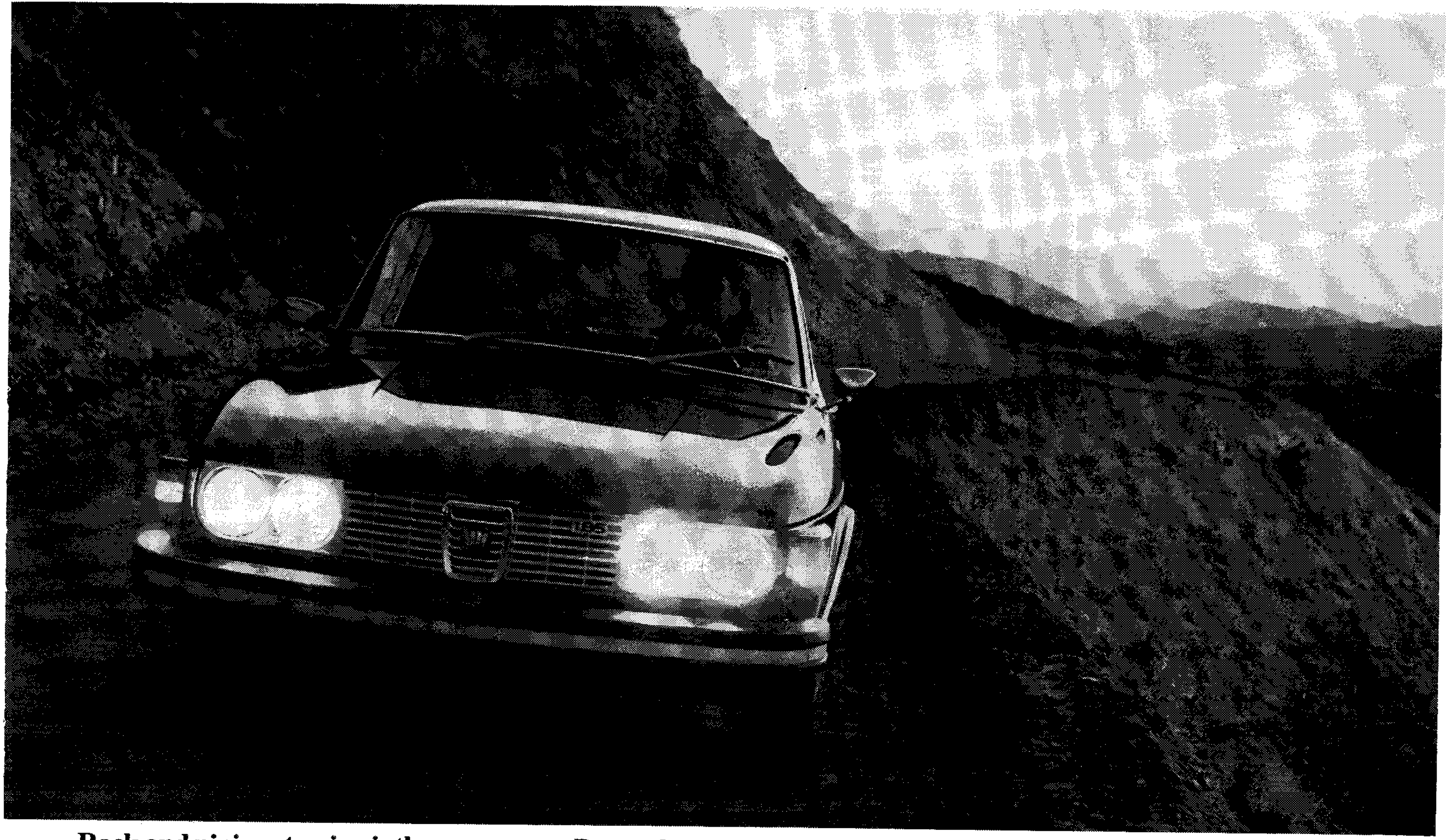

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"Can you spare some change, sir? I'm too proud to go on welfare."

seen it. Ina's timing and diction were miraculous. I wanted more than ever to have her do "Biography." I knew that she had read it—my agent, Harold Freedman, had given it to her—and that she was tepid about it. I'd identified her so passionately with the heroine of "Biography" that I felt I didn't want to do the play without her. Her readings were translucent, her stage presence encompassing. The flick of an intonation deflated pomposity. She never missed a nuance. She was under contract to the Guild; I told Terry and Langner that I must have her. But she was reluctant; in fact, she asked the Guild if she might not try out another play, which she fancied. I was furious that they allowed her to do it. The all-wise Miss Helburn advised me to allow her to burn her bridges. I went to see that tryout, too—without making my presence known to Ina. My obsessive feeling about her was only deepened. This play also closed on the road. Some time later, I heard a story, told me by one of Ina's offstage friends, that quickened my heart. I have never asked Ina whether it is true or not, and I cannot vouch for it. According to the story, Ina told how she had outwitted the Theatre Guild. "They gave me a lousy play of Behrman's, sure that I would reject it," she said. "But I was hard up and needed the money. If I'd rejected it, it would have broken my contract. So I fooled them—I accepted it!" We opened in Princeton. Ina, who always had trouble remembering her lines, was prompted all evening by her pet stage manager. When the final curtain fell, Ina rushed to him, embraced him, and said, "Darling, it's the best performance we ever gave!"

What with its New York run and the road tour, Ina appeared in "Biography" for two seasons. Then, after the tour closed, she played it in summer stock, and the stage manager at Marblehead, Massachusetts, made a recording of a performance there. After all these years, it projects Ina's special qualities: her timing, the edge and clarity of her readings, her acute gift for comedy. Some people think of Ina as a brittle actress. The truth is that in addition to being a superb comedienne she had great warmth, with profound emotional control. Somerset Maugham said of "Biography" that it was a tragic play. It was Ina's performance that made it so.

Ina was immensely voluble and graphic on the subjects close to her heart: posture, dress, proper breathing, the function of the diaphragm in voice control, and diction. She felt that you could achieve poise only by frantic discipline. She would think nothing of lying down flat on the floor in the middle of a party to illustrate one of her five points. While she was supine, her diaphragm stayed perfectly flat but still coöperated subtly in voice control, which she illustrated by reading Shakespearean lines at different rates of speed and volumes of sound. Her diaphragm never let her down. She also had made a deep study of clothes in different epochs and in different regimes; she had a library on the subject.

When I told her my idea for "End of Summer," the next play I was writing—for her, I hoped—she was delighted and accepted it at once, though she was no longer hard up. She cautioned me. "Don't put it all in the stage directions," she said. "You fool yourself doing that, but you don't fool me. Get it in the *dialogue*." I promised to try. "End of Summer" ran successfully in America for two seasons. There is a moment in the third act when the heroine, preparing for her wedding, which doesn't come off, walks downstairs in her mother's wedding dress. As Ina played it, it was a moment of rare loveliness.

It was tremendous fun having Ina in a play. Before we brought "End of Summer" to New York, we played Boston. One day, Ina said that she'd never seen Harvard. Would I take her to see it? On a sunny afternoon, I took Ina for a walk through Harvard Yard, passing Weld Hall—where I had lived—and other landmarks. We must have made a rather bizarre couple as we walked along: Ina taller than I, golden, dressed with great chic in expensive simplicity; I in an unpressed suit that I'd been wearing for weeks. Before we had walked very far, dormitory windows started popping up and wolf calls began to fill the Yard. As we continued our walk, we were serenaded by whistling undergraduates.

"You see, Ina," I said, "they are awfully happy to have me back on campus."

Ina smiled.

ONE spring day in 1938, Sidney Howard called and asked me to have lunch with him at the Plaza. I had known Sidney for a long time; he had been a co-member with me of one of Professor George Pierce Baker's playwriting classes—English 47—at Harvard in 1915 and 1916. I had seen him only sporadically in the intervening years, but I had a healthy regard for

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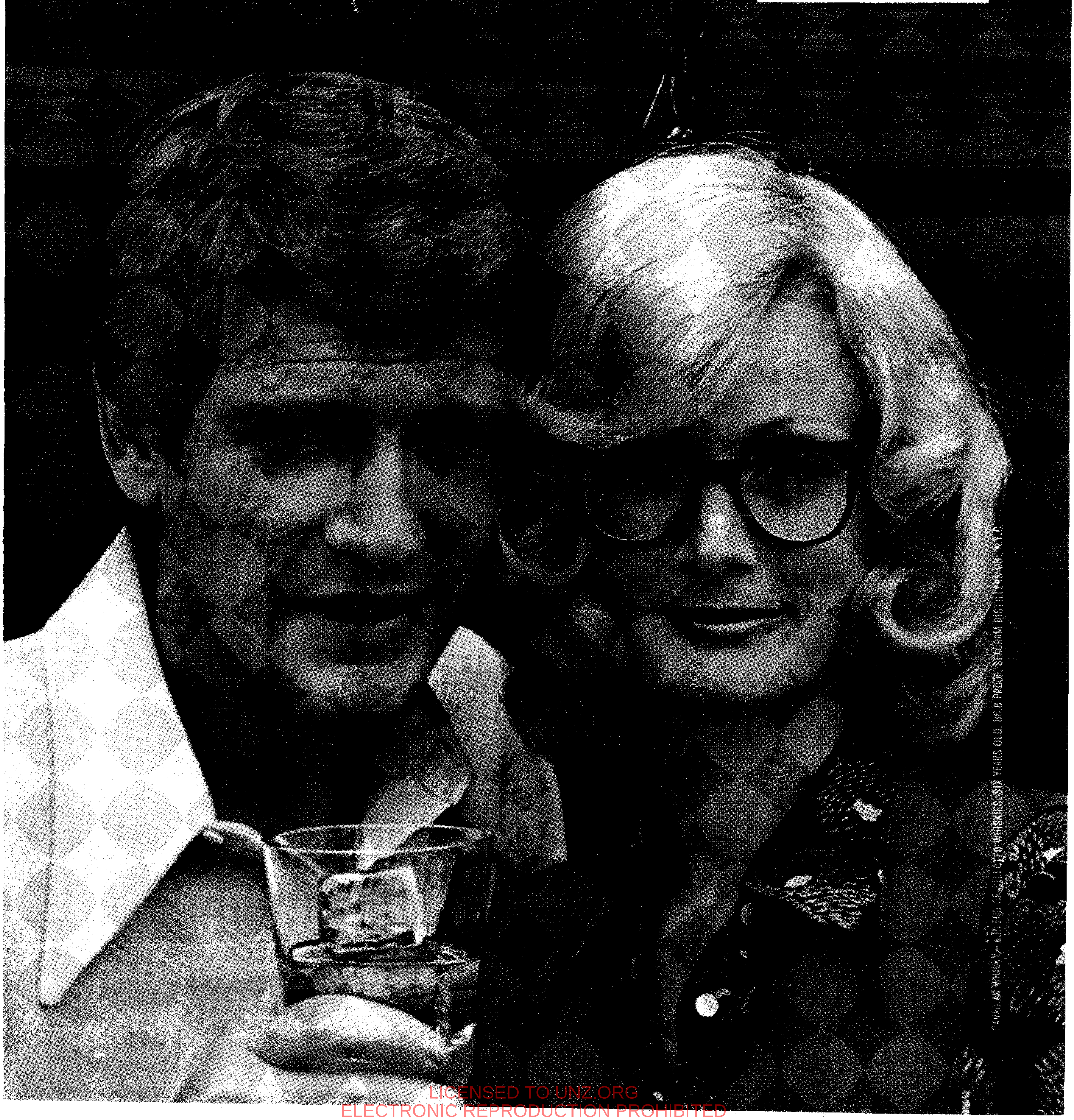

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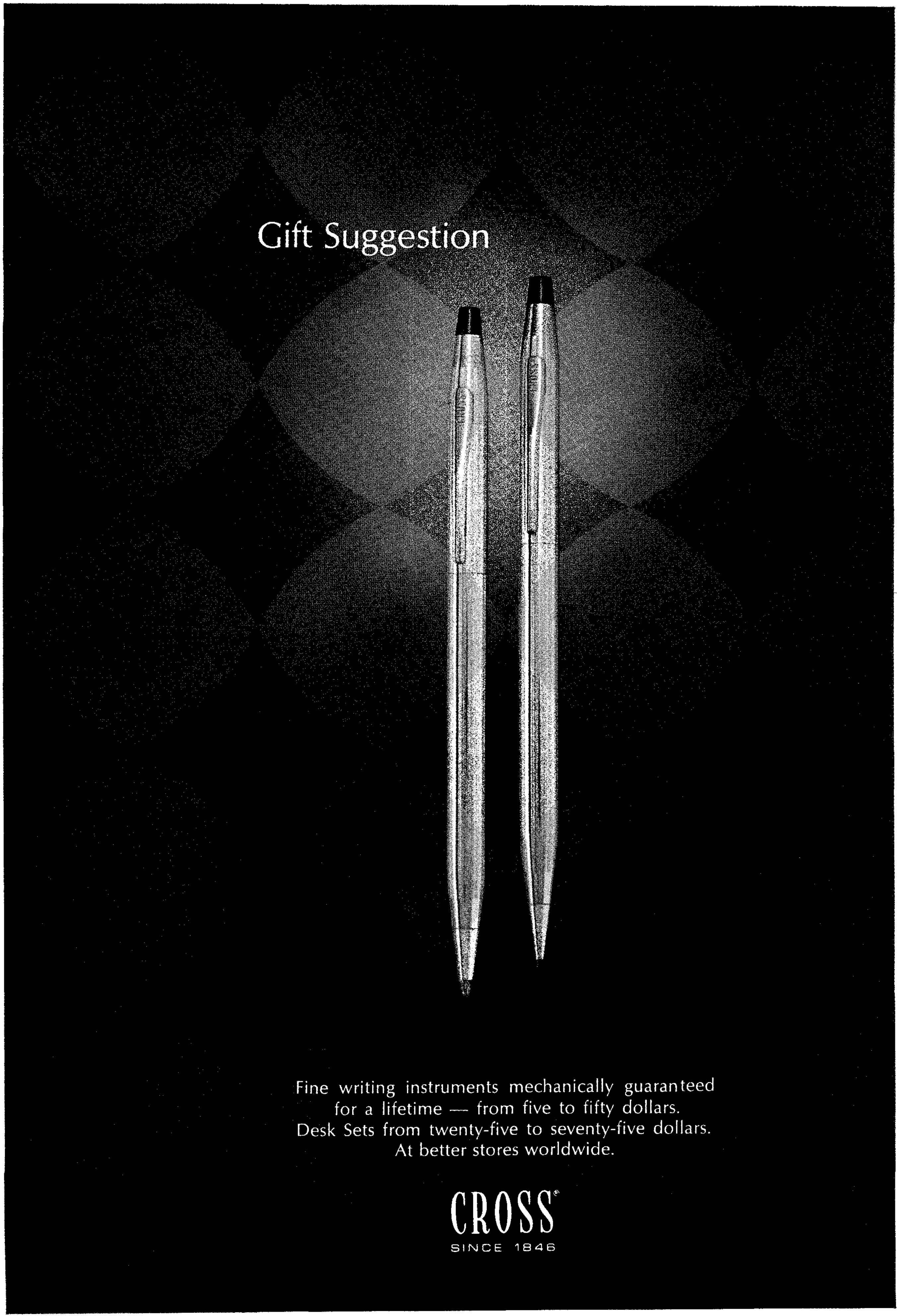

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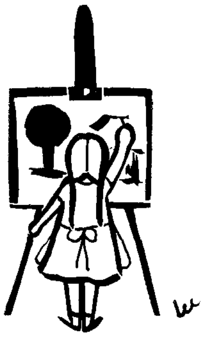
him as a writer and as a person. I had been impressed by him early in English 47. Professor Baker's first assignment to us was to dramatize a short story of our own choosing from any of the current magazines. Sidney chose an unusual one—a short story by John Galsworthy. The scene is a mangy night club on Christmas Eve. The comedian, a raffish and illiterate scavenger, tries to pick up laughs by denigrating Christmas. In the middle of this unholy doggerel, Jesus Christ appears, a figure of compassionate dignity. He does not reproach the comedian, who has been making fun of him; he takes him into his confidence. The Christ figure vanishes; the comedian and the audience, vanquished by this display of good manners, remain to bless the gracious apparition. (I chose a story from the *Smart Set* about a bounder who makes love to the nurse of his dying wife; the rest of the class was similarly addicted to sensation.) Professor Baker praised Sidney for having chosen a theme that was impossible from a practical point of view but had spiritual significance. I had watched Sidney's work since then—his magazine articles and his plays. He had written "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Yellow Jack," the first play that ventured to dramatize a heroic episode in medical science. In one season, he had had two hit plays produced by the Theatre Guild—"The Silver Cord," the first exposure, as far as I know, of virulent momism, and "Ned McCobb's Daughter," a study in bootlegging, with a wonderful performance by Alfred Lunt.

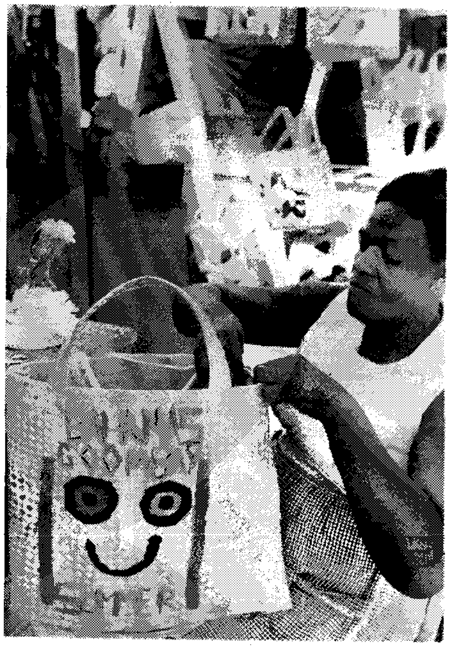


What Sidney proposed to me over lunch at the Plaza was that I join the Playwrights' Company, an organization about to be created at the instigation of Robert Emmet Sherwood. Bob was then surely the most popular playwright in the English-speaking world. The Theatre Guild had produced two of his plays—"Idiot's Delight" and "Reunion in Vienna"—with tremendous success, both with the Lunts, who were members of the Guild acting company. The other members of the new company were to be Maxwell Anderson and Elmer Rice. Max Anderson had also been produced successfully by the Guild. I asked Sidney what we could do for ourselves that the Guild couldn't do. This was a sore point. Sidney told me finally that Bob was not happy with the Guild, for all sorts of reasons, too minute to go into then. "Bob wants to talk to you," Sidney said. Bob had a new play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," with which he wanted to start the company's season. What did I have? I said that I was just finishing a play called "No Time for Comedy." "I have one, too," said Sidney. " 'Madame, Will You Walk?' That will give us a start—three plays."

The truth is that Sidney's proposal rather bowled me over, and I said as much. This would mean breaking with the Guild. They had produced my first play and several plays since. The members of their board were friends of mine: I was fond of Terry Helburn, Lawrence Langner, and Phil Moeller, who, as a director, suited me perfectly; Maurice Wertheim had been extraordinarily kind to me. I was flabbergasted; I just didn't know what to say. "It bowled me over, too," said Sidney. "But Bob cleared up my doubts." Sidney added that Bob had persuaded John Wharton, a highly regarded theatrical lawyer and a member of a distinguished firm, to be president of our company. There it was, already in existence, seemingly—a company of five playwrights, with a president. Sidney had a paper for me to sign stating that I would join the company. I put off signing it. Sidney agreed that it would be better to wait till I had seen Bob.

Of course, I discussed the idea at once with my agent, Harold Freedman. He took a very poor view of it. He did not believe in playwrights' producing their own plays. Four of us were his clients. He believed in deciding on a manager in each individual case. He believed in the open market—even if it meant that most of us ended up with the Theatre Guild in any case.

I had met Bob Sherwood, but I didn't come to know him intimately till later. He was a tremendously impressive person—six feet seven inches tall, straight and thin, almost cadaverous. He had dark, expressive eyes, which deepened, when he was seriously involved, into a tragic look. He was self-conscious about his abnormal height; I had been told that when he was young he felt sure that girls didn't want to dance with him. He was at the peak of his profession, as much at home in the London theatre as he was in New York. He was powerful. He could get the Lunts whenever he wanted to. When it came to casting a new play for which he wanted Spencer Tracy, he got Spencer Tracy away from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; this was a thing that could not be done, but he did it. He had an overflowing



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sense of humor; he was known throughout the city as a party turn. Just a few weeks before, at a party given by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, I had seen him get up on an improvised stage and do the number for which he was famous—"When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along." He wore a dinner jacket and an opera hat, and wielded a vaudeville comedian's ebony stick. With all this, his face was set in troubled seriousness. His eyes were sombre with tragedy. The walking stick cavorted, circling and pointing irrelevantly, following some sinister choreography of its own. The total effect was incredibly and strangely funny. The applause was vociferous, but Bob refused to sing another verse and chorus.

In my first talk with Sherwood about the company, I was overwhelmed by the intensity of his feeling about it. It was as if it mattered to him more than anything else in the world. "Why don't we simply do our plays ourselves?"—it seemed a plausible question, to which there was no ready answer. About the Guild, Bob was voluble and bitter. It had offended him as an author. I asked for particulars. He produced some—the kind of trivialities that tear people apart for a few hours during rehearsals and are forgotten the next day. I could not believe that a man of Bob's stature could be so riven by such differences. It was clear that his passion to start his own company came from some fundamental impulse for self-assertion. But I felt from that first talk—from the very beginning—a deep reservation about the venture. My first response was emotional: I hated the idea of breaking with the Guild. I had no interest whatever in profits made from play production; I was interested only in author's royalties made from plays I had written. If I needed money—and I often did—I could go to Hollywood. Sometimes I didn't even have to go. A few weeks before, Nicholas Schenck, the grand panjandrum of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had called me from Hollywood to ask me to come out to work on the screenplay of Sherwood's "Waterloo Bridge." I had said flatly that I couldn't come—I was finishing a play of my own. Presently, I got a wire from Eddie Mannix, the studio manager, saying that they were sending Gottfried Reinhardt, the son of Max, to work with me on the film in New York. In those days, being allowed to work away from Hollywood's direct supervision was practically unheard of. Gottfried was an immensely entertain-

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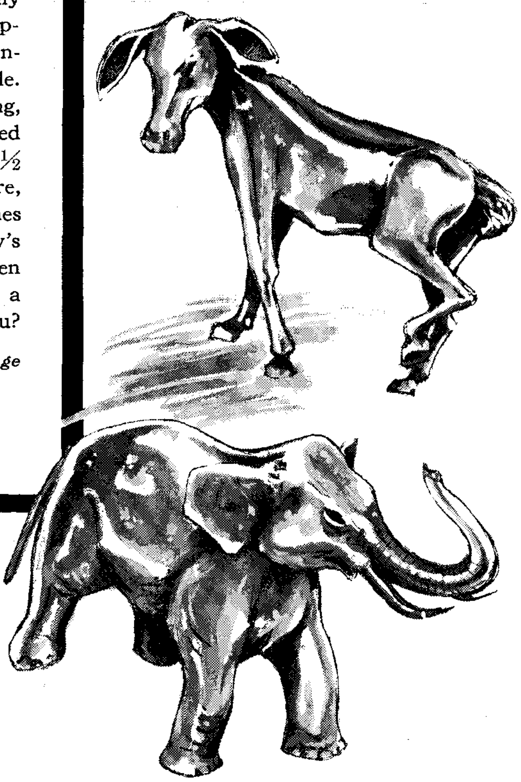

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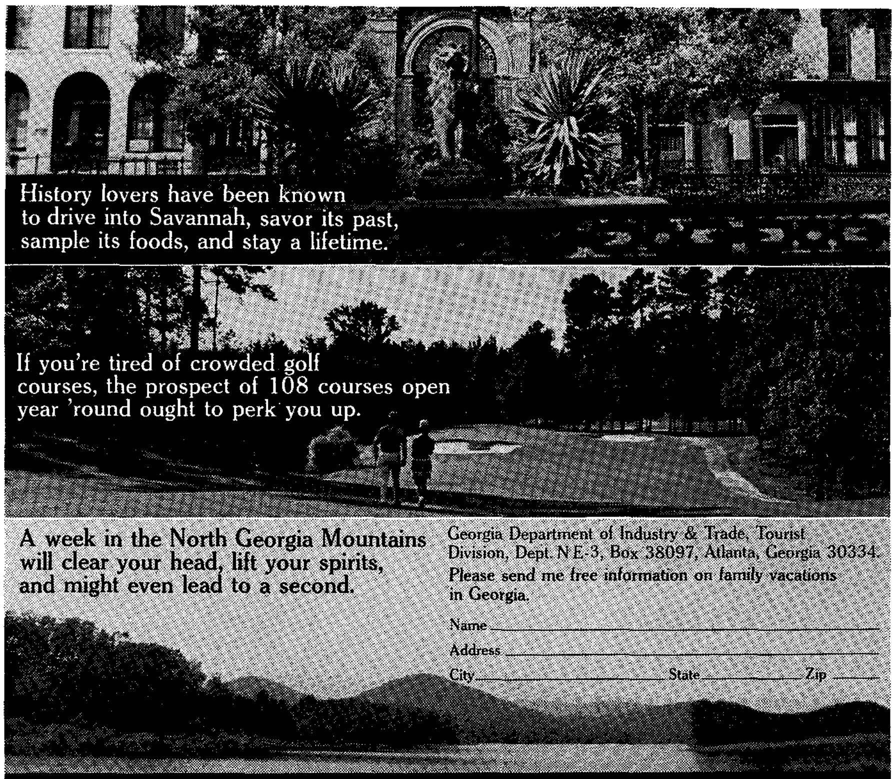

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ing companion, and I welcomed his arrival. The first thing he told me was that I had acquired a new reputation in Hollywood: the first writer who had frontally turned down Nicholas Schenck.

It was very hard for me to hold out about the company. Who was I to resist a man as eminent and lovable as Bob Sherwood? I didn't. I signed. Neither Bob nor I divined the problems that would beset us, including the underlying one: that any play any of us wrote would automatically be produced—that the sieve of play-peddling would not operate with us. We did not foresee having to produce the work of writers who mask sterility with incessant productivity. One day, early on, Bob grumbled to me, "Max, who hasn't even paid his initial investment, has got us involved in a musical comedy he wrote with Kurt Weill, 'Knickerbocker Holiday.' " Sidney and I sat through a rehearsal. We were charmed by Walter Huston, who sang the to-become-famous "September Song."

Sidney had married Polly Damrosch, the daughter of Walter Damrosch, the conductor. They had bought an old house and a farm in Tyringham, Massachusetts, a village in the foothills of the Berkshires. Sidney was an outdoor type; he was descended from a line of California shipbuilders. He meant to farm his land in Tyringham. He bought tractors and manned them himself on his acres. I had married Elza, the younger of Jascha Heifetz's two sisters. The Howards invited us to Tyringham for the weekend. It gave Sidney and me a chance to go over his play "Madame, Will You Walk?" The play presented problems. Bob had tried to get the Lunts for it, but had found them somewhat intractable when he approached them for a play that was not by him. It was a very pleasant weekend. Polly was the most unobtrusively considerate of hostesses. Sidney and I didn't get very far on his play. It lacked the clarity and drive of his best plays; we could talk about it endlessly without hitting on an expedient that would pull it together. Sidney and I made a lunch date for Friday in New York to go on discussing it.

Elza and I returned to New York on Sunday night. On Thursday morning, I got a telephone call from Victor Samrock, our company manager. He told me that Sidney was dead. He had been killed by one of his tractors. He had been standing between it and the back wall of the barn and had cranked the motor, not knowing that the tractor was in gear. It had leaped forward,

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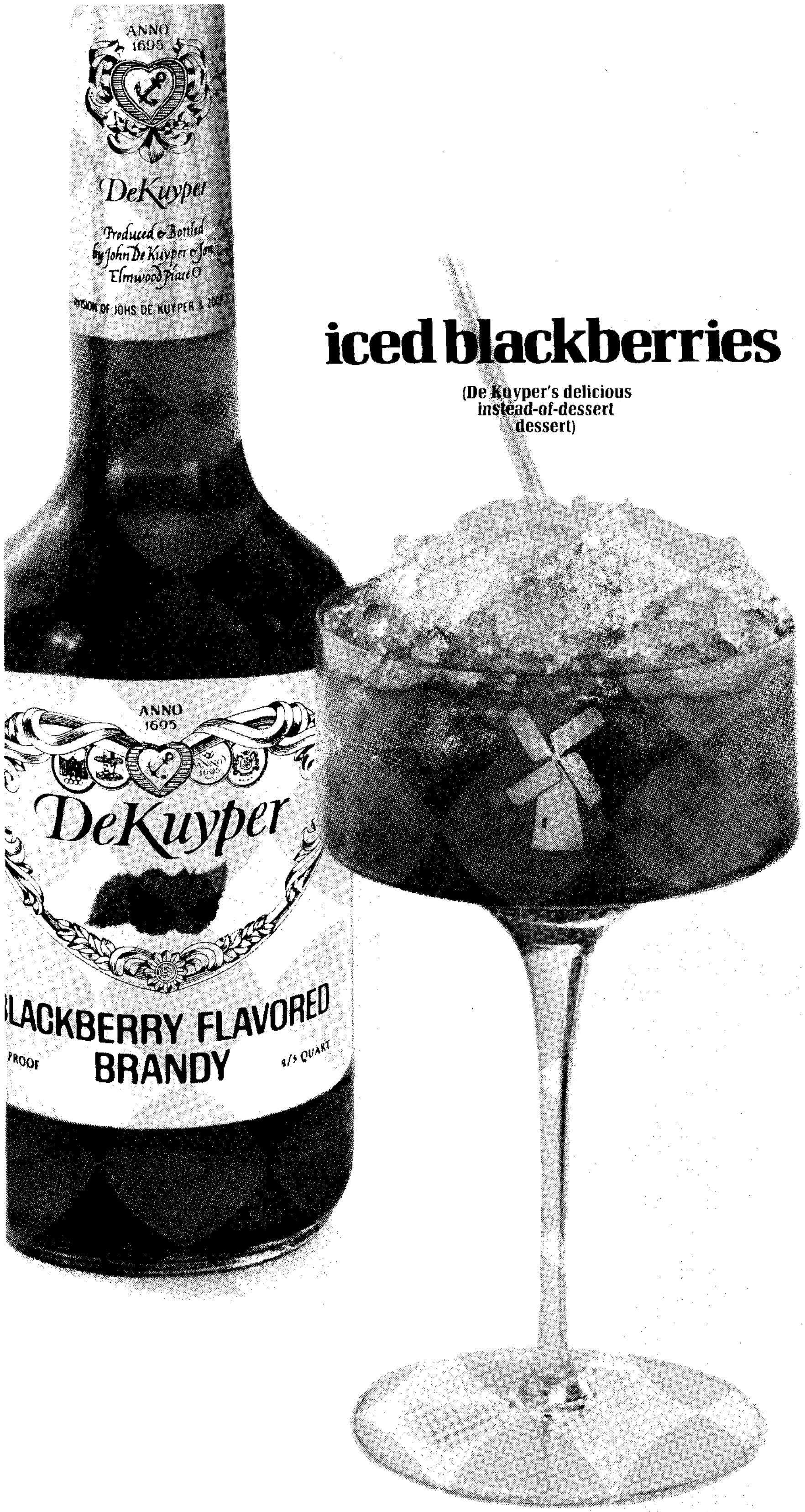
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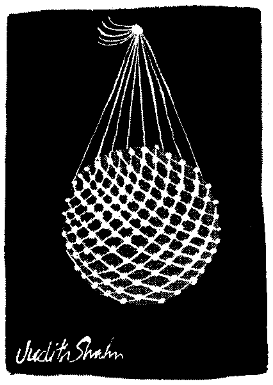
pinned him against the wall, and killed him. The following Saturday, we were all at the little church in Tyringham for his funeral. At the graveside, Polly threw a rose on Sidney's coffin as it was being lowered. I have never forgotten the expression on her face—anger and defiance.

Polly's brother-in-law Tom Finletter called me to say that Sidney had not left much in the way of worldly goods (everything had gone into the farm), and that he hoped that I and the others would do all we could for Sidney's play. We were left with a tragic chore. Bob, with the best will in the world, refused to rewrite Sidney's play; he wished it to be Sidney's, not his. He felt terrible about Polly. We did what we could. We engaged George M. Cohan for a major role. It was an expensive contract. Cohan told us that it was his habit to travel with an entourage when he went on the road, and that previous managements had not hesitated to pay for it. We opened Sidney's play in Baltimore. I don't think that four playwrights could have worked harder than we did to make a play acceptable. The company had instantly acquired great prestige and publicity, and now we made formal entry into the various cities of the play's scheduled tour. We saw the critics and did our best to condition them. In Baltimore, we had lunch with the drama critic for the *News-Post*, Louis Azrael, who was to review the play. We swamped the poor critic with our pooled reputations. We listed Sidney's earlier plays and said that in our considered judgment his latest, which Azrael was to see that night, was his maturest, his best. While we were flooding him with encomiums, a note was handed to Bob Sherwood. It was from Cohan, giving notice that he was quitting his part after the opening. Actually, the play was kindly received, and Cohan stayed on. But it was no go. The audience was always disappointed that Cohan did not sing or dance. Finally, feeling the frustration of the audience, he did a little dance on his last exit, to a salvo of applause.

The company failed in the discharge of this tragic chore. The play closed in Baltimore. Coming back from Baltimore on the train with his wife, Madeline, and me, Bob Sherwood said, "I like the plays of Robert Emmet Sherwood. He hasn't got much to say, but at least he doesn't try to say anything else." This was a half-conscious reflection on Sidney's play. Sidney had tried to say something else but had not dramatically integrated it. We were aware of our failure and were desperate to make it up to him. One day, at a full-dress meeting, Bob suggested that we revive "Yellow Jack." It seemed to us a good idea. We applauded it. But by the time the applause had died out the worthy idea had vanished. The envoi to the history of "Madame, Will You Walk?" was supplied by Cohan on his deathbed. He had a twinge of conscience for having made us pay so heavily when he signed his contract with us for himself and his entourage. He sent us an apologetic note and a check for fifteen hundred dollars.

The company had started out auspiciously. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" was an impressive success. It was the first Lincoln play that made salient the melancholy side of Lincoln's character. It opened at a singularly tense moment. Hitler had begun his takeover of Czechoslovakia; one did not know what was going to happen in Europe. Americans were reassured and very much moved to see a play showing that in a national crisis of our own we had produced a man of great moral force who steered us safely through it. My own play "No Time for Comedy" was a success also. Max Anderson's "Knickerbocker Holiday" was not a financial success when we produced it, but it had a fragrance about it that appealed to many people. Walter Huston singing "September Song" enraptured people, as he had done Sidney Howard at the rehearsal we saw together. A great many years later, Max Anderson told me that year after year he received a royalty of eight thousand dollars for the lyrics of this song. He deserved it. Serious musical-comedy lyricists said that Max was potentially a unique writer of musical-comedy lyrics. But he preferred to write verse plays in which he hovered imaginatively in "interstellar space."



I became very fond of Max. His personality radiated universal benignity. He had a great shock of brown hair, wore glasses, and was on the *qui vive* for injustice, especially that committed against the American Indians. Max's father had been an itinerant preacher. They were always travelling in impecunious piety. Max couldn't remem-

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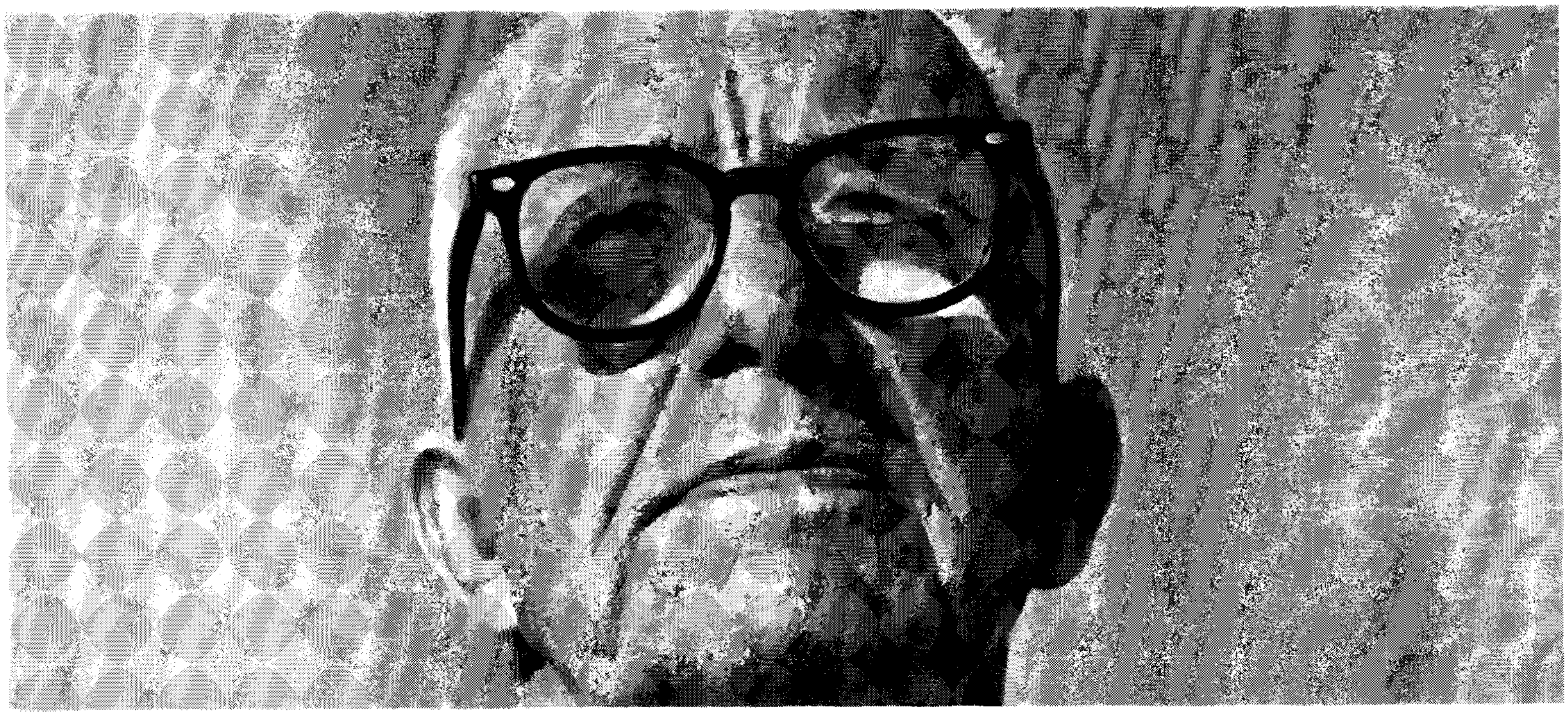

His name is Buckminster (Bucky) Fuller. He is 74 years old. He is a scientist, architect, poet, and philosopher. To millions of young people in and out of college throughout the world, he is probably one of the most trusted and loved human beings now alive.

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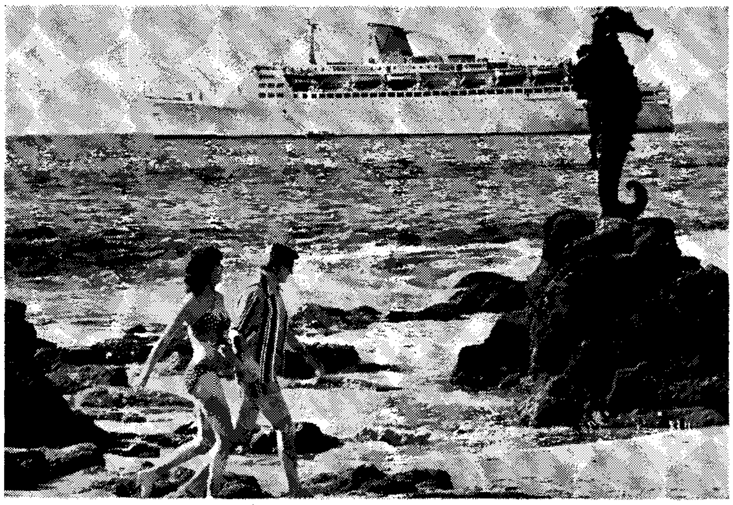

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ber at any time in his youth having a home. Later, when he was travelling on his own, he met Laurence Stallings. They collaborated on a play, "What Price Glory?," and this made a confirmed playwright of Max. Max didn't think it was good for creative artists to have money; he thought its possession devitalized them. Whenever he earned any, he immediately gave it away—to members of his family. One day, Harold Freedman startled me by calling to say that a reputable publisher had offered to pay me an advance of thirty thousand dollars to write a book on Maxwell Anderson. I said the publisher must be crazy. Harold said not at all—that I didn't realize what a vogue Max had in the universities in this country. He was a campus hero; the undergraduates thought that Max, single-handed, was converting the shoddy American theatre to poetry. I turned the offer down.

After the war started, things became very tense in this country, and even within the Playwrights' Company. Bob Sherwood got himself passionately involved in the war crisis on the side of England. He was fearless and courageous. He attacked Lindbergh and what he called Lindbergh's "mechanical heart." He got the idea of taking a full-page ad in New York and out-of-town newspapers with the heading "Stop Hitler Now!" It was a plea for us to send planes, guns, munitions, and food to Europe right away. This proposal had already been discussed in high places. The Communists, better financed than Bob, had propagandized the White House against it. I spent the whole of one night in Bob's apartment on Sutton Place helping him to edit the text of his ad. I asked him how he intended to pay for it when he finally had it finished. He said, without worry, "I don't know." I knew that he would manage it, and he did. The ad appeared, and caused a stir. Meanwhile, Harold Ross, the editor of *The New Yorker*, had asked me to do a two-part Profile of Bob. I called it "Old Monotonous"—a description applied to Bob by members of his own family. At one point, my Profile worried Bob. He had been asked to be the Commencement speaker at Milton Academy, which he had attended as a boy. He had accepted the Academy's invitation. The date was set. What worried Bob was that in recalling his history as an undergraduate I had recalled perhaps too much—that Bob didn't do so well in his studies and didn't get very good marks. He hadn't wanted his parents to see those marks. The solution he'd evolved was simplistic.

He set fire to the building containing the poor marks. Bob said that this arson might undermine his authority as an inspirational preacher at the Commencement. I pointed out that the Profile recorded also how hard he had worked to put the fire out. Bob still felt that his new role would be vitiated. There was nothing to be done about it; *The New Yorker* inexorably came out. Bob delivered the Commencement address. There were no cries of arson against him; the students evidently approved of his simplistic solution.

Presently, the Playwrights' office, which was in Rockefeller Center, came to have a semi-official nimbus: Bob was made head of the Office of War Information. He also became a member of the President's official staff of speechwriters. Bob told of taking the typescript of a speech he had written to the President's office. As F.D.R. sat in his wheelchair going over it, Wendell Willkie was announced. "Ah, Willkie!" said F.D.R. "I sent for him. I am sending him abroad." While he was saying this, he began mussing up the typed pages of Bob's manuscript and scattering them all over the desk. Bob looked on uncomprehending; he had thought F.D.R. liked the speech. The President, with an explanatory nod at the dispersed papers, simply said, "I want Willkie to think I'm a busy man."

Elmer Rice I hardly knew at all until I met him through the Playwrights' Company. He was socially charming and humorous but was apt to be strident when he was arguing for his plays at company meetings. When I first came to New York, in 1917, Elmer was already famous. The theatrical columns and the magazines were full of him. He was a phenomenon: he had been a lawyer and had written a tremendous success, a melodrama called "On Trial." It had had a long run in New York and was touring the United States in various companies. He was then in his early twenties; he gave up the law and made playwriting a full-time job. By the time he came to us, he had also written "Street Scene" (which Kurt Weill later converted into an opera) and "Counsellor-at-Law," which Paul Muni played with great success. There had also been innumerable others, none of them successful; his productivity lowered his average. Elmer was public-spirited; he took an active part in the crusades of the American Civil Liberties Union. There were those who said that the Playwrights' Company was a lifesaver for him, because the regular managers had become

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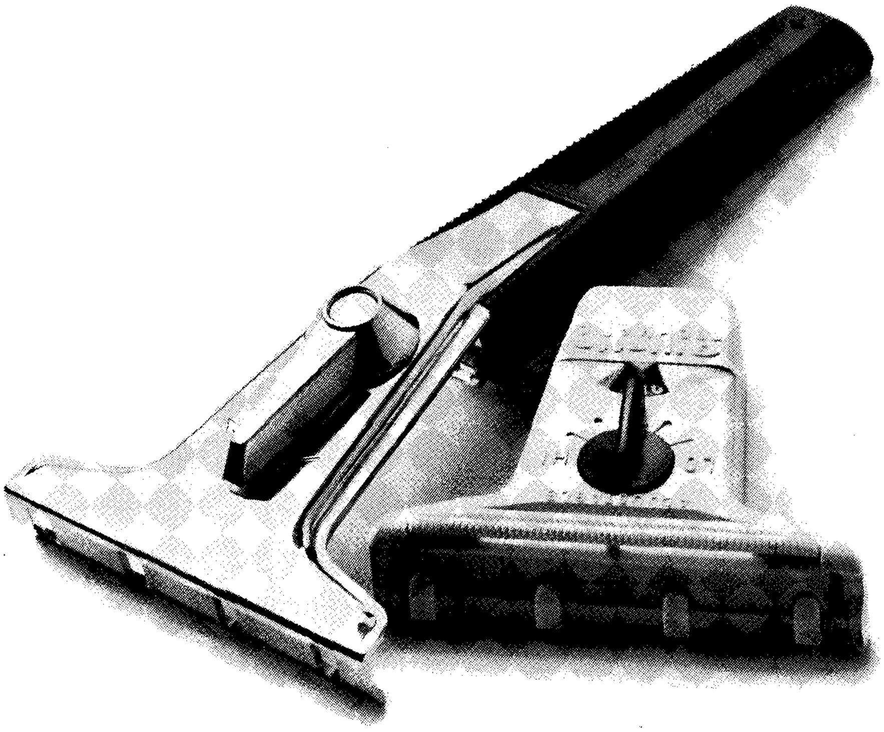

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leery of his product. I thought that he must be aware of this and that that awareness made him unduly sensitive to criticism offered by his colleagues—not that we offered much. One time, after reading Elmer's latest, I had asked Sidney how he liked it. He had said, "Terrible, but I am not going to tell him." Nobody told him. We just produced the plays.

Elmer lived at that time in the Hotel Ansonia, at Seventy-third and Broadway, and after one of his openings—I have forgotten which—he gave a party. It was sad, because we all knew that the play didn't have a chance. The walls of Elmer's suite were plastered thick with modern abstract paintings; they contributed to a sense of claustrophobia. Elmer, obeying some impulse to dig up one artifact of former glory, came upon what he wanted while going through a desk drawer. He displayed it to us. It was a yellowed box-office statement of the tour of the third company of "On Trial" from Erie, Pennsylvania. Elmer made it thematic: how the American theatre had in the interval become constricted and provincial. He said that in most of America now no one had seen live theatre.

Generally, our company meetings were great fun. One day, Max Anderson said he was on tenterhooks about something. Elmer asked, "What are tenterhooks, anyway?" Sherwood explained. "Tenterhooks," he said, "are the up-hol-ster-ry of the anxious seat." After Bob became head of O.W.I., he spent most of his time in Washington, and came to very few meetings. He was flown to England on a bomber. He was full of inside stories of Washington, of the President, of Winston Churchill, of the war. After the death of Harry Hopkins, he undertook to complete Hopkins' memoir, for which only the notes existed. It appeared under the title "Roosevelt and Hopkins," and was universally acclaimed.

One fateful day, John Wharton, our president, summoned us to a serious meeting. Bob was not present—just Max Anderson, Elmer Rice, and I. Wharton had some accountants' statements before him. He confronted us with the bleak fact that the company had lost twenty-five thousand dollars in the past year. At this announcement, Max Anderson grinned widely and said, "That's good." He meant it, since it was a major theme of his that financial stringency was a stimulus to creative effort. Without contradicting Max, Wharton went on to say that he thought it would be expedient for us to give up our expensive offices and move into cheaper ones. It was put as a motion, and we passed it. Victor Samrock was designated to find the cheaper offices. Wharton undertook to notify Bob of our decision. Bob demanded another meeting, at which he would be present. That meeting proved tenser than the earlier one. Bob confronted all of us with a plea. "Do not," he said, "take away from a man who has already lost everything—do not also take away from him this office." We at once revoked our earlier decision. Samrock was ordered to stop looking. I did not know that Bob's statement was literally true—that he had indeed lost everything. I had lunch with him the next day and he explained it. On a train several years before, Bob had asked me what I did with my money. I said that I kept it in savings banks. Bob said that that was very foolish; he had found a wonderful stockbroker to whom he had entrusted his entire capital—even his daughter Mary's—and that the broker was doing wonderful things for him. The broker would do the same for me. He gave me the broker's telephone number and strongly urged me to call him, using his own name as a reference. I devoutly meant to call him, but I am badly organized and never did. Now, at lunch, Bob told me what had happened: He had arranged for the broker to get his entire income directly; he lived on an allowance given him by the broker. The allowance stopped coming. Sherwood demanded an explanation and discovered that the broker, through stupid investment and embezzlement, had lost everything Bob had in the world.

The story made me angry. How could Bob have let that run on so long without looking into things, without making inquiries?

Bob answered with simplicity. He spoke very slowly, islanding each syllable. "He was so bor-ing," he said, "that I a-void-ed him."

The years went on. It was becoming increasingly clear that the company had developed a life force of its own, which sapped my life force. I was constantly having to read, criticize, and watch rehearsals of four plays concurrently. I had not Bob's facility; he could sit down in an office—preferably our office—with telephones ringing and people walking in and out and write a play. I couldn't. I required privacy. Little differences arose between the company and me; they were trivial, but they led, finally, to my resignation. The basic issue was that I felt that Harold Freedman's original reservations about the company were valid: that playwrights should not produce plays, especially their own; that the function of the manager, who had no axe to grind, was not dispensable. I came to this decision gradually and painfully, in great agony of spirit. I loved Bob, and I knew that my resignation would be a blow to him. He was one of the most remarkable and admirable men I have ever known. His integrity was inviolable; on any question of principle he would not give an inch.

"No Time for Comedy" was the fourth production of the Playwrights' Company. I sent the final draft to Bob Sherwood before I had even signed to join the company. He was keen about it. He said Katharine Cornell would be great for it, and undertook to get her for me and to get her husband, Guthrie McClintic, to direct. Harold Freedman had wished to give it to Ina Claire, who was in a betwixt-and-between position professionally. Harold wanted passionately to keep Ina in New York—"to save her for the theatre," as he put it. Certainly Bob had a lot on his side. Miss Cornell was the most popular star in the country; an emanation of her rich and generous personality as well as her luminous beauty had got across to the American audience. In the course of the two-year run of my play, I came to know her well. Exhibitionism is taken for granted as the *sine qua non* of any acting career; Miss Cornell had less of it than any actress or actor I have ever known. Her position in the theatre transcended technique; she was not, like Ina Claire or Lynn Fontanne, a great comedienne. It was something essential in herself, as a person, that the audiences sensed and reached out to. Had she not been an actress, she might have been the effective head of a great humanitarian enterprise. Once, in Boston, at the Wilbur Theatre, I peeped at the stage through the closed auditorium doors. I could hear nothing, but I saw Miss Cornell. I became instantly aware that the whole stage and the other actors took light from the radiance of her personality.

Whom to get to play opposite her? Harold Freedman, who knew all the great actors and those who were to become great as well, called up young Laurence Olivier, who was then in

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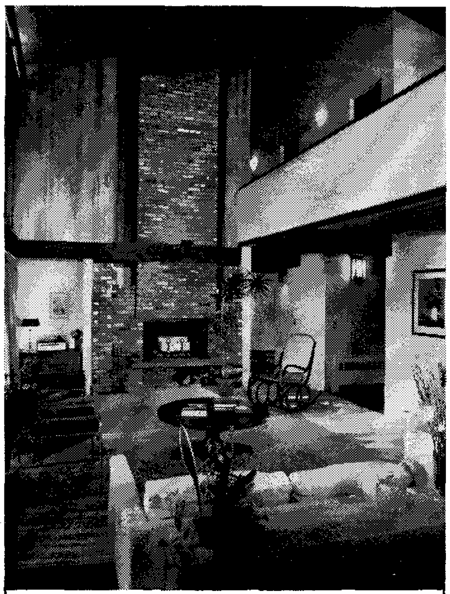

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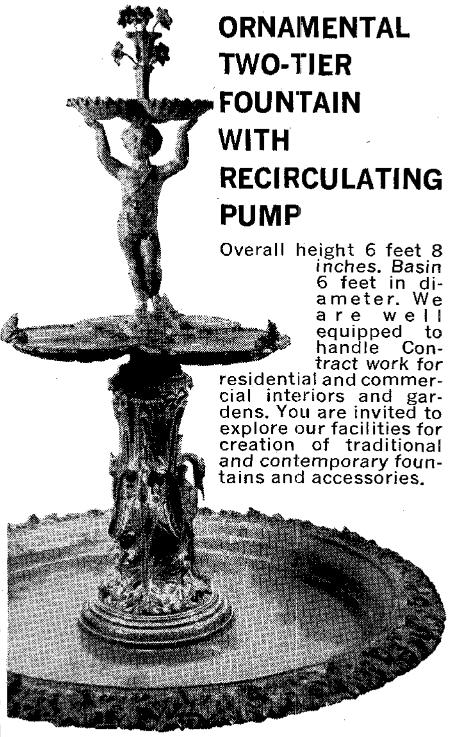
Hollywood. He sent Larry the script, and Larry consented to play the part. Once we had Cornell and Olivier, Guthrie was able to complete the casting most felicitously. We had, besides Larry, two other Englishmen—Robert Flemyng and John Williams. Flemyng played the tiny part of Makepeace Lovell, called Pym. Lynn Fontanne once told me that Pym was the best small part she had ever read. No member of the audience knew at the end of the play what a tiny part it was; Flemyng had made it salient. We also had Margalo Gillmore, who had been in my first play, and whose satiric humor had cheered me up often during the intervening years, and we had Gee Gee James, who played the maid. We embarked by train for Indianapolis, where we were to open. I went to the station with Larry; I was surprised that he carried only one light suitcase. "What about your stage clothes?" I asked. "I am going to wear this," said Larry, pointing to the suit he was wearing. "Anything wrong with it?" There was nothing wrong with it. I thought, How wonderful, just to walk onstage in your street clothes!

Kit and Guthrie were taking another train; Bob Sherwood and the other members of the Playwrights' Company were coming later, in time for the opening. Larry, Margalo, Bobby Flemyng, John Williams, and I spent the evening in the club car. There is something exciting and adventurous about taking a new play to an unfamiliar city. Of course, being young helps. The fact that you don't know whether the audience of strangers is going to like you adds a tang of hazard, which no one mentions. Larry began to tell stories.

"I'd been playing Hotspur in England," Larry said. "I played him in a red wig. Once you've decided to wear a red wig, you have to make up for it all over. My makeup, to live up to that red wig, took me about three hours. I had to get into my dressing room by five o'clock in the afternoon. At one performance, I was annoyed from the very beginning by a flamboyant commercial type sitting down front with a girl. He kept whispering to her all the time, especially after I made an entrance. The man became an obsession with me. I tried not to see him, but—do you know?—I could see nobody else. Next time I came on, he gave me a personal welcome. He said out loud to his girl, 'Well, here comes Old Ginger again.' "

"Love's labor's lost," said Margalo.

"Exactly," said Larry.



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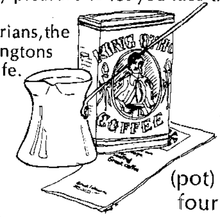

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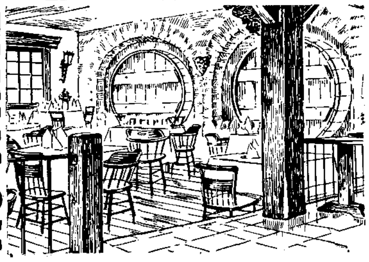

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John Williams asked Larry how his son was.

"Tarquin?" said Larry. "Oh, he's all right. He's growing up."

"Don't tell me that you had the effrontery to pin a name like that on your son," said Margalo.

"Why not?" said Larry. "I thought it would look good on the bills." He traced it out with his hand—"Tarquin Olivier"—and asked, "Is it bad?"

"It's not bad, but it's impossible," Margalo said.

We asked the porter to switch off all the lights in the car to give the visiting Englishmen a sight of the famous U-turn that the Pennsylvania train makes around Horseshoe Curve, near Altoona.

We opened, appropriately, at the English Theatre, a lovely old house that reminded me of the Hollis in Boston. It must have been of about the same vintage, and has probably disappeared by now, as the Hollis has. Because Kit was in the play, the performances were all sold out before we arrived. Bob Sherwood and the rest of my colleagues showed up, as did Alexander Woollcott, a devoted friend of Kit's. The little contingent from New York did not alleviate the tension of appearing before a new audience; if anything, it heightened it. It was apparent to me from the first that Kit was nervous and insecure; it was the first time in years that she had played a straight comedy part. John Williams, who had a long scene with Kit before Larry came on, played with authority and ease and made his effect in a strange, laconic part. Larry walked on in his street suit. His playing was, from the moment of his entrance, so effulgent that the audience was startled and fascinated. Kit looked wonderful; she had her beauty. But beauty is a static thing. Larry had the most engaging and volatile good looks. There was a stir in the audience about him that lasted all evening. His authority and idiosyncrasy were so compelling that they put the play out of balance, in a way; the other actors seemed a bit perfunctory. The only one who was imperturbable was Bobby Flemyng, as Pym; he had a razorlike edge to his comedy playing that nothing could dent. In the intermissions, I heard people exchanging queries about who this surprising young man Olivier was and where he had been keeping himself all this time.

When the play was over, I went to see Kit in her dressing room. She was crying. "I let you down," she said.

I made light of it. "Bob and the

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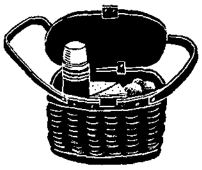
others think the play got over," I said.

"Thanks to Larry," she said.

In our conference after the play, at which Aleck Woollcott put in an appearance to register how dazzled he was by Larry, I was conscious of the panic that afflicts managements on occasions like this: Would Kit quit? But the apprehensive ones did not know Kit. She did not quit. She stuck. She got better and better as she vanquished her nervousness. The company was her responsibility. She mothered it. Everybody in it blossomed under her ministrations. I made a discovery myself—that the woman she was playing *was* Kit, though I had hardly known her when I wrote the part. She became surer and surer. By the time the company left Indianapolis, it was an ensemble.



Our last stop before New York was Baltimore. On the closing night, I went into Larry's dressing room for a word with him. He had just finished taking off his makeup. He put a few things in his suitcase. He was delighted that he had so little to carry. I asked him whether he wasn't going to buy a new suit for New York. "It would make me uncomfortable," he said. "I want to keep the feeling I've had in the towns we've just played. I've had such a good time." I could see that Larry's performances were like a stroll in the park for him.

In New York, Brooks Atkinson wrote, "The cast is the most spring-like event that a sullen April has borne this season." Of Kit he said, "After two years of silence in New York, which does not enjoy the quiet, Katharine Cornell has returned in all her magnificence, playing comedy with effortless skill and personal sincerity." The company settled down happily for a run at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. I have never known anything quite like the sympathy and warmth of that engagement.

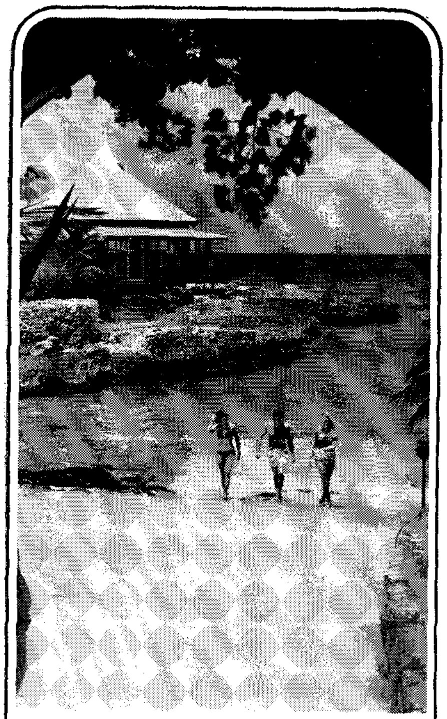
SEVERAL months later, I had to go to England to see Rex Harrison, who was to play the Olivier part in "No Time for Comedy" in London. It was the fateful summer of 1939. My talk with Harrison was satisfactory; he was keen to do the play. I also saw Binkie Beaumont, who was to produce it at the Haymarket. I liked Binkie's casting ideas: Diana Wynyard and Lilli Palmer. The Sassoons were away. So was Laski. I returned home on a leisurely boat. The evening I got back, I looked in at the Ethel Barrymore. Everything was going tidily. But when I went back to see Kit I found her downcast. She told me awful news: Olivier was leaving the show. He simply could not remain for the transcontinental tour that Guthrie had arranged for the following fall and winter. It was a heavy blow.

When it became apparent that England would soon be at war, Bobby Flemyng left, too. He loved his part, he loved being in New York, he loved playing with Kit, but he felt he must go home and enlist. He had a varicose vein in one leg; he knew that this would disqualify him. He quit the play and went into New York Hospital to have an operation on his leg. (He sailed for home, qualified for enlistment, and served all through the war. He put in what the English describe as "a good war.")

There were two doleful evenings when I went to see Bobby Flemyng for the last time and Larry for the last time. On both occasions, I went with Gertrude Macy, Kit's business manager and a great buddy of mine. Gert Macy was considered one of the ablest managers in New York. On both occasions, Flemyng and Larry were at their best, which made the evenings more poignant. Gert and I condoled each other—she felt the way I did. On Larry's last night, Gert and I took Kit home. We mourned Larry. "It was so exciting playing with him," Kit said. "You never could tell what he would do. But, whatever he did, it was always right—some new facet, some new insight." When we left Kit, I said to Gert that I couldn't imagine the play without Larry but that Kit had to do more than imagine it—she had to play it. "That is exactly what she will do," said Gert. "She will play it. Moreover, she will keep it up. You'll see."

Play it Kit did, till late next spring, on an immense tour that went from Boston to Seattle, with major cities in between, and from Seattle south through California and Texas to New Orleans, from New Orleans to the East and the final performance, in Newark. From Newark, I went to Kit's house, on Beekman Place, where she was giving a farewell party for the company.

I loved Kit's house. I always felt in it that I was in a Chelsea house in London. It was comfortable, spacious, and unpretentious. Everyone was pretty tired; the company had been touring hard for many months. Guthrie made me a little speech and gave me a



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present from the company—a silver cigarette box that had a map of the United States on the cover with a red band marking every town the company had played. The stage manager played the piano. Gee Gee James, John Williams, and Margalo—along with Kit, the veteran élite of the original company—stood around the piano and sang. It was all slow-paced and pleasant. I sat with Kit on a sofa in a corner, under a Burchfield painting. I thanked her for what she had done for me and for the play.

"The audiences enjoyed it," she said. "But I was never—not from the beginning—happy about my own performance. I have never been happy about my own performance—not in anything."

I said that that was nonsense—that she had been marvellous in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

"I came nearest in that," she said. "That suited me. But, you know . . . " She paused; she was gathering her thoughts. "I wanted to act when I was young. There was nothing I wanted so much. But I was never secure in it. I never . . . " She paused again. "I've always had to be cautious."

This quality in Kit—modesty in so great a star—was remarkable. She is one of the most distinguished and gracious women I have ever known. Some time after this party, Kit got together a company—which included Margalo—and took it to Italy to give performances for the G.I.s. The G.I.s adored her. Margalo wrote a book about it. In it she reveals how admirably Kit carried out this demanding enterprise.

IN Verona, Italy, the home town of Romeo and Juliet, I once was taken to see the house where Juliet lived. I was sure that this attribution was apocryphal, but I inspected the commonplace little cottage. From it came the strains, on a phonograph record, of George Gershwin's "The Man I Love." This was thematically appropriate. Was the present occupant imagining the supposed earlier tenant's last thoughts? But "The Man I Love" was followed almost immediately by another Gershwin composition, the "Rhapsody in Blue." This was in 1938, about a year after George's death; it saddened me that I should be unable to report this little concert, on a Verona street, to the composer of both works. It would have amused and delighted him. I had heard him play both unforgettably; I should have liked to tell the present tenant that I had known him

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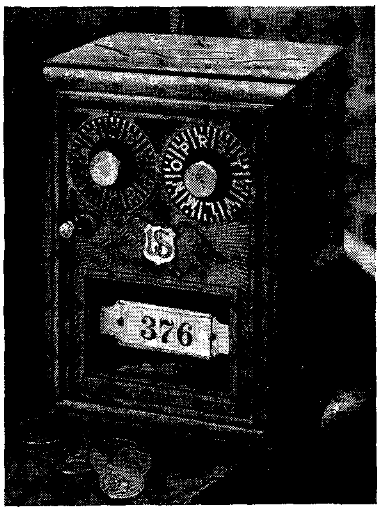

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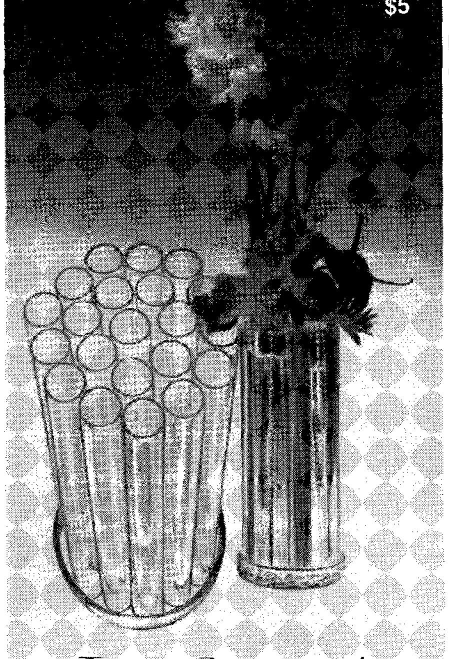

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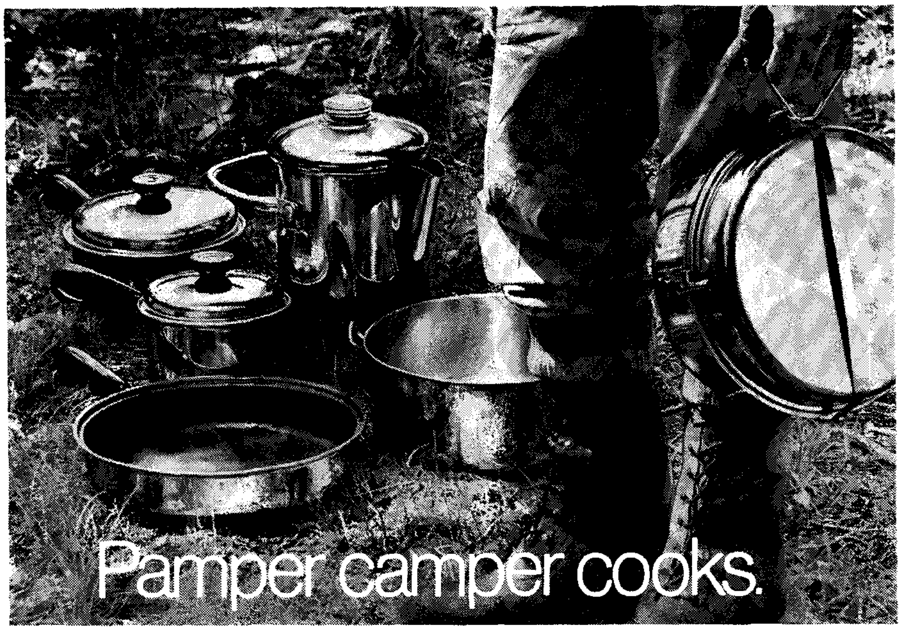
and adored him. I walked away from the little house, pondering the mystery of the incidence of genius. There is no mystery more incalculable, more tantalizing than the emergence of genius from an ordinary, even coarse, social texture. I walked along thinking of the years I had known the Gershwins—from the early Saturday nights at the Lou Paleys', on West Eighth Street, to the later, grand nights at George's duplex apartment on East Seventy-second Street.

To a memorial volume published after George's death Ira contributed a compact and lucid essay, with a paragraph describing the environment and the early tribulations of the Gershwin family:

> My brother, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., September 26, 1898, was the second of four children of Morris and Rose Bruskin Gershwin. I was the oldest, then came George, then Arthur, and last, our sister, Frances. Most of our early boyhood was spent on the lower East Side of Manhattan, where my father engaged in various activities: restaurants, Russian and Turkish baths, bakeries, a cigar store and pool parlor on the Forty-second Street side of what is now Grand Central Station, bookmaking at the Brighton Beach Race Track for three exciting but disastrous weeks. We were always moving. When my father sold a business and started another, we would inevitably move to the new neighborhood. George and I once counted more than twenty-five different flats and apartments we remembered having lived in during those days.

A great day in the Gershwin history was the arrival of the family's first piano. It was a second-hand upright, bought on the installment plan. Mrs. Gershwin thought she ought to have one, because her married sister had one. It was addressed to Ira as the eldest of the children. The moment it arrived, George began to play by ear some popular songs he had heard. Pleased to find a pianist in the house and relieved of responsibility, Ira returned to his thoughts and to the St. Nicholas Baths, at Lenox Avenue and 111th Street, where he was then working. George found a piano teacher, and the two brothers went their own ways, without suspecting that soon their destinies would be inextricably welded. George left the High School of Commerce at fifteen to become "the youngest piano-pounder ever employed in Tin Pan Alley," for fifteen dollars a week. When he submitted a song of his own to his employers, he was bluntly told, "You're here as a pianist, not a writer." Little by little, George demonstrated that he was indeed a writer.

Ira was literary. He sold a filler to



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Temple Fielding

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"But you'll quickly discover, as my Nancy and I did, that either pound goes much, much further when it's spent in Ireland.

"For £1 (about $2.60) you can spend the night in one of those congenial and comfortable Irish guest houses, either in the heartbeat of civilization or in that lush, lush countryside.

"And this includes bed and breakfast. Oh, that breakfast! Delicious Irish bacon, ham, oatmeal, sausages, fresh farm eggs... it's the kind of morning feast about which we time-conscious Americans usually only can dream.

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the *Smart Set* for a dollar. Not long afterward, he tripled his income; he describes the process in his book "Lyrics on Several Occasions":

> In my late teens I fooled around with French verse forms, such as the triolet, villanelle, and especially the rondeau—with its opening phrase taking on new meanings when repeated. I even sold one to the New York *Sun*, for which I received three dollars:

RONDEAU TO ROSIE

My Rosie knows the places where
One goes to lose all trace of care.
    The ultra swagger cabaret...
    The crystal chandeliered café...

And oh, she knows the waiters there.
Her wink will fetch from magic lair
A bottle of a vintage rare...
    And potent beer? Hot dog! I'll say
        My Rosie knows!

Without my Rosie, I declare
I'd plumb the depths of dark despair.
    To her I dedicate this lay;
    To her I owe my spirits gay,
My smiling mien, my cheerful air,
    My rosy nose.

Ira was known to his family as "the floating soul." Unanchored, he took a job touring with a carnival show. On tour, from Pittsburgh, he wrote to a friend to thank him for clippings about George's successes as a rehearsal pianist for musical-comedy celebrities; he wryly admitted, "I now belong, I see, to the ranks of Brothers of the Great." It was a role Ira set for himself early, and he has remained contentedly within it ever since. Now that George is gone, Ira devotes himself to fostering his memory. He became a lyric writer of singular genius. His book "Lyrics on Several Occasions" is an enchanting volume, not only for his songs but for his numerous comments upon them. I said to him once, while I was reading it with enormous pleasure, "You know, Ira, you are every bit as good as George." He shook his head. "No," he said. "George was an original." At the Gershwin parties, with everyone spellbound around the piano while George was singing Ira's lyrics, I would steal a look at Ira, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, a small, benignant smile on his face, stirred to happiness by the effect his brother was creating. That they were his lyrics George was singing was, to him, peripheral. He was under the spell of his brother's overwhelming personality, as the rest of us were.

The fact is that in the Gershwin years there was nothing more thrilling than to hear George play the piano. It heightened the sense of being alive. How universal his effect was is attested to by Eva Gauthier, the first singer to perform George's songs in a concert hall. In a piece she wrote for the Gershwin memorial book, she recalls:

> After our London concert, which was a repetition of the New York and Boston programs, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke (cousins of King George V) gave a party for us. It was Gershwin's first meeting with royalty and it was as if he had always belonged there. With his charm and talent he made the party alive and interesting and had everyone around the piano as he sang and played all his latest songs and dance hits. . . . In London he became the good friend of Prince George, now the Duke of Kent, who used to drop in at George's apartment while he played to him. Gershwin took great pride in a photograph inscribed "To George from George."

Those lucky enough to have the acquaintance of certain members of the prolific Strunsky family in the early Gershwin years had, although they did not suspect it, a jump of many years on Lady Carisbrooke and the party she gave for Eva Gauthier and her accompanist. There were two Strunsky girls—Leonore and Emily. The former married Ira Gershwin, the latter Lou Paley, an English teacher who wrote song lyrics on the side. He wrote some for George. The Paleys had an apartment on the second floor of 18 West Eighth Street. On the first floor lived Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dietz. Dietz began to be annoyed because on Saturday nights the chandelier in his living room had the shakes, owing to a rhythmic pounding on the floor above. One Saturday night, he and his wife were going to the theatre. Just as they were leaving, Dietz decided to go upstairs and protest the tremors of his chandelier. "One of us might get killed if that chandelier falls," he said to his wife. Dietz, who later became vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and a librettist and lyrics-writer for revues and musical shows, has described what happened on his trip to save his chandelier:

> I knocked on the door of the Lou Paleys'. Someone opened the door carefully and put his finger to his lips, cautioning me not to disturb the music. About forty people were sitting on the floor around the grand piano at which a dark-haired chap was playing and singing in a rich guttural, and vastly entertaining. I took a seat on the floor. My wife below got impatient waiting and came upstairs to find out what had happened to me. I went to the door, put my finger to my lips and motioned her to come in and sit beside me. We never got to the theatre and we stopped bothering about our chandelier. We became regulars at

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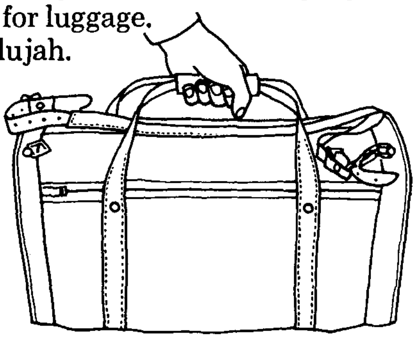

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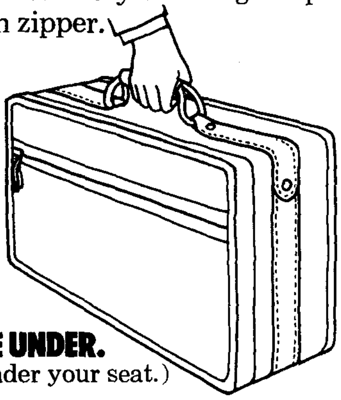

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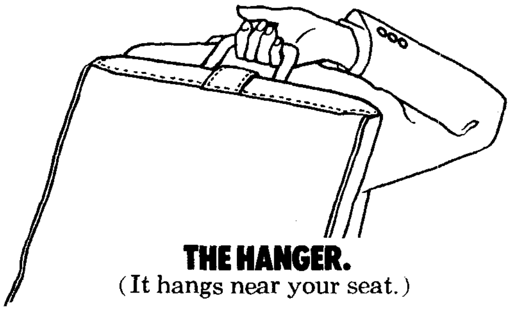

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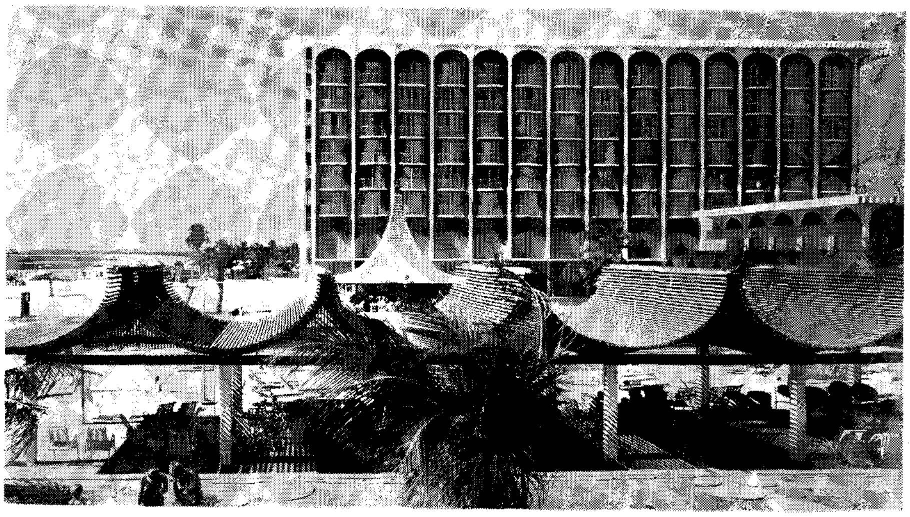
I have read numberless pages of musical analysis of Gershwin songs and his more ambitious compositions by experts—"diminished sevenths," "tonic triads," "broken chords." I don't understand any of it, as I know nothing, technically, about music. Gershwin's originality, they all agree, came from his intuition for the dramatic and the colloquial. But when I first heard him, and subsequently, I found that I had an intuition of my own, as a listener. I felt on the instant, when he sat down to play, the newness, the humor—above all, the rush of the great, heady surf of vitality. The room became freshly oxygenated; everybody felt it, everybody breathed it. In Philadelphia, some time after my initiation, I met Josef Hofmann. He said of Gershwin, "He is a pianist. He has complete command of the keyboard." One got this sense from Gershwin immediately: command, mastery triumphal. I knew from the first Saturday night at the Paleys' that I was having the best time I'd ever had in my life. Other composers there that night played their stuff, but these were preliminaries. They were all waiting to hear George play "That Certain Feeling," "Liza," "The Half of It, Dearie, Blues." He demolished rivalry. Later, on East Seventy-second Street, the audience was augmented by Society and Finance. The old regulars from West Eighth Street did not snub them. It was fun to show George's *paintings* to Doris Duke—those he'd done himself and those he'd bought.

George was striking in appearance—handsome, lithe, and well built. Osbert Sitwell has described his looks, in one of his books, as "streamlined." This was so; George was streamlined in all his activities: as a composer, as a pianist, as a painter, as a golf and tennis player. As I think over the people I have known, it strikes me that George stands practically alone among them for possessing an almost nonexistent quality: the quality of joy. Pessimism, melancholia, depression are a dime a dozen; *joie de vivre* is the rarest phenomenon in the world. George knew that he was something new; he was perpetually fascinated by the development of this novelty. A great many of the stories about him can be explained by this view he had of himself. Once, when he was talking about his mother, he said, "You know, the extraordinary thing about her—she's so modest about me." It was not that George especial-



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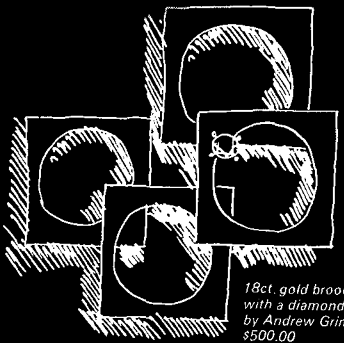

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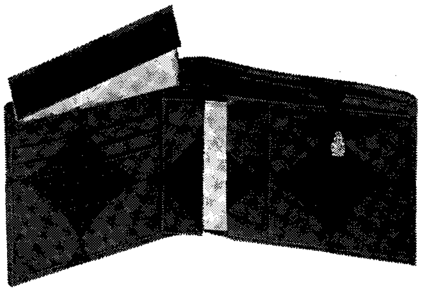

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ly valued modesty as a quality. It was that he wondered whether his mother appreciated fully the scope of what he was—whether her modesty perhaps emanated from her being half informed. DuBose Heyward, the author of "Porgy and Bess," said of George that his self-appreciations were beyond modesty and beyond conceit. George was incapable of insincerity; he didn't see why he should suppress a virtue or a talent simply because it happened to belong to him. The popular composers are a race apart, like dancers and kings. The famous ones are canny and move about in a carefully spun cocoon of pretentious modesty. George Gershwin was neither canny enough nor calculating enough for that. He was just plain dazzled by the spectacle of his own music and his own career; his unaffected delight in it was somewhat astonishing, but it was also amusing and refreshing. George was becoming one of the most eligible bachelors in America; there was curiosity among his friends from the beginning as to who the girl would be. I began hearing about the Dream Girl. The Dream Girl was a Chicago physical-culture teacher, whom I never met. She gave George elaborate workouts, which he thought were good for him. Physical well-being led to infatuation. Perhaps some of us thought it was a bit naïve of George to enhalo his sweetheart in this way, but on the whole we didn't mind. We liked the concept; we believed in Dream Girls. It was a more guileless time. We waited for a wedding announcement. It didn't come; it kept on being delayed. One day, Ira called me to tell me some devastating news: Dream Girl (we never referred to her in any other way; I never knew her name) was married. He hadn't the heart to tell George. He begged me to relieve him of this disagreeable chore. I took on the job. I went up to 110th Street, where George and his parents were then living. I went up to George's room; he was working on the Concerto in F. He played me a passage; he completed a variation on it.

"George," I said, "I have bad news for you. Dream Girl is married."

His brown eyes showed a flicker of pain. He kept looking at me. Finally, he spoke. "Do you know?" he said. "If I weren't so busy, I'd feel terrible."

The phrase "Music by George Gershwin" came to have an incantatory spell for managements; George White signed him up five times to write the music for his "Scandals." George's activities were incessant; his involvements in musical comedies did not stop

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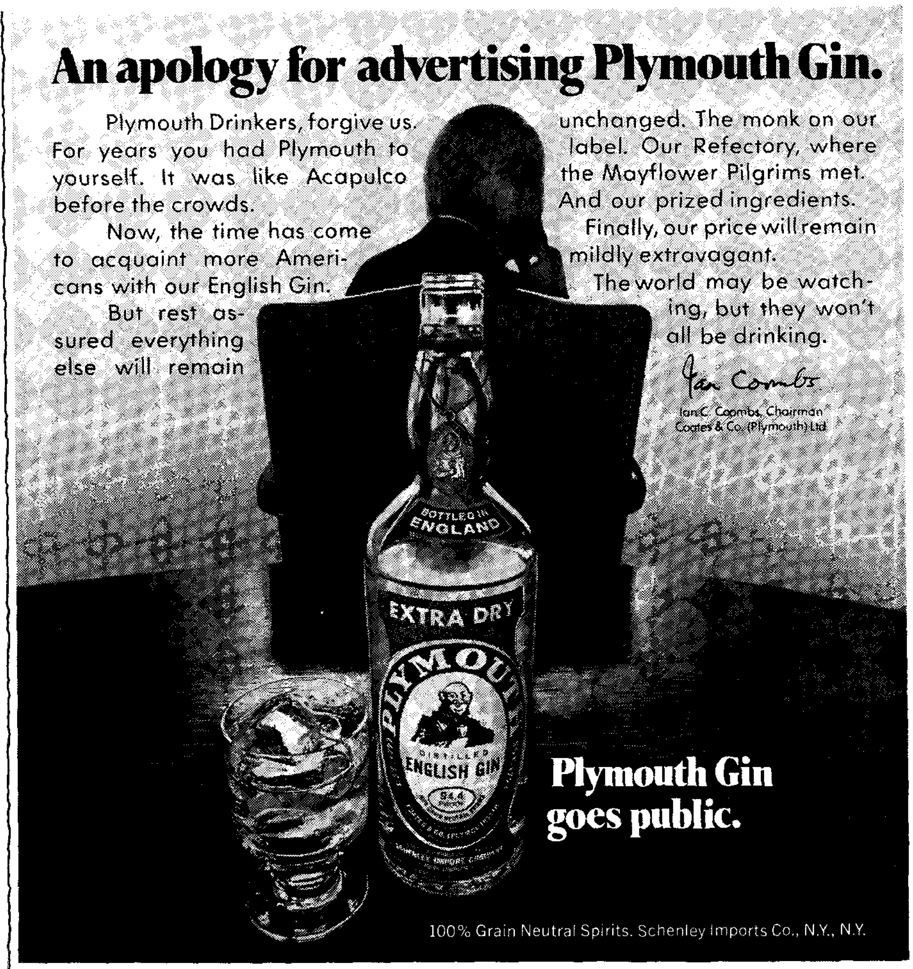
while he was preparing "Rhapsody in Blue." The audience that assembled on a February afternoon in 1924 to hear Paul Whiteman's orchestra, with George as piano soloist, play the "Rhapsody" included Walter Damrosch, Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa, Jascha Heifetz, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Ernest Bloch, Willem Mengelberg, Leopold Stokowski, Mischa Elman, Fritz Kreisler. The concert added a dimension to George's reputation. Samuel Chotzinoff, the music critic of the New York *World*, wrote that George had made "an honest woman out of jazz." Walter Damrosch commissioned him to write "a work of symphonic scope" for the New York Symphony Society. The Concerto in F was the result. My listener's intuition told me that the opening of its slow movement was one of the loveliest, most poignant passages I had ever heard.

The Gershwin brothers wandered about in all directions. George wrote shows with other lyricists. Ira interpolated his lyrics wherever he could find an opening for them. He wrote the musical comedy "Two Little Girls in Blue" with Vincent Youmans and Paul Lannin. But one day it occurred to the producers Alex Aarons and Vinton Freedley to combine George and Ira in a show with music and lyrics written entirely by them. The result was "Lady, Be Good," which was a big hit and established George and Ira as a team—who ideally complemented each other in producing something unique: music and lyrics that matched each other in spontaneity and verve. In it the brothers found each other. Their wanderings ceased; they produced an unexampled series of musical-comedy hits, and branched into folk opera—"Porgy and Bess"—and various films.

George knew that his own circle, his tried-and-true friends, took a deep, personal interest in him. He shared this interest. When he moved into his new apartment, the duplex on East Seventy-second Street, he invited Emily Paley and her friend Mabel Schirmer to lunch. The girls were much excited. They wanted to justify the honor of being George's first guests and hoped to impress him. They spent the morning making themselves as glamorous as possible. At one o'clock, they rang his front doorbell. George, who had put on a new suit he had bought in London, opened the door. He presented himself. "Well, girls," he said, "how do I look?"

In this apartment, George began his work on "Porgy and Bess." The Theatre Guild was producing the op-



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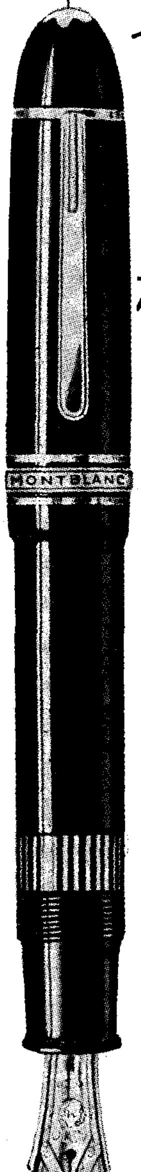

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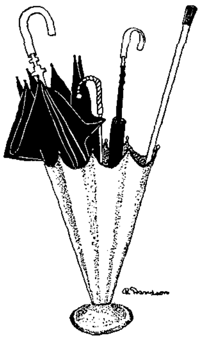
era. I called on him one day with Theresa Helburn. He played sections of it for us; he played "Summertime." Our reaction delighted him; he was in a state of tremendous excitement. "You know, Terry," he said, "they tell me that the interest in 'Porgy' is so great that, just to be sure they'll get good seats, they're subscribing to all that stuff of yours." As among that stuff there was a play of mine that the Guild had just announced, I hoped the rumor was true.

The stories about George and his self-absorption grew into a mythology. When any of them were repeated in front of him, he laughed as heartily as everyone else. He laughed when I told him that my play was included in the "all that stuff" remark of his. "Just the same, it's true," he said. "I was told that." He respected the truth. There is a famous story of his playing catch with his friend Harry Ruby, the songwriter. Ruby threw very hard; George quit. "I've got to be careful of my hands," he said. "With you, it doesn't matter." Ruby chided George for this remark. George listened hard and adjudicated the case impartially. "Well," he said, "it's true, isn't it?"

George's time was far too valuable for him to waste it on building up a pose of modesty. And he was incapable of it even if he had had the time. He enjoyed his life and his work, and he didn't see why he should muffle this enjoyment. George Kaufman complained that he played his stuff so much at parties that by the opening night of a show, when the audience heard the overture, many of them must have thought it was a revival. George's mother cautioned him about this; she begged him to quit playing his new songs at parties. George refused to be cowed. "You see, Ma," he said, "if I didn't play, I wouldn't have a good time." Neither would the people at the parties.



George was engaged to play the "Rhapsody" and his concerto with the Pittsburgh Symphony. He invited Oscar Levant along. When Oscar got into their drawing room on the train, George had already settled down in the lower berth, smoking a big cigar. Oscar resignedly climbed into the upper. "Well, Oscar," said George, smiling up at him through a cloud of cigar smoke, "it's the difference between talent and genius."

Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Porgy and Bess," has spoken of George's extraordinary modesty as a composer:

> It seems to me that this sense of exaggerated modesty in artists is highly overrated by people. It is made out to be a saintly virtue where frequently it is merely sanctimonious and actually nothing but masked vanity and conceit. Very often people who seem so modest about their work would all but tear you to pieces if you suggested cutting anything out of what they had written, considering every word of it as well-nigh sacred. Yet George, who loved his own stuff as much as he did, never hesitated to make any cuts that were necessary. "Porgy and Bess" as performed in New York was almost forty-five minutes shorter than the original score. He did this because he had no false vanity about his work and also because George was one of the best showmen I have ever known.

The difference in the personalities of the two Gershwin brothers was striking. If George was streamlined and dynamic, Ira was reserved and scholarly. He was gently humorous. One sensed in Ira, even at the very center of involvement, a well of detachment. George gave you everything at once; he was boyish, with an extraordinarily sweet character. He wanted his listeners to participate in the excitement of his own development. Ira was shorter than George, somewhat rotund. It took time to discover the pawky humor that irradiated him. He was diffident. He was too modest and too proud to want to coast along on the rapidly expanding reputation of his kid brother. To his early songs, which were inserted as "interpolations" in occasional shows, he attached the name of Arthur Francis, which he took from the first names of his younger brother and sister. When he came to write his book "Lyrics on Several Occasions," in his quiet way he let himself go. As an epigraph for his book, Ira uses a quotation from John Aubrey's "Brief Lives": "How these curiosities would be quite forgott, did not such idle fellowes as I am putt them downe!"

In this book, he prints the lyrics of the shows he wrote with George and others, and comments on the exigencies that produced them; these comments confirm what the lyrics have already established—that Ira is one of the most authentic humorists of his time. A veteran in this field, P. G. Wodehouse, happens upon this book every year at Christmastime and writes to Ira annually to tell him the renewed joy he finds in it. At the first performance of "Of Thee I Sing," during the torch-

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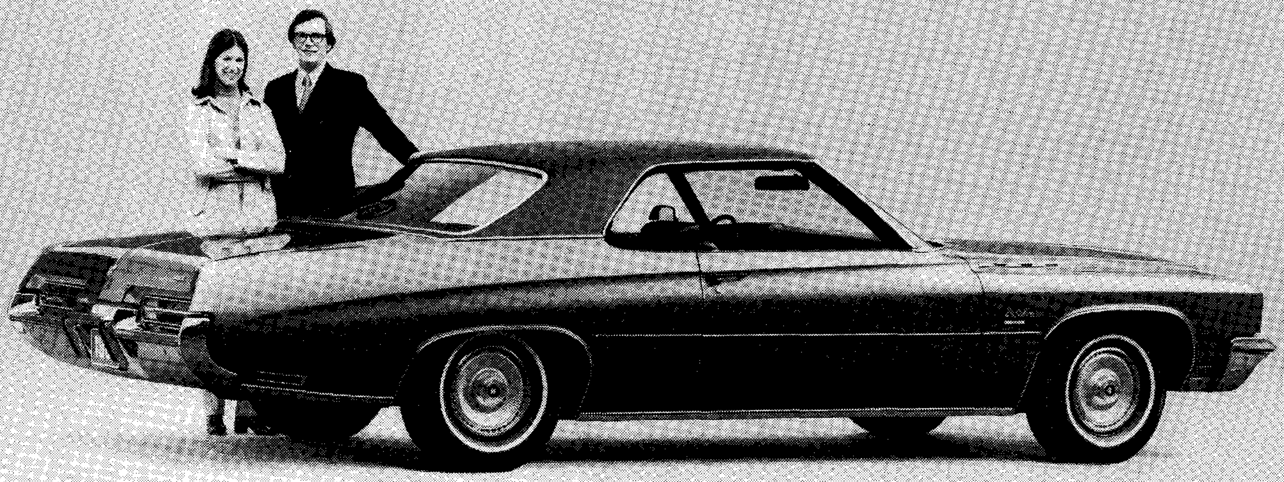

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light parade for Wintergreen that opens the show, when I heard Ira's first lyric—

> Wintergreen for President!
> Wintergreen for President!
> He's the man the people choose;
> Loves the Irish and the Jews

—I knew that I was in for a first-rate political satire. It couldn't have been neater—without malevolence, but sharp enough. Ira repeats this lyric in his book with the following comment:

> For some years Strickland Gillilan's "On the Antiquity of Microbes":
>
> Adam
> Had 'em
>
> was considered the shortest poem extant. But this record fell when someone (Anon.) came up with "Lines on the Questionable Importance of the Individual":
>
> I . . .
> Why?
>
> Compared with both of these, the words of "Wintergreen for President" almost equal the length of an Icelandic saga. I imagine, though, that in Songdom "Wintergreen" is one of the shortest lyrics ever.
>
> Additional lines would have been supererogatory.

In 1928, the Gershwins went to London to see the closing performance of Gertrude Lawrence in "Oh, Kay!"—a salute to the benignity of the times—and then went to Paris for a holiday. George met the leading composers—Milhaud, Ravel, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Poulenc—and worked on his tone poem "An American in Paris."

In 1930, George and Ira made their début in Hollywood; their first film was "Delicious," for Fox. As it happened, I was working for Fox at that time. We had a happy reunion. I introduced them at once to the Hoveys, who had become like my own family. Sol Wurtzel was the producer, and he put Sonya on the Gershwin film; she worked on it with them and with Guy Bolton, who was to write the screenplay. The three Gershwins—George, Ira, and Ira's wife, Leonore—took a two-story Spanish house at 1027 Chevy Chase, in Beverly Hills. George's charm and his piano brought people from near and far. Artur Rodzinski led the Los Angeles Philharmonic in "An American in Paris." George became a friend of Arnold Schoenberg, who used to come over to swim in his pool and play tennis with him. George painted him. In all this, George had the advantage of having his sister-in-law as hostess. As I myself can testify, there is no more gracious hostess in the world.

In those days, everybody was going to a psychoanalyst. Herman Man-

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kiewicz, an outstanding wit, wished all the patients of his own doctor, whose name was Ernst Simmel, to have a huge "S" embroidered on their sweatshirts, to show that they had the courage of their special cult. George went to the same man; he also had a psychoanalyst in New York. Oscar Levant added to the gaiety of nations. Most of the habitués took seriously the injunction forbidding them to report on their séances; Oscar defied this injunction. He reported singing to his analyst George's song "Love Walked In," by which Oscar was enthralled. "The s.o.b. is so unmusical that he didn't realize what a great song it is!" he complained.

In May of 1937, when the Gershwins and I happened to be in Hollywood at the same time, I had to go to New York to meet the Lunts to rehearse "Amphitryon 38." They were to open the next month in San Francisco. I went over to say goodbye to George. He played me some of his Shostakovich records; he spoke of the Russian composer's addiction to short themes. He held forth a bit on this, as if it were a method he might himself apply. He suggested we go for a drive. I said all right. As George drove, I realized that there was something odd about him that day—something I had never noticed in him before. He was subdued, shadowed. I edged about in my mind to account for this. I had heard that he had fallen seriously in love with a film star and that the affair had not been going well. George said nothing about this. Neither did I. He had been writing great stuff: "A Foggy Day" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me." I asked him to sing them and he did, in bits:

"The way you wear your hat,
The way you sip your tea,
The mem'ry of all that—
No, no! They can't take that away
from me!

"The way your smile just beams,
The way you sing off key,
The way you haunt my dreams—
No, no! They can't take that away
from me!"

I spoke of how marvellous it was of Ira to have added singing off-key to the list of the heroine's perfections—how it bathed nostalgia in humor. George agreed. We got together on how extraordinary Ira was.

George began asking me about "Amphitryon 38." He said he couldn't wait to see it. I said, "You will. After two weeks in San Francisco, we come to Los Angeles. I'll have seats for you opening night." George thanked me. All the time, I wanted to break

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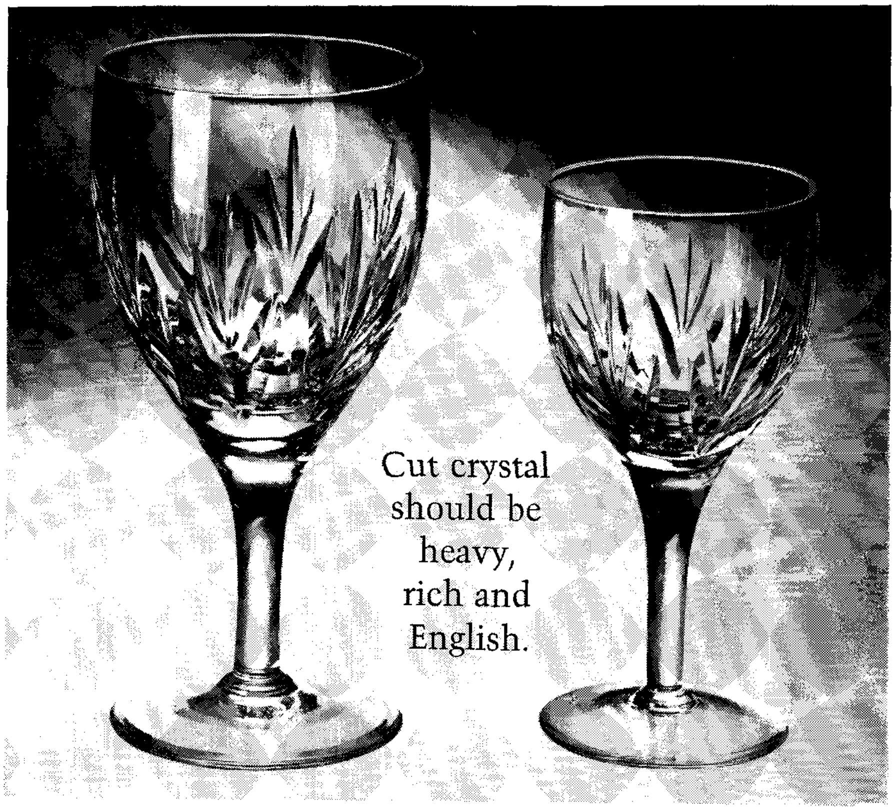

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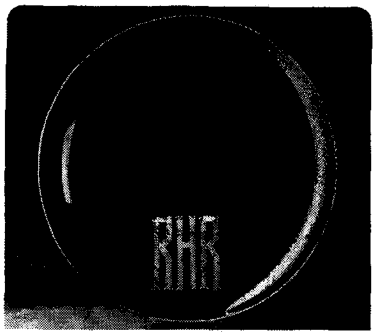

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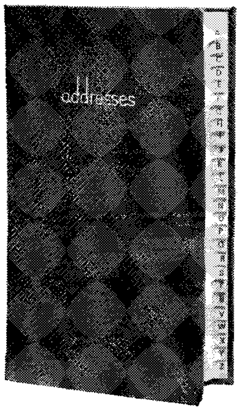

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through and ask him if there was anything worrying him—he did not seem as carefree as usual. But I didn't do it. I felt that if he wanted to talk about whatever it was, he would do so. Still, it was a beautiful day and a lovely drive. He dropped me at my door. I confirmed our date: I would meet him on Monday, July 5th, at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles, where "Amphitryon 38" was to open. He looked forward. I looked forward.

From San Francisco, on the Friday night of the second week, I called the Gershwins in Beverly Hills. I got Ira. I told him I was returning the next day and hoped to see them that night. He said fine. He said that George had not been feeling well the last few weeks. When I asked what was wrong, he seemed unable to give me a definite answer. George had had a three-day physical checkup the week before at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, but tests revealed no physical disability. It seemed to Ira to be some nervous ailment. I told him I was leaving seats for him and Lee for Monday night, and two for George also. He said he would tell George.

On my arrival, on Saturday, I called up Sonya Levien and Oscar Levant. We had dinner together. I tried to find out what was wrong with George. I could get nothing definite. Oscar said that the general opinion was that George had been frustrated by his lukewarm reception in Hollywood and by the mild success of the films he had worked on. This drove Oscar crazy, because he felt that George had never written anything better than the songs in his recent films. In any case, George was in the hands of his psychoanalyst, Dr. Simmel, who was trying to cheer him up.

When Oscar said this, I remembered an incident recounted to me by George Kaufman. "There are days when I just feel awful and have to stay in bed," Kaufman said. "Beatrice [his wife] had been trying to get me for a long time to go to her analyst, Dr. Zilboorg, but I was stubborn and wouldn't go. On one of my bad days, she looked in on me and offered again to call Dr. Zilboorg. I said, 'No, thanks.' She gave me a long look and said, 'You know, George, with you it may be partly physical.' " Hollywood was so preëmpted by the psychoanalysts that it was inconceivable that any ailment could on occasion be physical. Such a bizarre source of malaise never occurred to anybody, even as a possibility. Whatever was wrong with you must be a mental aberration owing to some disap-

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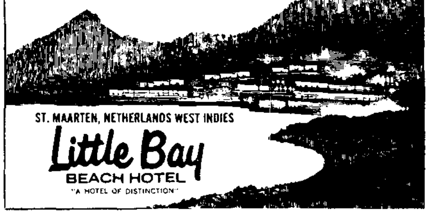

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pointment connected with the film industry.

We went over to the Gershwins'. Lee and Ira greeted us. George was upstairs. Lee told us that George knew we were coming and would be down presently. We waited in the living room. George came downstairs, accompanied by a male nurse. I stared at him. It was not the George we all knew. He was very pale. The light had gone from his eyes. He seemed old. He greeted me mirthlessly. His handshake was limp. The spring had gone out of his walk. He came to a sofa near where I was sitting and lay down on it. He tried to adjust his head against the pillows. The nurse hovered over him.

I asked him if he felt pain.

"Behind my eyes," he said, and he repeated it. "Behind my eyes."

I knelt beside him on the sofa and put my hand under his head. I asked him if he felt like playing the piano. He shook his head. It was the first such refusal I'd ever heard from him.

"I had to live for this," he said. "That Sam Goldwyn should say to me, 'Why don't you write hits like Irving Berlin?' "

There was silence. He spoke of the "Porgy" tour, which had not been successful.

I asked him whether he would come to my opening Monday night. He shook his head slowly. He moved his head around on the pillow. I took my hand away.

He looked at me with lustreless eyes. I had a sinking feeling: he is no longer one of us. He turned to the nurse and said he'd like to go back to his room. The nurse got him up. They went upstairs.

When he had gone, I looked at Lee. "How long has he been this way?" I asked.

"For several weeks. He seems worse tonight. Maybe it's seeing you—reminds him of the past."

"Didn't you tell me he has trouble eating?" Oscar asked Lee.

"Yes," said Lee. "He doesn't seem to be able to manage his food. I have to cut it for him."

We sat for a time, not speaking. Oscar, Sonya, and I rose to go.

In the car, Sonya, Oscar, and I rode in silence. Finally, Oscar said, "You think George is very sick, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I think he is *very* sick."

The next day was Sunday. Sonya drove me out to her beach house in Santa Monica. I said to her that I thought something should be done about George. I was leaving for New

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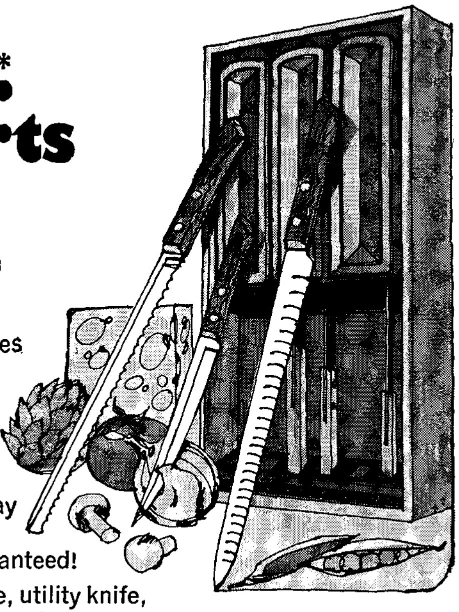

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York on Tuesday, and I felt I should take George along and get the best medical treatment possible for him there.

"You can't take the responsibility," Sonya said.

When I got back to Beverly Hills that night, I called Ira. George had seen Dr. Simmel, who had conferred on the telephone with Dr. Zilboorg, George's New York analyst. They had decided that it would be wise to separate George from his family and the activities going on in their busy household. He had been transferred to the house of a friend who had luckily left that day for New York. Ira was relieved by the fact that the two analysts had conferred and come to a conclusion.

The next afternoon, I went to the Gershwins'. I saw Paul, George's Swedish butler, whom I had known in New York. He had driven George to his new domain. I asked him how George had behaved. "He was all right till we got to the house," Paul said.

"What happened then?"

"He asked for a dark room. I darkened the room for him—pulled all the shades down, made it quite dark. Then he asked for a towel to put over his eyes."

When I heard this, something snapped in my mind. For a long time, I had been irritated by the pseudoscientific vocabulary that dotted the conversation of most of my friends who were involved with psychoanalysts. I had a special antipathy to George's New York psychoanalyst; he was boorish. I called in Lee and Ira. I told them that I thought George was gravely ill. I asked their permission to call Dr. Abraham Flexner in New York to get his advice. While I was trying to get Dr. Flexner, Moss Hart, who was in analysis, came in. He didn't see why I was making all this fuss. "I myself have had many suicidal impulses—I have been helped over them," he said. I lost my temper a bit with Moss. I said his suicidal impulses were not relevant to George's case. I got Dr. Flexner, finally—at his summer place in Canada. I described George's condition as briefly as I could. He advised that the Gershwin family should, as soon as possible, get hold of a brain specialist. That night, I went to the theatre alone. I sat in the balcony. By this time, I knew the performance by heart. Watching Lynn's and Alfred's exquisite interpretation, I couldn't help thinking of George Gershwin lying in a strange house, in a darkened room, with a towel over his eyes. I hoped that the hours would go swiftly for him.

I tried to postpone my departure for New York, but I was urgently needed at home. I arranged with Oscar that he should call me daily when I got home. On his second call, on Friday, Oscar told me that George had been taken to the hospital and was in a coma. I had to talk to somebody. Who? I thought of one of George's friends, who was also a patient of Dr. Zilboorg's. I told him George was in a coma. George's friend took it lightly. "That coma," he said, "is self-induced." The surgeons found a brain tumor. George did not survive the operation.

In the years since George's death, when I have met new people whom I have especially liked, I have invariably thought, If only I could introduce them to George Gershwin. I feel pain over the missed delight they would have taken in him. Looking back on George's career now, I see that he lived all his life in youth. He was given no time for the middle years—for the era when you look back, when you reflect, when you regret. His rhythms were the pulsations of youth; he reanimated them in those much older than he was. He reanimates them still. Fred Astaire said after his death, "He wrote for feet." A Gershwin tune has a propulsive effect still, all over the world. He was perpetually in pursuit of new musical horizons. In youth, there is always time for everything. We all aged; George remained young. His own tempo was as propulsive as the tempos of his music, whether he was playing golf or tennis or painting pictures or collecting them. "Golf is supposed to be a leisurely game, but not for George," a friend of his wrote. "He ran from hole to hole. He was like a young colt." One can never know the truth about anyone—what his inmost motivations and feelings are—but George's life was lived so out-of-doors, so in the public eye, and these activities so absorbed him that he was always "too busy," he said, for introspective agonies. He told me once that he wanted to write for young girls sitting on fire escapes on hot summer nights in New York and dreaming of love.

EVERY playwright is hemmed in, in space and in time, by the words he has to write at the beginning of every play: "Scene; Time; At Rise." Once you have risen, you are committed until you are able to write the final "Curtain." Those two words, "At Rise," are the most fateful in the language—more fateful than "I thee wed" or "I will and bequeath." In the first case, there are remedies for disaster; in the second, the bequeather, by the time his gifts are delivered, is himself beyond disaster. The words that one writes at the beginning and the end of every play form the parentheses by which life itself is bounded: the rises and falls within our lives, the innumerable rebirths and renewals from the mock deaths of depressions to the plateaus of self-belief, the diminuendos and crescendos of the psyche. The rises and falls of non-playwrights, of the anonymous stumblers, are no less momentous for them, even when they are neither heroic nor tragic, even when they are merely banal.

I keep filling my notebooks, which have been lifelong companions, with ideas for plays that I shall never write. In my last years, these jottings have been dominated by an old ambition: to write a play about Montaigne. I had early become addicted to Montaigne. I wrote down a sentence from him: "We are, I know not how, double in ourselves, so that what we believe we disbelieve, and cannot rid ourselves of what we condemn." The idea of pluralism in personality, of duality, fascinated me. My first play was on this subject. I had a sense of plagiarism some years ago when I found that W. H. Auden had used the sentence just quoted as an epigraph for his book of poems "The Double Man." My play about Montaigne was to be called "The Many Men," and was to be a dramatization of a passage in which Montaigne speaks of the many men resident in every *man*. The theme of the warring selves within the self has always beckoned to me, because I have always had to cope with it myself. One uncomfortable manifestation of it has been indecision. I no sooner decide on a course than I reject it. It was being victimized by these perpetual tournaments that drew me to Montaigne. Over the years, I have gone far with the idea for the Montaigne play, but not far enough. I have written the "At Rise," and that is all there is of it, except for a sizable crammed notebook.

When you are absorbed in a project, people seem to turn up to help you. This happened to me. I met Professor Donald M. Frame, of Columbia, the biographer and translator of Montaigne. I have been told by other scholars that he is the foremost Montaigne authority in America. I feel that the meeting was psychic—that my interest in his favorite subject was so keen that we were bound to meet. He has been immensely kind—has sent me his special writings from learned journals,

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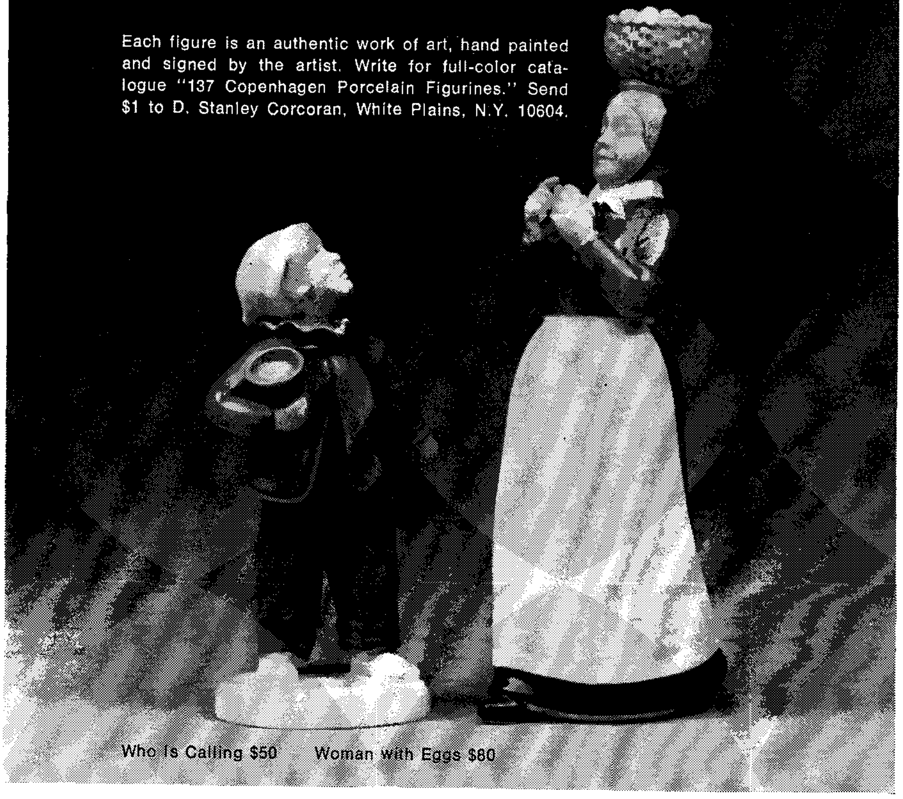

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illuminating recondite phases of Montaigne's career. Were I younger, had I the strength, I should ask this gracious man to collaborate with me on a Montaigne play. I suggest to some future playwright who might engage in this difficult task that he couldn't do better than to introduce himself to Donald Frame.

Montaigne lived in a barbarous time, somewhat like our own. His friend Henri de Navarre, the future Henri IV, was, on St. Bartholomew's Day, a prisoner in the Louvre. He looked out of the window and saw Catholic women drinking the blood of freshly slaughtered Protestants. I have read extensively for years about this era—an era during which Montaigne kept a level head. He realized that all he had, all he could cling to, was himself. He expressed himself—his various selves—and this expression has given him an ever-fresh immortality. Montaigne gave up the life of action for the life of thought; the former is easier to dramatize than the latter. I thought to resolve this difficulty by dividing the play between Montaigne and Henri de Navarre, who was fairly active. For a time, Montaigne worked with him, and Navarre enjoyed coming to see Montaigne for discussion and advice. Heinrich Mann, in his novel "Young Henry of Navarre," touches frequently upon this relationship. The Scottish scholar J. M. Robertson, in his book "Montaigne and Shakespeare," gives chapter and verse for the immense borrowings by the latter from the former. My notes call for, in scenes between Navarre and Montaigne, dialogue with casual remarks in it by Montaigne which the Shakespeareans would recognize. I conceived also that the idea for the Grand Design—the sixteenth-century adumbration of the League of Nations—should be suggested to Navarre by Montaigne. I dreamed of a scene in which someone should tell Montaigne that a talented young English playwright devoured his essays and used ideas from them in his plays. But who? In G. P. V. Akrigg's "Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton" I thought that perhaps I had found a link: this was Florio, Southampton's Italian-language teacher—a hot-tempered fellow who got around.

I keep in my room an engraving of Montaigne—the frontispiece of one edition of his essays. He was short, bald, grave-looking, with a full mustache and a small beard. Who could play him? In every cast of every play—mine and others'—I looked for Mon-

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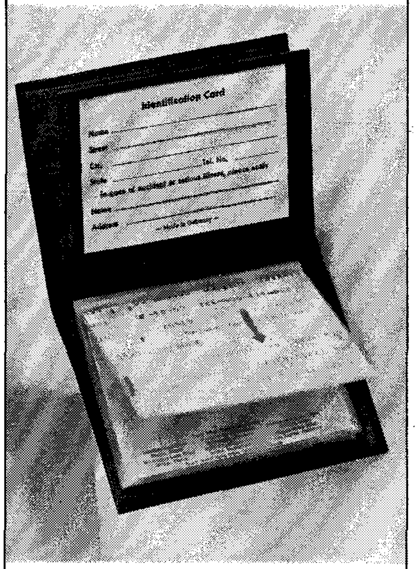

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taigne. It is a moment I shan't forget—that moment when I first saw Oscar Karlweis and had the instantaneous thrill of recognition. He *was* Montaigne. I still think that if he had lived I would have put steam on and written the play.

After my first meeting with Karlweis, I went home and wrote the "At Rise." I hope some future playwright may use it. To him I will and bequeath all my notes and the only part of the play which is written:

AT RISE: A circular turret library in a small château in the environs of Bordeaux, in France. The tower, with this room at the top, is the retreat of Michel de Montaigne, Mayor of Bordeaux. The Mayoralty of Bordeaux was an office Montaigne did not want, but he yielded to the entreaty of his friend Henri de Navarre. It is the winter of 1581. The room is lined with books—choice editions, tooled volumes, red, brown, and gold. In this library are the books left him by his dearest friend, Étienne de La Boétie. In a frieze over the books, running around the circle of the walls, is written Montaigne's tribute to his dead friend: "Inasmuch as he desired that there should be some unique memorial of this most sweet, most dear, and most close companion, than whom our age hath seen none better, none more absolutely perfect, Michel de Montaigne, unhappily bereft of so beloved a guardian of his life, mindful of their mutual affection and of the kindly feeling which united them, hath set up, since nought more expressive could be found, this learned shelf, a special laboratory for the mind, in the which is his delight."

On the rafters above the frieze are aphorisms culled by the Mayor of Bordeaux from his intensive reading: "Who knoweth if what men call living be not dying?;" "To any reasoning one may oppose an equally strong reasoning;" "Rejoice in those things that are present—all else is beyond thee;" and, from Terence, "I am a man; nothing human is alien to me." But the dominating motto is "What do I know?"

When the curtain rises, Montaigne, in black, is talking to his intellectual disciple Marie de Gournay. She is wildly excited, because Henri de Navarre, the Mayor's guest, is about to arrive. Montaigne tries to calm her. "The King," he is saying, "is, after all, only a man . . ."

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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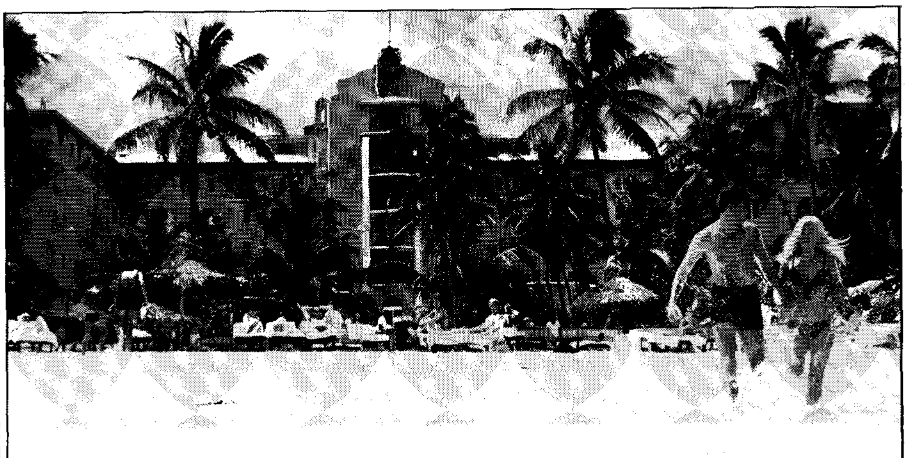

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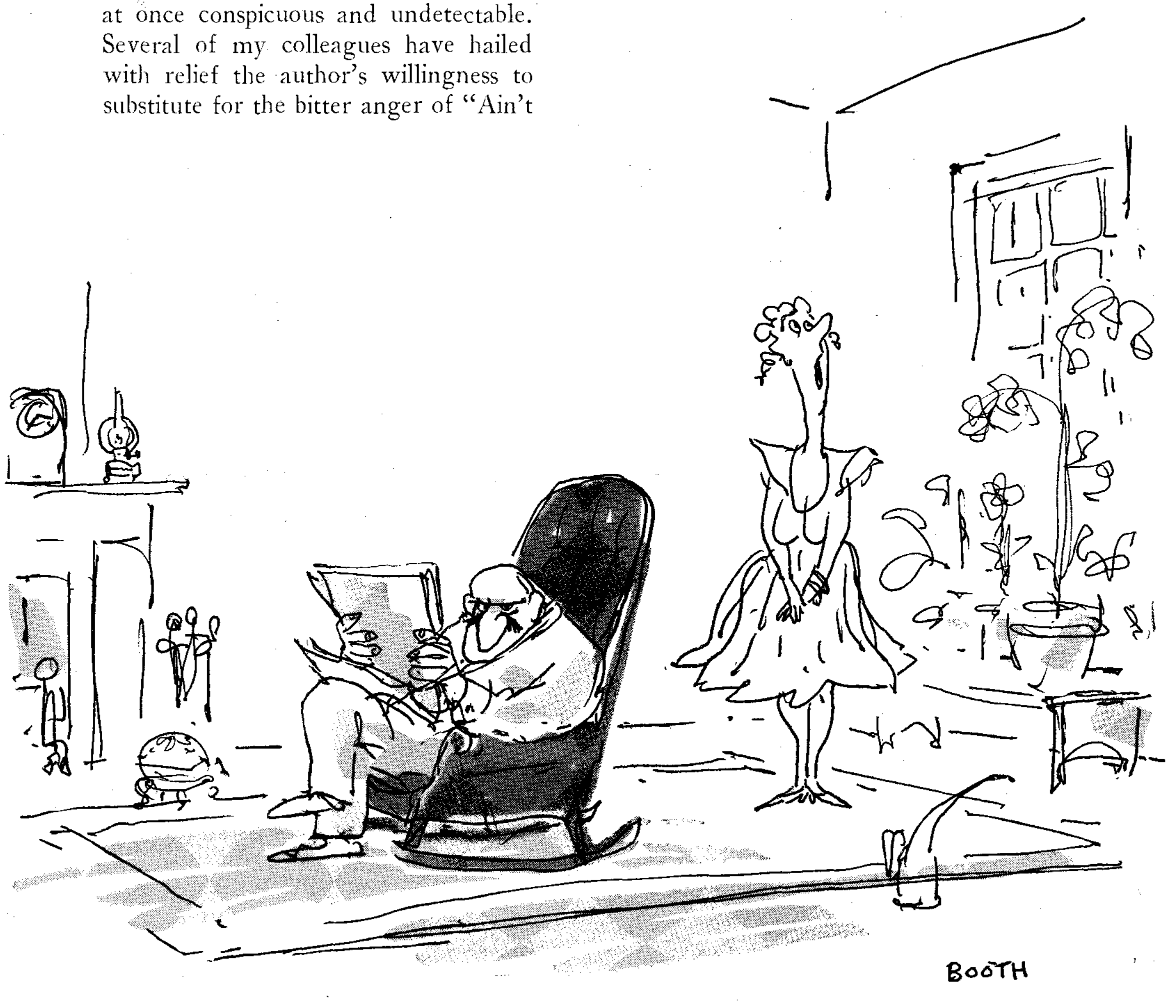
THE THEATRE

HARD JOB TAKING THOUGHT

Melvin Van Peebles has gone from the rage and heartbreak and derision of his marvellous "Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death" to the brightly colored comic-book crudities of "Don't Play Us Cheap," at the Ethel Barrymore, and for me the gulf between the two works, both of them black musicals, doesn't so much measure the extraordinary breadth of Mr. Van Peebles' vision as it does his extraordinary nerve. I suspect that his latest Broadway venture is, in fact, an earlier composition than "Ain't Supposed," and that he has put it on not merely because he believes in it and would like it to succeed but also because he wishes to test the accuracy of our response to it. A general misreading of the show will no doubt give him the sort of pleasure that springs from a practical joke so clever that it remains at once conspicuous and undetectable. Several of my colleagues have hailed with relief the author's willingness to substitute for the bitter anger of "Ain't Supposed" a sunny and hilarious hodgepodge of song and chatter, in which a number of well-fed blacks, all seemingly cut out of cardboard, have a grand, noisy time eating and drinking and swapping insults at a party in Harlem on a Saturday night. Now, it insults Mr. Van Peebles' intelligence to suppose that his anger can be turned on and off at will and that a mindless cheerfulness rushes in to fill the vacuum whenever he happens to stop thinking about the social injustice inflicted upon blacks. In the same fashion, it insults *my* intelligence to be invited to take this caricature of black life as seriously and joyously as I take "Ain't Supposed." Mr. Van Peebles has provided us with a cast of characters straight out of "Amos 'n' Andy," and if forty years ago these characters had been played by white people in blackface, white audiences would have rejoiced to catch such a glimpse of the way they wanted black people to be; but to have black actors obliged to embody black stereotypes in a 1972 minstrel show, and then to have white reviewers congratulating the author on their authenticity—! Well, Broadway is full of wonders, and being an admirer of Mr. Van Peebles I cannot resist wishing him well with his not very laudable prank.

The cast of "Don't Play Us Cheap" is numerous, hard-working, and almost as amusing when they chatter as when they sing and dance. The scenery is by Kurt Lundell and the costumes are by Bernard Johnson. Mr. Van Peebles, who wrote the book, lyrics, and music, also directed the show.

If I was disappointed by "Don't Play Us Cheap," I was infuriated by the late "Hard Job Being God," at the Edison, which had not the thinnest sliver of an infinitesimal scintilla of a thing to recommend it except its brevity. Billed as a rock musical, perhaps because under a rock would be its natural home, it had music and lyrics by a young man named Tom Martel, who also played God—a whining creature, radically unlike the God that theologians have made us familiar with. This spavined and spineless divinity never really meant to take on the job and finds it a miserable one, because he goes around helping people and nobody ever helps him. Mr. Martel has an ear so defective that he makes rhymes of "east" and "obese" and "tyrant" and "giant." False rhymes can be elegant, but I fear that Mr. Martel regards his rhymes as true. Everything about "Hard Job" was on the same crushing level of unconscious failure. The background of the work purported to be the Old Testament. Never was a classic more wantonly defoliated.



"My amaryllis is in bloom, my bougainvillea is in bloom, my geranium tree is in bloom, and, though I'm not mentioning any more names, there's someone else around here who needs to bloom a little, too."

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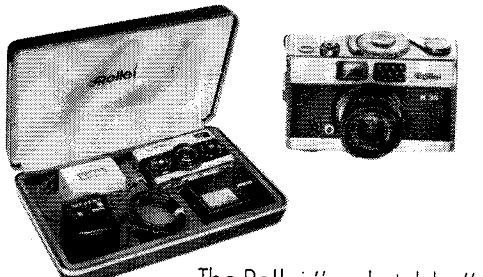

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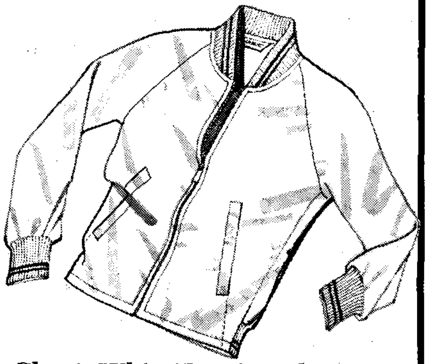

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that must have gone into the rehearsals and preview performances of "Heathen!," a musical at the Billy Rose, was surely enough to haul a hundred-car freight train from coast to coast, but the amount of intellectual energy expended on the conception of the show was too little to keep even an exceptionally small firefly aglow for more than a few seconds. The book, by Sir Robert Helpmann and Eaton Magoon, Jr. (who also wrote the music and lyrics), had to do with the arrival of the first Christian minister in Hawaii, in 1819, and the consequences observable in 1972. Historically, the show proved too shaky to sustain belief, and aesthetically it proved not shaky enough, the choreography being about as Polynesian as the plastic sets, by Jack Brown, and the dismal, many-layered costumes, by Bruce Harrow. (The Hawaiian girls inexplicably wore brown bathing suits of the sort seen along the Connecticut shore in the nineteen-twenties; even more curiously, the Hawaiian men wore halters.) In the course of the action of "Heathen!," the question was asked: "Why are you teaching my people English? No good will come of it." That was true.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Si Jeunesse Savait

JOHN FORD NOONAN'S "Older People," at the Public, is a fantasy about old age by a playwright of twenty-eight. The fantasy, which comes to us in thirteen episodes, seems to be based more on speculation than on observation or, surely, experience. Quite often, the episodes take the form of vaudeville sketches (with charming old-timey songs by Peter Link), and together they add up to a young man's dreams about the elderly, as they deal with their waning emotions and sexual powers and with the ghosts of old attachments, old impulses, and old yens, and with new fears. Some of the sketches are diverting and a few of them are plain damn silly; it is the contrast between the sad and wistful subject matter of the play and its farcical form that makes for a theatrical evening that is often annoying but seldom dull or hardhearted. Yet "Older People" doesn't convince, even on its own terms; one never feels that Mr. Noonan has unearthed a human truth or made a human discovery—but perhaps fantasy (which always makes me a little uneasy) is not meant to convince. When I saw "The Year Boston Won the Pennant," an earlier fantasy of Mr.

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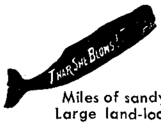
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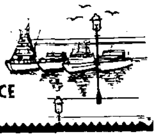

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Noonan's, I found it puzzling, but I also felt that it had a quality all its own, and that is the way I feel about this one.

The performance, under Mel Shapiro's direction, is quite good. Mr. Noonan has at least given Barnard Hughes, Bette Henritze, Stefan Schnabel, Will Hare, Madeleine Sherwood, and Polly Rowles the chance to shine both as actors and as quick-change artists. Of all of them, I most enjoyed Mr. Hughes and Miss Henritze. Ming Cho Lee has, as usual, provided a stylish setting. It must be pointed out that as things are now in the theatre "Older People" is far more conventional, in its free-form, impersonal skittishness, than the Public's glorious "That Championship Season," one floor down.

—EDITH OLIVER

◆

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*A letter received in the Boston office of Newsweek, in an envelope addressed to "Mr. Newsweek"*]

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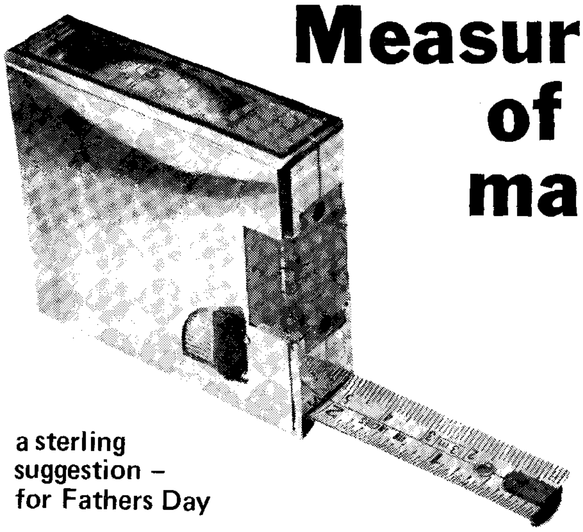

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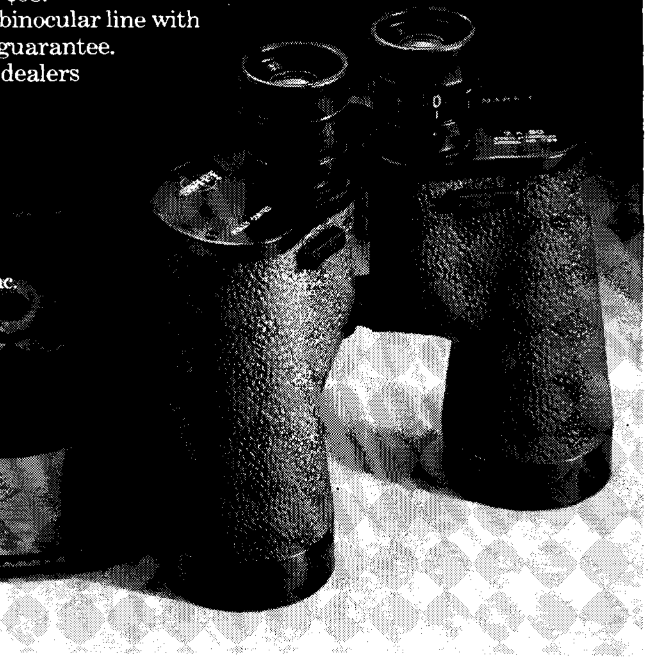

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THE RACE TRACK

Mud in Your Eye

HOW are the mighty fallen! Maybe it was the footing, or maybe it was just another of those unfathomable happenings in racing. Whatever it was, Riva Ridge, an easy winner of the Kentucky Derby a fortnight before, finished fourth in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore last Saturday, leaving classic form in ruins. A chubby, dark-bay colt named Bee Bee Bee, who had never won a major race in his life and was nearly 20–1 in the betting, splashed through the sloppy going, leading for most of the mile and three-sixteenths, to win by a length and a quarter from No Le Hace. Four and a half lengths behind them, Key to the Mint beat Riva Ridge by a neck. The failure of Riva Ridge was particularly painful not only because he had hitherto been supremely consistent but because he was the favorite, at 1–5.

Only seven ran for this, the ninety-seventh Preakness. There had been nine entries, but after heavy rain the night before Freetex was shipped to Garden State Park to await a change in the weather and the Jersey Derby on Memorial Day. Later in the morning, Upper Case, Riva Ridge's running mate, was scratched. His stable felt that he wasn't needed—that Riva Ridge was good enough to do the job alone. Upper Case will run in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park on Memorial Day. Because of the weather—and it was the worst for a Preakness in years—the runners were saddled in the little paddock under the grandstand. When they came out, Riva Ridge led the parade to the post, and he couldn't have looked better or moved with more zest and freedom. Key to the Mint was a picture, too. Bee Bee Bee was the last horse in the parade, and I doubt that many in the crowd gave him more than a casual glance. I didn't until later.

Key to the Mint was first to show in front after the start, but, going in high gear to the clubhouse turn, Bee Bee Bee, who had drawn the outside post position, swept into the lead. Presently, as they went down the backstretch, Riva Ridge moved into second place, and he and Key to the Mint were going so smoothly that I thought they could pass Bee Bee Bee whenever their riders chose. No doubt the jockeys thought so, too, and were waiting for Bee Bee Bee to tire. He didn't. They made their big try on the turn for home, but Nelson, who rode Bee Bee Bee, merely let out another wrap of his reins and drew farther away. In the last furlong, No Le Hace came up with a rush, as he did in the Derby, to be second. The time was 1:55⅗; it wasn't expected to be fast over that kind of a track, and it wasn't. First money was $135,300.

Bee Bee Bee—he's by Better Bee out of Paula, a daughter of Nizami II—is one of twenty horses William S. Farish III, who lives in Houston, bought this winter from William Miller, a former chairman of the Illinois State Racing Commission. As Bee Bee Bee was led into the winner's circle (actually, it's shaped like a horseshoe), the band struck up "Maryland, My Maryland" with extra fervor, for Bee Bee Bee was bred in the Old Line State. The last Preakness winner to have that distinction was Kauai King, in 1966. No doubt Del Carroll, who trains Bee Bee Bee, will send him out for the Belmont Stakes on June 10th.

Various explanations have been offered for Riva Ridge's performance. I can't accept the one that the footing was so much against him, for he had run on sloppy tracks before. I thought, to mince no words, that he was tiring before he turned into the stretch. Anyhow, he rates another chance. As for Key to the Mint, he's still my Belmont Stakes horse. By the way, Paul Mellon, who, as you know, owns him, won the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes the day before the Preakness with Summer Guest, a three-year-old filly worth remembering.

Pimlico has never had a bigger crowd than it had for the Preakness; there were 48,721 on hand, and they also set a new record for betting there, tossing $3,304,361 into the tote. Everyone who could took cover in the grandstand or the clubhouse. The infield was well filled, though. Indeed, the mist and drizzle, and a light rain that came and went, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the horseplayers. The management also provided the loudest and most raucous rock-and-roll band I've ever heard, and the fans seemed to love it.

JUST about this time last year, Canonero II won the Preakness in spectacular style. Remember Avila, who rode him, standing up in his stirrups as Canonero II and Eastern Fleet raced together down the backstretch? I wish I had seen Canonero II in the Carter Handicap at Belmont last Saturday. A couple of horse-watchers I know were there and they said it was a good try. It's a large order for any horse who has been away from the races as long as he has to beat seasoned runners his first time out. Yet, Canonero II did, all but one—Leematt, the winner of the Toboggan Handicap, to whom he gave five pounds. Earlier in the week, Belmont Park opened its meeting (which closes June 17th) with the Vagrancy Handicap, for fillies and mares, in which E. V. Benjamin's Chou Croute (how come "choucroute" is two words, Mr. Benjamin?) led all the way. It was her tenth victory in a row, and she's won on seven different tracks. Now she'll probably have a shot at the Metropolitan Handicap. Not many of her sex have run in it, and fewer have won it. The last was Gallorette, twenty-six years ago. It was nice to see a good colt come back to the races, as we did on opening day, when Bold Reasoning, who won the Withers Mile and the Jersey Derby last year, stepped six furlongs in 1:08⅘ for a new track record. Maybe he thought he was running in California.

WHICH reminds me that Cougar II won the Californian Stakes again at Hollywood Park last weekend. This time he mowed down five runners in the final quarter of the mile and a sixteenth in just a tick behind track-record time. His next objective is the Hollywood Gold Cup, next month. He skipped it last year, but his stablemate Ack Ack (both horses are trained by Charlie Whittingham) won it. That's one race that is always a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

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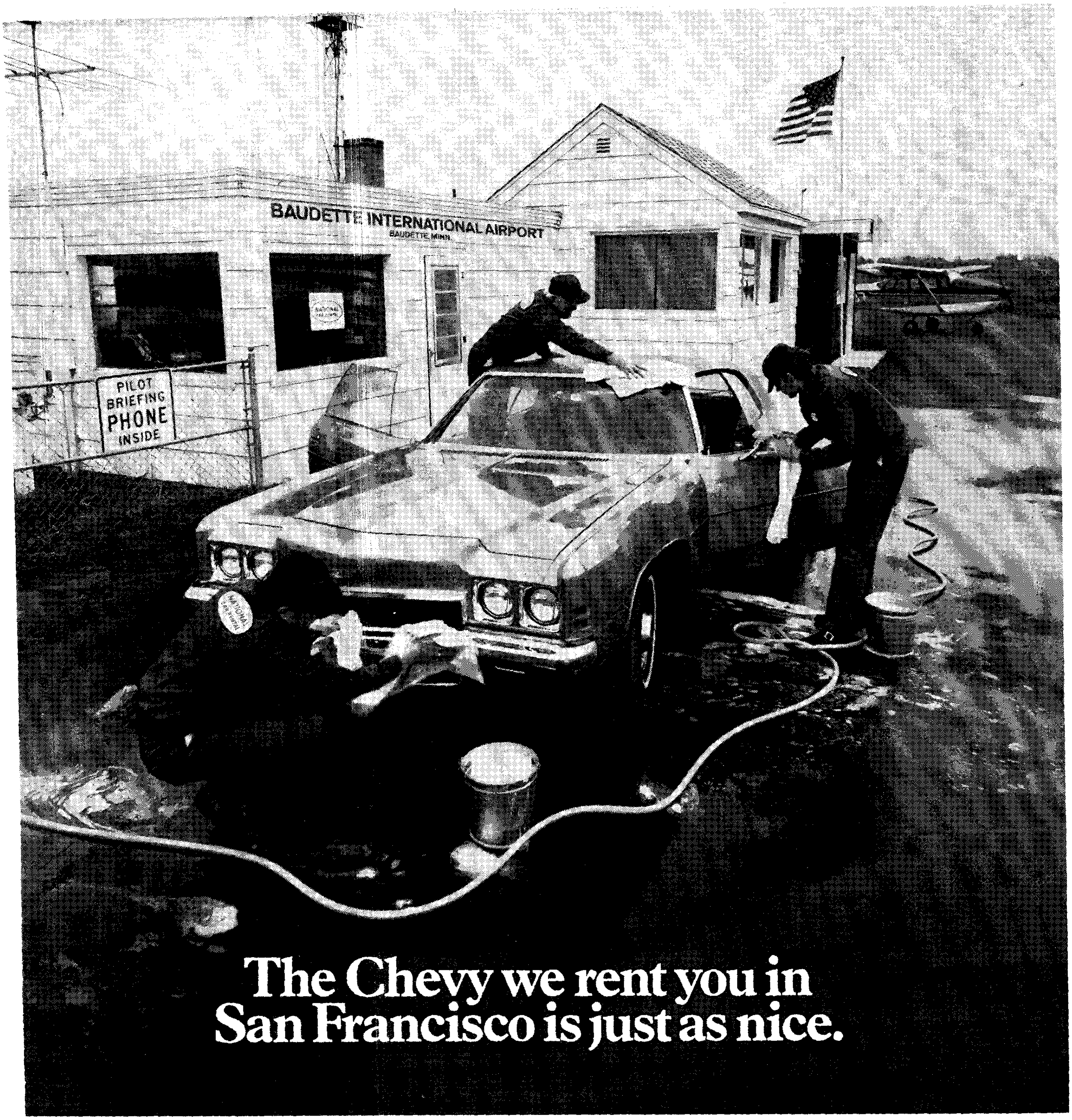
[*Newsletter of a Lexington (Mass.) church*]

The Evening Alliance Meeting will be this week—Thursday . . . at 8:00 p.m. in the Follen Room. Since copies of "I'm OK—You're OK" are unobtainable, and we have only 1 copy of "How To Get Along With Black People," we are going to discuss flowers and gardens instead. So bring your favorite gardening book and/or flower or plant and we'll discuss those for awhile and other news and also make plans for the May Luncheon.



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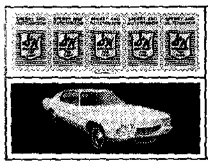

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PLACE ON THE HILL

WHILE visiting upper New England several weeks ago, toward the end of one of the most protracted winters it has recently experienced, I stopped by at Franconia College, a lively, coeducational, experimental, not yet fully accredited New Hampshire institution that has been much in the news these past few years. It opened its doors in 1963, not long after the trustees of a conventional secondary school in Franconia, the Dow Academy, had decided to close *its* doors and reconstitute it as a junior college. They eventually set up their new venture in a run-down, fin-de-siècle resort hotel perched on one of the foothills of the White Mountains, and since then Franconia College has had a seismic nine years. It acquired the reputation early on of being not only progressive but anarchic—extremely tolerant of drugs, sexual freedom, and other social practices that, in the conservative setting of a small New Hampshire village, were regarded as, to say the least, unusual. At dawn one day in the spring of 1968, the state police raided the college. They found some marijuana—not surprisingly—and in one girl's room they flushed a boy who, a raider later testified, "was naked except for his trousers." While hardly earthshaking, the incident was right up the alley of New Hampshire's lurid statewide daily, the Manchester *Union Leader*, which began to run exposés about the campus under such banner headlines as "BARE 'DEBAUCHERY' AT FRANCONIA COLLEGE." The *Union Leader* accounts fired the imaginations of some of the Franconia Village townsfolk, a number of whom call the college "the place on the hill," and at that time often called it "the sin on the hill." Franconia is a rural spot, with a year-round population of about six hundred, and the students at the college were very visible. When a townsman ran into a faculty member, the former might ask whether it was true that the students attended classes with no clothes on. They did not, although on mild days they did, and still do, forswear shoes and socks. In any event, college-community relations were frazzled. These days, the high-school kids in the area sport long hair and freaky clothing, but three years ago only the Franconia kids did. "They looked even weirder than Harvard students," recalls one observer familiar with both species. Some of the farther-out Franconia students made such pests of themselves in town that the husband of a waitress there warned them that if they didn't stop hassling his wife he'd be around with a shotgun. There were other local citizens, to be sure, who were fond of Franconia students, especially those who helped out in the public schools as teacher's aides or went around to homes for the aged to perform chores for the residents. Such philanthropic examples notwithstanding, things got to the point where there was talk of introducing a town-meeting resolution declaring the college a public nuisance. Had such a motion carried, the institution would probably have had to shut down, but the idea was dropped, partly for the practical reason that in a community economically dependent on tourism and the vagaries of weather it was nice to have a steady source of income, however bizarre.

The college itself suffered from all the commotion. Its enrollment fell, reaching a low of two hundred and sixteen. At one point, sixteen of the thirty-four faculty members quit in a spat with the trustees, and then the school declared voluntary bankruptcy. From the start, it had had administrative woes. By the summer of 1970, it had gone through three presidents in seven years, not to mention one almost-president who was appointed and then changed his mind before even serving. The third, a music teacher who was pressed reluctantly into filling the post, had some unnerving moments. He was overweight, and his students, who, in the best Franconia tradition—one of the few traditions there—were distrustful of all authority figures, flew a flag at the main entrance proclaiming the place Fat City; the chief embellishment of the institution's first and only college banner was a bulging stomach. The tide finally shifted in June, 1970, at which time the beleaguered little college achieved further and quite different notoriety after a presidential-selection committee, with several student members, chose as the fourth president Leon Botstein, probably the youngest person in the country ever to hold such a job. He was twenty-three.

FRANCONIA is a determinedly unstructured college. Its curriculum, for instance, is a blend of whatever the teachers who happen to be on hand feel like teaching and whatever the students feel like studying. Once, there was a forester on the faculty; his students devoted lots of time to making maple syrup. In the main, the faculty is young, energetic, uninhibited, and unencumbered by such customary totems of higher education as rank or tenure. The pay at Franconia is low, but there are perquisites: because the main building used to be a hotel, nearly every faculty office has a private bathroom. Total involvement in the college environment is the accepted way of life. Thus, when a professor teaching "Environmental Design I" and "Contemporary American Architecture" walks across the campus, he is likely to have some papers in one hand and a shovel in the other; when he teaches a class in "Construction," he helps his students build a log cabin. Among the faculty, radical politics is almost as popular as radical pedagogy; it seemed quite in character when one teacher, ordering dessert from a local restaurant menu, pronounced "profiteroles" "profiteer rolls." Most of the students have little use for Establishmentarian people or practices—academic or non-academic. They often design their own examinations. Grading is rare; at Franconia, a student's performance is evaluated by two judges—the teacher and the student.

Since 1967, Franconia has been a two-division college. In the fashion of most junior colleges, it offers an Associate in Arts degree after two years. Then those students who wish may reapply, and if readmitted they put in two more years working toward a B.A. Those in the upper division are expected to spend half of the second two-year stretch off campus—perhaps writing a novel, working on an Indian reservation or in an Israeli kibbutz, teaching in Ghana, or performing as a circus clown. All students in residence used to participate in a work program, helping with the maintenance of the plant, but that has been discontinued. "I'd rather have a student who's concerned about the state of our building study space utilization on the first floor than *clean* the first floor, which he probably wouldn't have the skills to do properly anyway," Botstein says. Newcomers to Franconia are issued a handbook notable for its chattiness. "You are expected to figure out for yourself how to live with everyone else in your building," it says. One of the few inelastic regulations Botstein has prescribed is a no-pets rule; in the old days, the campus was overrun with dogs, indoors and out. There are no organized varsity sports, though Franconia does play a few intercollegiate soccer and Rugby games; everybody is eligible to take part. There are no uniforms, no cheerleaders, and no cheers, unless one counts a chant that was improvised during a game last fall and achieved instant popularity: "Franconia College is our school! No dogs, no cats our only rule!" Actually, there is also a rule that prohibits the possession and the non-medical use of drugs.

Franconia further differs from most colleges in that its students are not only involved in its governance but are an integral part of it. There are two stu-

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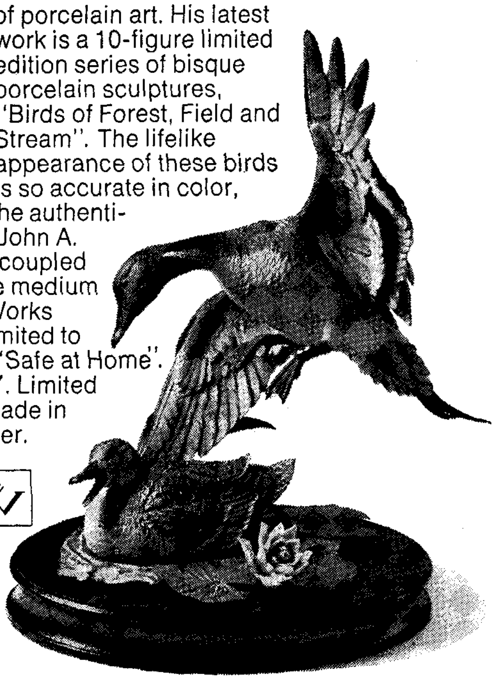

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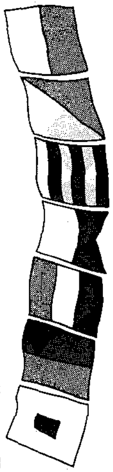

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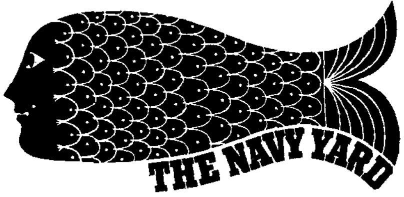

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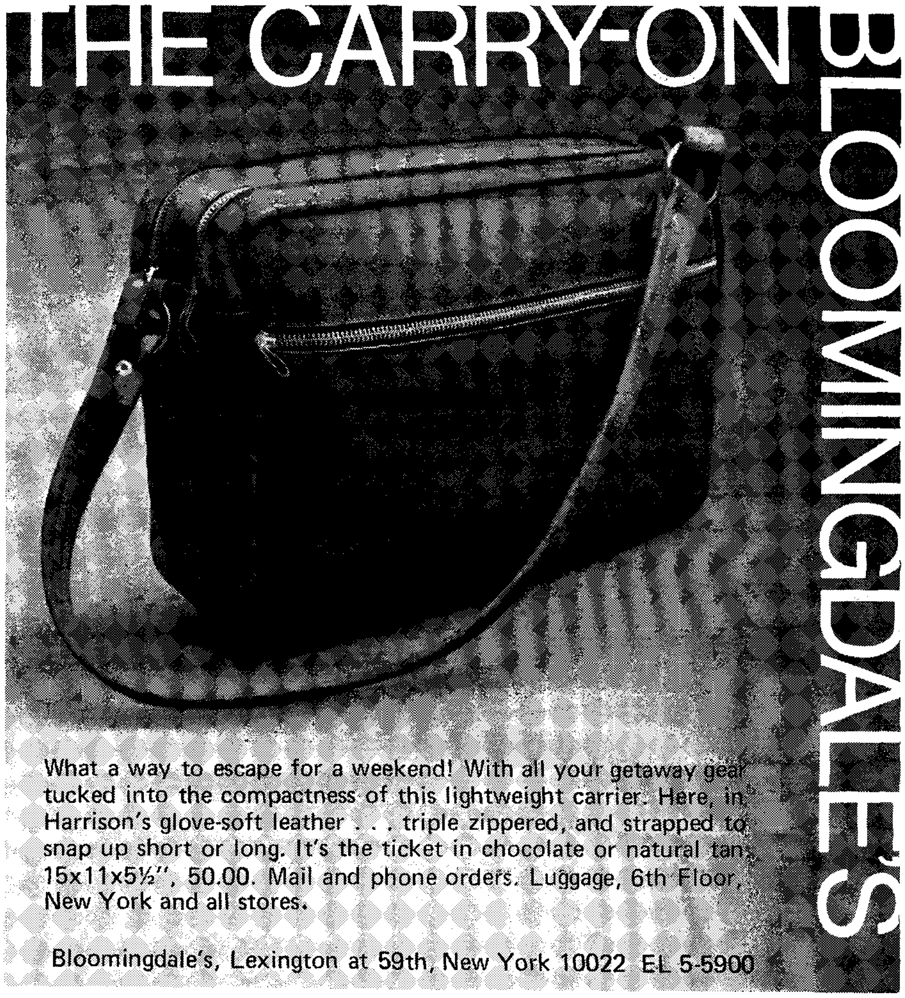
dent trustees, and equal numbers of students and faculty members on each of four principal committees—Academic Affairs, Student Affairs, Business Affairs, and Development—that run the institution. Students are welcome to speak, though they may not vote, at faculty meetings, and students run a biweekly meeting of their own, at which faculty members may speak but not vote, that frequently passes judgment on faculty resolutions. If such a judgment is negative, the faculty usually refrains from carrying out its expressed plans. Once, the student assembly voted to legalize drugs on campus, which it couldn't have done in any case, because of a state law; on another occasion, it voted to disband itself, a decision it rescinded when nobody else seemed to care. Drugs are not much of an issue at Franconia anymore. There was a time when, on the former hotel's broad front porch, where in bygone days guests puffed on cigars after six- or seven-course dinners, students could be found topping off their punier meals (which include natural foods, naturally) with pot. But now, as at other colleges, the students are turning away from narcotics and, in somewhat embarrassed emulation of earlier generations, turning instead toward alcohol.

One of the students who served on the presidential-selection committee that picked Botstein was David Schroedel, who is himself something of a landmark figure in American higher education: He became a college trustee at eighteen. Franconia is not much concerned about whether or not its applicants have finished high school; Schroedel, a native of White Plains, New York, was admitted at sixteen, even though his formal education had stopped with the ninth grade, and he quickly emerged as a campus leader. He plans to become an educator himself. The selection committee on which he sat stumbled on its ultimate choice. Botstein had come to Franconia merely to see his brother-in-law act in a college play. The future president was working, on a graduate fellowship, as an assistant to the then president of the Board of Education of New York City, Joseph Monserrat. Botstein had a formidable intellectual background. Both his parents, natives of Poland who migrated to the United States in 1949 after a long intermediate stay in Switzerland, were physicians. Currently, they are both on the staff of Montefiore Hospital, in the Bronx—his father as a radiotherapist, his mother as a pediatrician. Leon, who was born in Zurich, has a brother who is an assistant professor of biology at M.I.T. and is married to a pediatrician, and a sister who is a pediatrician and is married to a heart surgeon. Leon's brother went to Harvard and his sister to Radcliffe, but after graduating from the High School of Music and Art, in New York, Leon went to the University of Chicago, where he helped conduct the student orchestra. Moving on to Harvard himself to get an M.A. in history and to start working toward a Ph.D., he became assistant conductor of the Harvard-Radcliffe orchestra. In Massachusetts, he met Jill Lundquist, a graduate of Boston University and the daughter of a New York architect. They were married in 1970, a few weeks before they went to Franconia to see her brother perform; she was also working in New York, as an educational therapist in a nursery-school program at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. This past winter, they had their first child, a girl, who has become a universally accepted campus pet, even though she had the misfortune—in the eyes of most of the college community—to be born on President Nixon's birthday.

At Franconia, Botstein was asked by a couple of members of the selection committee if he had any thoughts about what credentials college presidential candidates should have. His response was so impressive that the committee began asking him questions about himself. (One they omitted, which had been asked of some older prospects to test their mettle, was "Would you rather have your son go to Franconia or Harvard?") The upshot was that Botstein soon became one of the leading candidates, and the committee settled on him when, on a return visit, he was invited to say a few more words about his concept of the presidency and spoke non-stop for two hours. "It was an incredible performance," Schroedel said afterward. "When he finished, we all just looked at each other and nodded." So Botstein was offered the post. He was at first hesitant about taking it; he was afraid that moving to the sticks might unduly hamper his wife's professional career. Not long after he did accept the proposal, his New York boss, Monserrat, asked him what his plans were for the fall. Botstein said he was going to be a college president. And why, Monserrat wondered, had there been no public announcement that the nation had its youngest such specimen? Botstein shrugged; he said he guessed nobody was much interested. Monserrat thought otherwise, and called a press conference. The ensuing country-wide publicity brought a flood of inquiries to the college. This was at a time when many of the experimental institutions that had started up in the sixties were feeling the pinch; some were even closing down. Franconia's enrollment, instead, jumped to three hundred and thirty-four. Today, it stands at three hundred and eighty-three.

BOTSTEIN'S youthfulness proved to be less of a handicap at Franconia than it might have been elsewhere, although every so often the now twenty-five-year-old president is accosted by a visiting parent who asks worriedly, "Is it true you're only thirty?" For one thing, nearly everyone on the campus—students, faculty, and administrators—had long been on a first-name basis with everyone else. The exception was a Mr. Chips-like professor of English, Dr. Harold Blanchard, who had come to Franconia in 1965, at the age of seventy-four, upon his retirement from Tufts, where he had taught for thirty-five years. Dr. Blanchard was a Franconia anomaly. He gave grades, he insisted on assigned seats in his classroom, and he wore academic robes at commencement. He died, at eighty, this past September, just as the school year was getting under way. On the day before his death, he told a faculty colleague that he'd never enjoyed anything so much in his life as teaching at Franconia.

Dr. Blanchard was the kind of mentor who, when one student, William Teuteberg III, evinced an interest in Thoreau, immediately whisked him to Concord for a circumambulatory guided tour of Walden Pond. Teuteberg now teaches a course covering Thoreau at Franconia. He is also Botstein's chief administrative assistant and the man in charge of alumni relations, such as they are. President Botstein doesn't much believe in gung-ho, old-grad spirit. "When I reflect on American mythology, I'm often saddened by all the emphasis placed on the long-lost youth of the middle-class middle-aged man," he told me. "An education should provide a person with optimism for the future rather than nostalgia for the past." Teuteberg has few full-fledged alumni to keep in touch with, in any event; Franconia has given out only about seventy-five B.A. de-



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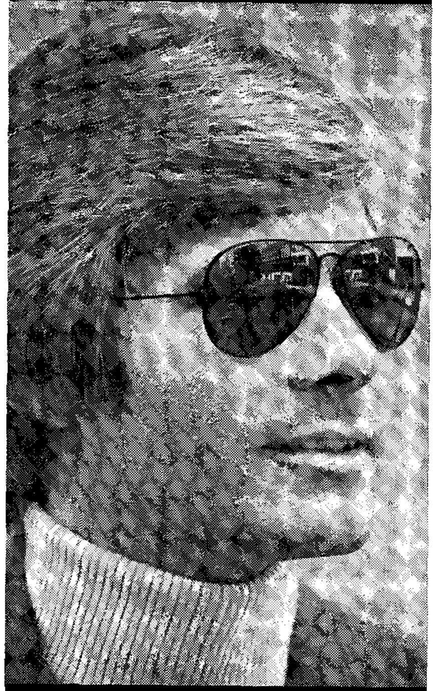

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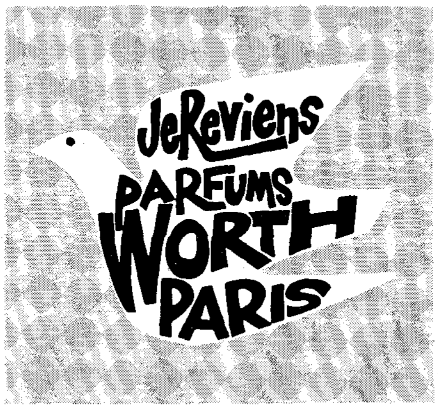

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grees altogether. Last year, Teuteberg essayed some low-key, experimental fund-raising and netted three hundred and twenty dollars—which was earmarked for resurfacing the college's single tennis court.

Teuteberg's father, an I.B.M. executive, with rather traditional views on education, now serves on the Franconia board of trustees. "It's been very rewarding to me to see him get involved," his son says. "His attitude is very impressive." Among the other trustees on the board—who have little to do, since they have elected to share all their powers with faculty and students—are Botstein's father-in-law, Oliver Lundquist; Andrew Poulsen, a Republican state senator in New Hampshire; and Martin Peretz, an assistant professor of social studies at Harvard, who had been waiting for Botstein's response to the offer of a job as a social-studies tutor at Harvard when Botstein took his leap to the academic summit. The chairman of the board is Paul W. Rahmeier, the chaplain at Dartmouth, who also serves—perhaps the only chairman in such a role—as a draft counsellor for Franconia students. Among the other trustees Botstein recruited are Dr. Harvey B. Scribner, the chancellor of New York City's public schools, and Timothy W. Costello, who was a deputy mayor of New York at the time of his appointment and is now, as president of Adelphi University, a confrere of Botstein's, though slightly junior in length of service. When Costello agreed to address the Franconia student body while in town for a board meeting last October, the posted notices of his forthcoming appearance were, not particularly to President Botstein's surprise, annotated with rude and uncomplimentary comments. Botstein himself has been the subject of only one possibly disrespectful graffito so far—a mysterious phrase pencilled on one wall of a student lounge: "Leon isn't."

To the trustees' delight, Botstein has not only managed to operate his college in the black, despite the lack of any consequential endowment, but has paid off nearly two-thirds of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar deficit he inherited. He has trimmed his administrative budget, has increased his instructional and scholarship budgets, and has obtained eight hundred thousand dollars from the federal government to finance a long-deferred building program, now clatteringly under way. (When not long ago he was invited to appear on the television program "To Tell the Truth"—"Will the real President Bot-

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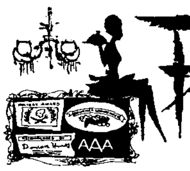

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stein please stand up?"—he was inclined to accept, surmising that he'd be paid something like a thousand dollars, which he could turn over to the college; he declined when he learned that the honorarium would be fifty dollars, or a hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-five cents if he stumped the panel.) Botstein's salary is low as college presidents' emoluments go—only seventeen thousand dollars—but is respectable enough for his age group, and he has a few fringe benefits, among them the rent-free occupancy of a presidential residence so big that the Botsteins, who have no help, have closed off the entire top floor. The President's wife has converted part of the ground floor into a nursery school, over which she presides mornings. Most of the children in it are from the village. A couple of years ago, in sharp contrast, many neighborhood tots were forbidden by their parents to go near the college; rumor had it that Halloween trick-or-treaters were getting candy laced with LSD.

The Botstein residence is only a couple of hundred yards from the main college building, a structure five stories high, which at night can be seen, and heard, from quite some distance—ablaze with light, pulsing with rock music, all in all a strange rustic *son-et-lumière* spectacle. By day, the Stars and Stripes flies firmly from its rooftop, and some of the old hands on the scene consider this illustrative of the comparative serenity of the Botstein administration; a few years back, a tug-of-war was waged for much of one semester between the school maintenance men, who would keep raising the national colors, and the students, who would as determinedly haul them down. (The students are by no means passive nowadays, however. After the mining of Haiphong Harbor, President Botstein was pleased to hear that Franconia students participating in a demonstration at the Westover Air Force Base, in Massachusetts, had considerably outnumbered Dartmouth students.) Fifty-five students sleep in the big building. Inasmuch as they also eat there, attend classes there, have faculty conferences there, and socialize there, some of them tend to develop claustrophobia, especially when cold weather sets in. Accordingly, Franconia has a long midwinter break—from mid-December to mid-February.

Many of the present students are from fairly well-to-do New York and Boston families; they more or less have to be, since Franconia is not cheap—about forty-five hundred dollars a year per capita for tuition, room and board,

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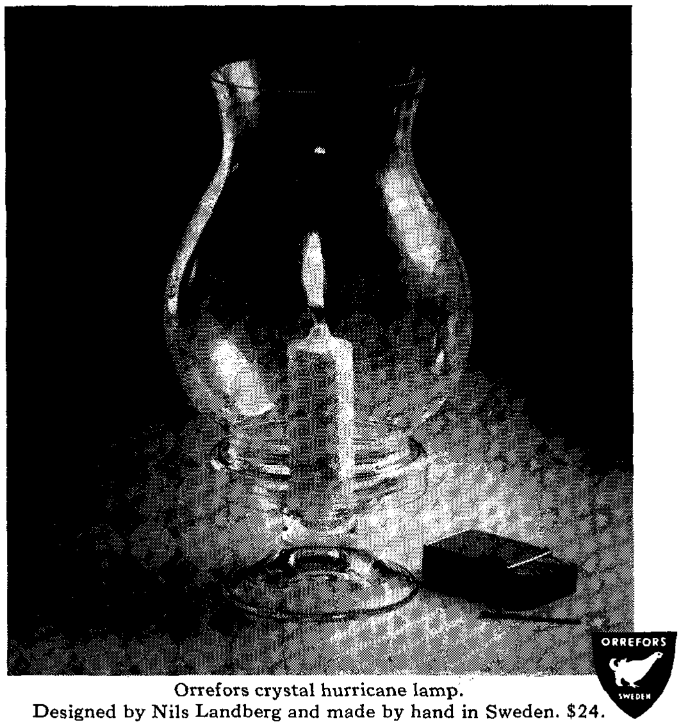

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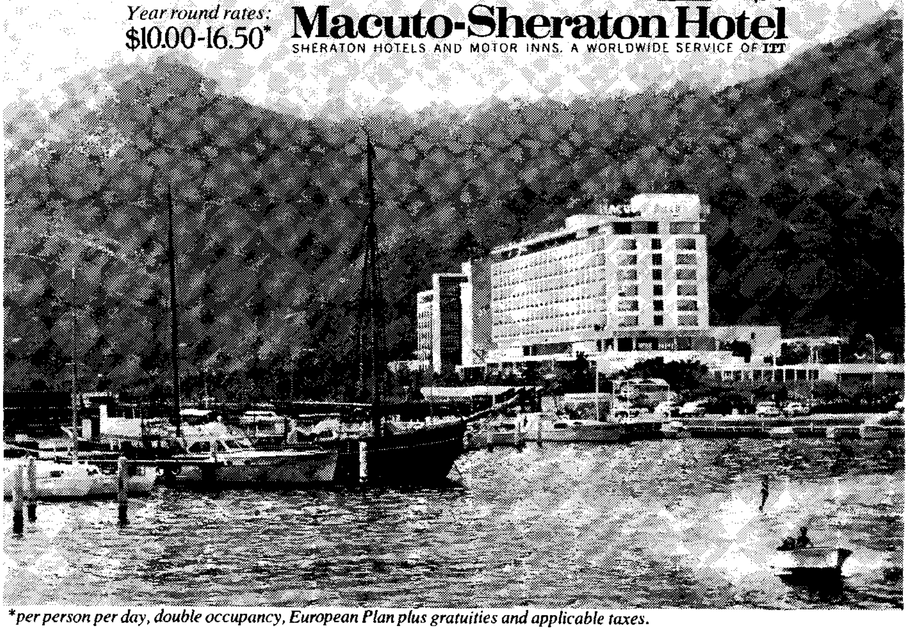

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and fees—and scholarship funds are scarce. One student I met was an exception in the matter of geographical origin—a California girl, who became interested in the place because her parents had worked there when it was a hotel, her mother as a kitchen maid, her father as a stableman. "It's so amazing that I can call the president 'Leon,' " she told me. "In high school, I never even *talked* to any administration person." There are only a handful of blacks enrolled, although one of Franconia's two directors of admissions, Lewis Redding, is black. "There are practically no blacks in this area, and for urban minority students to come to this kind of rural environment can lead to all sorts of hangups," Redding told me. "But we keep hoping to find more minority students somewhere. Indians might be the solution—at least, if they come from reservations, because then they'd be moving from one rural situation to another. Most of all, we'd like to recruit more street people, but they're hard to find, and when you do find them, of course, they probably don't have any money."

Quite a few Franconia students are transfers from more structured institutions. "Franconia seems to thrive on rejects from other places," one faculty member told me. "It offers them things they need. Kids all over the country drop out of the culture and float around—kids who move in and out of any kind of experience, whether it's dope, education, marriage, or whatever—and they float up here." One student told me that Franconia was his eighth college. "This isn't a very practical place, unless you want to end up as a designer of children's playgrounds," he said. "Still, I think I'll hang in and then go into teaching myself, and maybe also blacksmithing. I figure if I ever do teach, it'll probably be in a progressive school, and it helps there if you have some gimmick just a little bit offbeat, like blacksmithing." A girl from the Midwest told me that she liked Franconia—*loved* it—because of its smallness and casualness. "At Southern Illinois University," she said, "you go to class by television and take computerized exams. Now, I mean—really!" Another girl, who had dropped out of Arizona State, said that what appealed to her about Franconia was the demands it made on the student. "You have to do a lot of things for yourself," she said. "There are so few institutional forms to rely on. It takes a little more psychic energy to keep up here than at most places." Some of the students are young people who wandered over to visit friends and decided to enroll. There is also a scattering of visitors who have no formal connection with the college at all but find the life comfortable and refuse to move on when their welcome is up. Some of the hangers-on have literally been taken for a ride—driven by bona-fide students to Boston or some other city and dropped off, gently but firmly.

Only one member of Botstein's faculty—a woman who teaches photography—is younger than he is. He has vigorously reshuffled his instructional staff, but a few old-timers remain, among them a sculptor who gives an advanced course in which the students are encouraged "to run amok with ideas." Another veteran is an ordained Episcopal minister who teaches philosophy. Every Saturday, he presides over what he calls "The Master Course;" his students spend eight hours together philosophizing and pausing now and then to prepare a communal meal or conduct a Japanese tea ceremony. The oldest hand in point of service is another philosophy teacher, Nicholas Howe, who, when he is in the mood, offers a course called "The North Country in Fact and Fancy." Howe, who has been at the college throughout its existence, is well qualified to teach local history and geography. On the branches of his stout family tree are five of the eleven Mayflower passengers who had descendants. He lives on top of a private mountain, and it is part of the Franconia College lore that during the skiing season he routs invading snowmobiles by, according to some students, shooting them or, according to others, siccing on them a huge black Newfoundland with whom he shares his aerie. Among Howe's recent contributions to Franconia's curriculum have been a course entitled "Untitled," in which students are paired off and expected to take turns teaching each other something, and one called "Workshop in Expository Writing," Howe's description of which in the school catalogue went, "This may turn out to be the most unpopular course ever offered in the history of the college. . . . The purpose is to, like, you know man, uh, I mean, you know like, really, uh, get it together."

Howe has stayed at Franconia through thick and thin—mostly thin—because his father was a historian and he is a historian and his family back-

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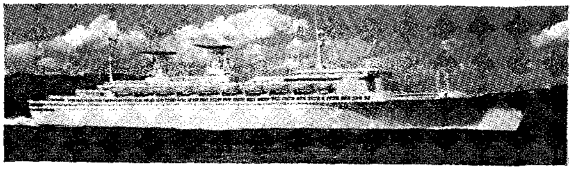

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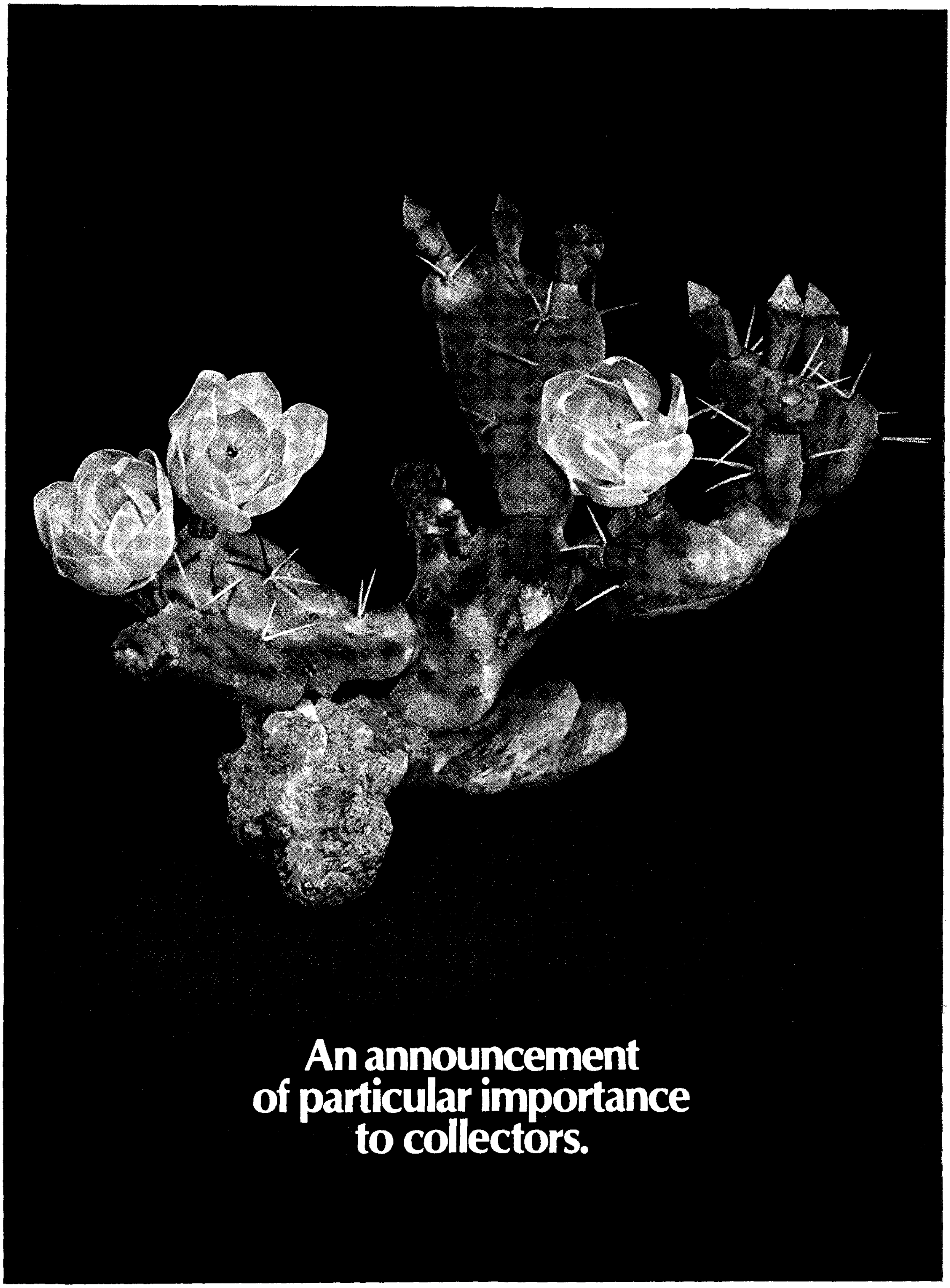
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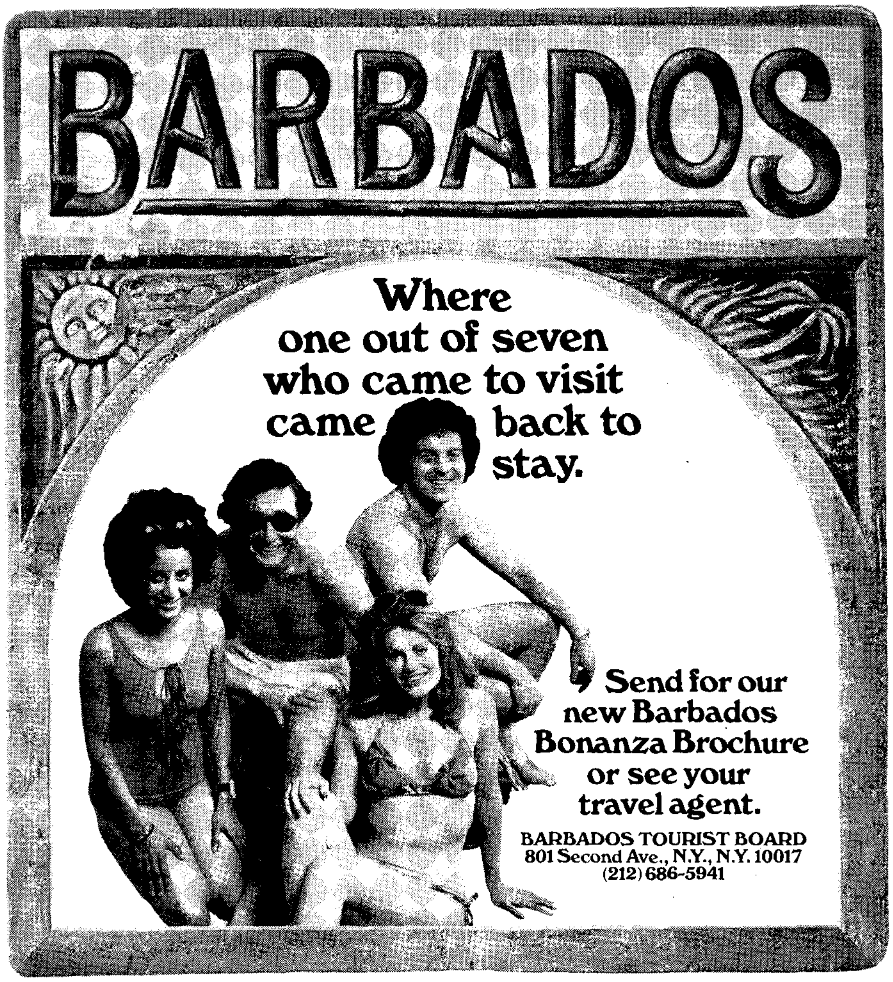
ground has convinced him that one, well, uh, *should* stick things out. "I guess that's the feeling you get after three hundred and fifty-two years in New England," he told me. "If I have ever thought about myself in terms of a career, it has been to serve at Franconia, whatever that involved, and over the years it's involved quite a lot." Howe is also a trustee of the college, and he was on the committee that selected Botstein. "The place was a shambles at the time," he says. "The outgoing administration had left an almost impenetrable mess. I voted for Leon, but I didn't truly think he'd work out. Because of his age, as far as his relations with the students were concerned he seemed to have a choice of being everybody's buddy and being impotent or of being standoffish and being scorned; with the faculty, it looked like an equally dismal choice—heavy-handedness or servility, and disaster in either case. Oh, he had a lot of traps to fall into! But he turned out not only to be able to steer a safe course between all his Scyllas and Charybdises but to be so *likable*. It's just impossible to dislike Leon. I've had some run-ins with him and have tried to hold a grudge against him, but I just can't do it. And now the locals are beginning to like him, too, although an equally important factor in our improving relations with the neighborhood is that most of the kids work hard and aren't troublesome and don't do any of the scary things that kids from other planets are supposed to do."

Among the faculty members whom Botstein has recruited is Gene Mason, a thirty-one-year-old political scientist who gives a course called "Political Trials," and who got to Franconia partly as a result of being involved in such a trial himself—or one that, at any rate, he considers political. He lost a teaching post at the University of Kentucky after being convicted of receiving stolen goods—a typewriter he planned to use in a campaign for Congress. When Mason came to Franconia for a job interview, he was scrutinized and interrogated by fifteen students before he even met anybody on the faculty. To liven up his course on political trials, not long ago he invited a judge who handles criminal cases to sit in on a class. "Anybody got a cigarette?" the judge began. "Now, be sure not to give me one of those illegal kinds." Then he plunged into a dialogue on violent revolution and non-revolutionary change. This spring, Mason introduced a course called "Revolutionary Discipline and Social Change," the plan



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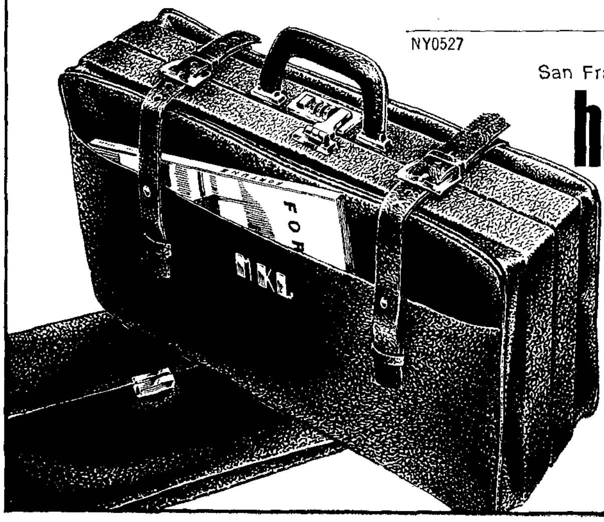

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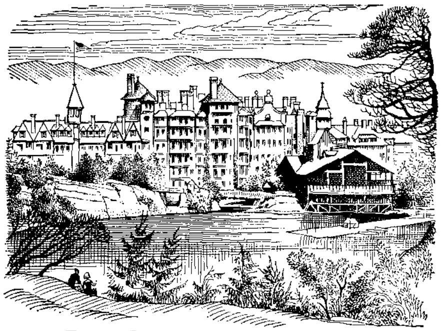

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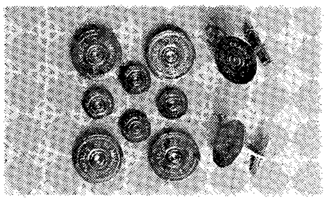

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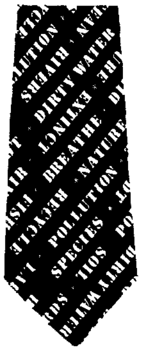

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for which included a three-mile cross-country run five times a week, two hours of karate weekly, and five hours of classroom instruction. To teach motion-picture courses, Botstein hired a twenty-eight-year-old filmmaker named Stephan Ujlaki, who had a girl friend enroll as a student. Disenchanted with all formal education after attending a Jesuit high school and Harvard, Ujlaki finds conventional academic governance so repugnant that he scheduled one of his classes in direct conflict with the regular weekly faculty meeting. He encouraged a student to shoot a film about President Botstein; the sound track consisted of a yapping dog. "I thought that was great," Ujlaki told me. "That's the sort of thing I like."

For a librarian, Botstein lured away still another man with a Harvard background, Gregory Wilson, who had worked in one of the huge university's innumerable libraries. "Harvard has eight and a half million books and Franconia has twenty thousand," Wilson told me. "There are more librarians at Harvard than there are students at Franconia, but I like it better here. At Harvard, I'd never have had a chance to teach a tutorial in children's literature." Last fall, Franconia was caught up in a library crisis. Books were being filched at an alarming rate, and this mischief was the principal subject on the agenda of one faculty meeting, held in Botstein's living room and attended by twenty-five faculty members (Ujlaki, naturally, not among them) and as many students. Wilson was depressed. "I came here from an illustrious—you could even say 'pig'—library," he told the group. "I came here believing you didn't need cops at the door to keep your books from disappearing. But now . . ." After a couple of hours of impassioned debate, a good deal of it relating to the raising of consciousnesses, the faculty finally voted to close down the library—but only if the students concurred at *their* next meeting—unless a significant number of the missing books were swiftly returned, with no questions asked. (To the faculty's delight, most of the missing books materialized, as well as some the library staff hadn't even been aware were gone.) When the meeting broke up, three hours after it had begun, Botstein said wearily to a friend, "For a moment there, I almost lost my patience. It's at times like this that I'm conscious of my youth."

BOTSTEIN carries a full teaching load himself, and last year he taught "From Early Christianity to the Ren-

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aissance," "Greek Civilization from Homer to Aristotle," "The American College and University in Historical Perspective," and—jointly with his wife—"Problems of Urban Education." "The students liked it best when Jill and I argued," he says. Whatever the formal designation of any of his courses, a class session is as likely as not to turn into a discussion of problems of Franconia education. Botstein also teaches chorus, and he has organized the Franconia Trio—piano, cello, and himself on violin. Among his more recent offerings has been "The Art of Critical Thinking." "I find more interest in Rousseau among my students than in any other writer," he told me. "It's reflected in the students' attitudes toward the community. The kids used to be snobbish, which exacerbated town-gown relationships, but now they have a Rousseauesque respect for the simple country man." When he has time, furthermore, Botstein teaches Russian. His maternal grandfather spoke it around the house, and Botstein studied it at Harvard. The students in his classes seem to have an unsnobbish, Rousseauesque respect for him, but those who see less of him are sometimes fearful that he may be too straight. One of them once accused him of being on a Machiavellian power trip. "I'm afraid Leon may try to turn this nice, lunatic place into a real *college*," another told me.

Botstein, a tall, thin, and bespectacled man with moderately long hair, starts off each day *looking* fairly straight, wearing a jacket and tie. But as the hours unfold, the tie is loosened, the jacket discarded, the shirtsleeves rolled up, and by lunchtime the shirttail almost fully liberated from his trousers; by teatime—not that this college president's wife ever serves tea—he is as rumpled as anyone else around. All day long, people drift unceremoniously in and out of his third-floor office. Since Botstein is an ex-officio member of every one of Franconia's multitudinous committees, scarcely a day goes by when he does not have to attend a meeting of one or more of them. When, at one get-together of the Development Committee, Wilson put forth a plan for enlarging the library, Botstein, half prudent administrator, half boyish visionary, exclaimed, "But where are the funds coming from? I would love—I would die—it would be my dream—I would just *flip out*—to have a hundred and fifty thousand books. But who's going to be the sugar daddy?"

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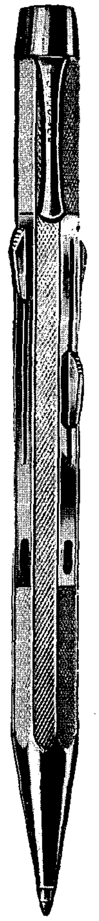

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conceivable directions—new books, new buildings, new programs on and off campus. "An experimental college must be so structured as to have a built-in potential for change," he told me a while back over dinner at a local restaurant. "I don't want any rigid traditions or conventions or status roles around here. Most higher education is so cluttered up with mediocre thinking and mediocre talk that it just clobbers the mind. Thank God we can concentrate on creativity instead of nonsense." He said he had no idea how long he would stay where he was. "I don't want to put a personal imprint on this place, and anyway nobody could keep up long with the pace and intensity of a job like this," he said. "Obviously, I have a substantial commitment to the college, but to the question 'Will I be at Franconia the rest of my life?' the answer is equally obviously 'No.' It wouldn't be good for Franconia, and it wouldn't be good for me." The President had just decided to skip dessert when he was confronted with a generous portion of blueberry pie, accompanied by a note from one of his Russian tutees, who was working his way through school by cooking in the restaurant. "Leon—can I submit this for my term paper?" the note said. Botstein sighed, ate the pie, and scrawled a response: "The pie is delicious, but the proposition is unacceptable."

The President had hoped to get in a little violin practice when he returned home, but he found three students waiting for him. They were from Mason's "Political Trials" class, which was planning a production of "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," and they wanted Botstein to take the role of the prosecutor. Botstein sighed again, and said he would do it. "I sort of had to go along with them, because what would they have done if I hadn't?" he said later. "Franconia students could never be persuaded that there's anybody around here except the chief authority figure himself who could play the part of a prosecutor with any semblance of conviction." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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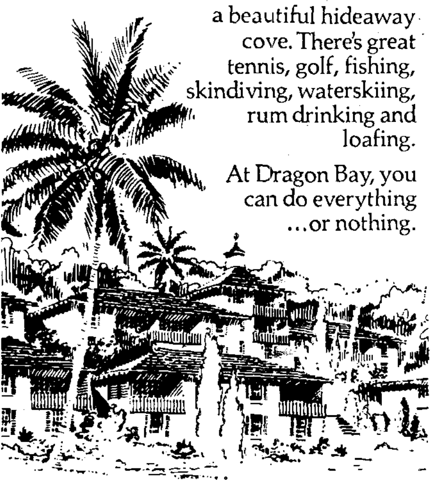

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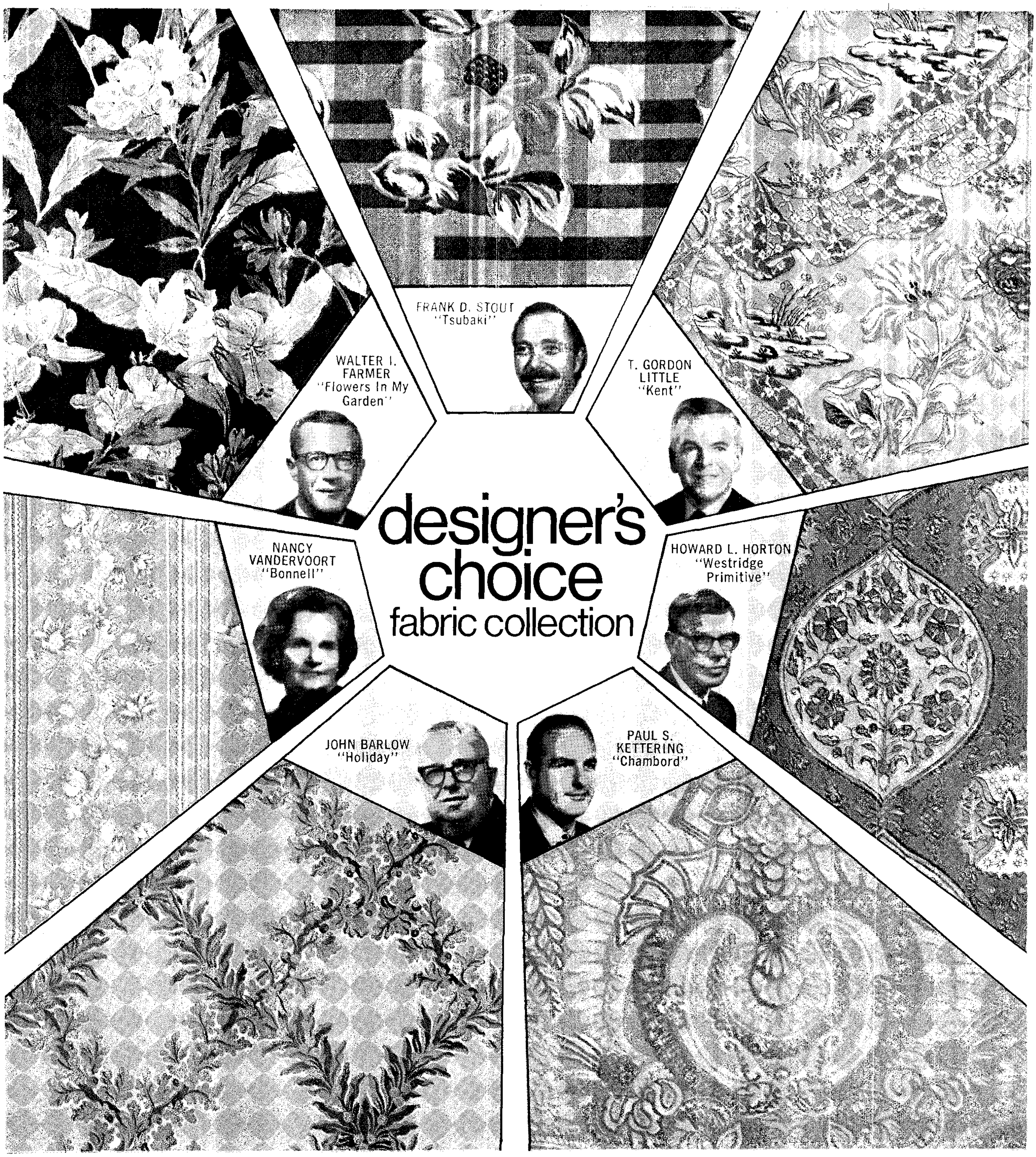
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

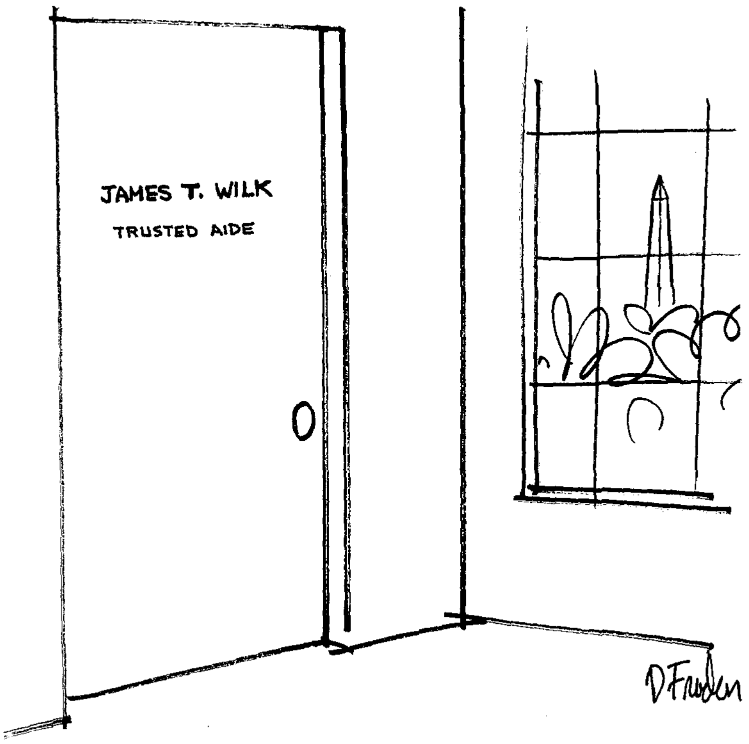
Ambushed Heroes

THE house in the wonderful new Russian "Uncle Vanya" seems one so huge that you could never find anybody you wanted in it. But the feeling transfused is not factual; it must have to do with the longing in the text, for the intimates in the film see each other all the time, and the place itself isn't grand. A matter of verandahs, uncarpeted wood floors, a stuffy billiard room, upright country chairs, a permanent roost in any of the family's rooms for the old nanny who knits and listens and watches, a door that creaks like a ship's boom in a squall and drives Vanya into one of his rare rages.

The titular head of the house is Serebryakov (Vladimir Zeldin), a scholarly minnow but dapper withal, distinguished by a high-domed forehead, a beautiful gray-green stock worn with a fine gray suit, and a habit in crisis of gesturing airily with his hand at shoulder level, as if he had just won a point, though he is a timid man, and what he is talking about never gets within miles of the dangerous subject. He once wrote learnedly about art, and became an intellectual hero before anyone tumbled to the fact that he was a humbug who hadn't had an idea of any originality or dash in his life. His daughter by his dead first wife is Sonya (Irina Kupchenko), who has the poignant face of a ballerina; she gets complimented on her hair, which she thinks of as the fate of the plain. His young second wife is called Yelena (Irina Miroschnichenko), a lazy beauty who sometimes sways gently like a garden gate. She seems only half human, and conscienceless; she has the soul of a centaur or some such, enthralled a lot of the time by tossing her pretty mane, with a slumberous spirit that powerfully draws the two half-wakened middle-aged men in her ken. Dr. Astrov (Sergei Bondarchuk) is hopelessly in love with her. He comes with his medical bag to visit her old drone of a husband and stays for hours at a time, perhaps weeks. Uncle Vanya (Innokenty Smoktunovsky), brother of her husband's first wife, would probably like to carry her off by a rope of her hair if he could muster the energy.

The director, Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, a young man who was first a musician and then a TV writer, has managed the now familiar Soviet miracle of creating an authentic czarist world, bending no meaning of the play and keeping Chekhov's spurts of farce as well as the peculiar Russian rudeness, in which familiars have eddies of terrible rows and are always being abruptly insulting: to themselves even more than to anyone else. In love or not, sober or not, the characters address themselves and one another with blistering candor. There is an old boy named Telegin (Nikolai Pastukhov), a washed-up landowner, whom everyone calls Waffles: "Because of my pockmarked face," he says, pointing to it in a mood of stoic umbrage about himself. Yelena, that crucial, difficult character whom non-Russians often wrongly solve by making her seem a flibbertigibbet, knows perfectly well about herself that she is no more than the fancy of other people, a whim, a creature of episode. Astrov, playing billiards, rails at himself for being vulgar and brazen. Wakened by trembling in the middle of the night—perhaps because of doctor's fatigue, or perhaps because the weight of things not done always presses hardest at four in the morning—he is aware of the contagion of idleness in the family house, but he is absolutely incapable of doing anything about it, such as marrying Sonya, who adores him. A hundred years from now, who will have a good word for them all? The question keeps knocking in his head. God will, Nanny reminds him, knitting. A thought not to be dismissed, a thought of some comfort. And meanwhile there is forestry, which is his hobby, and everything else that remains to be done.

We are in the true world of Chekhov. It is the world of hobbies and abandoned ideals and unfulfilled projects that must be looked into again someday or other, littering people's lives like trunks of old summer clothes put away in a cooling autumn, when the days are getting shorter and the thunderstorms crack like pennants. Tell me to begin a new life, tell me how to begin it, what to begin with. How many years to be got through? On the other hand, how many years left? There is a family barometer that people tap when they are stalemated for any action of more meaning. The old house contains everything and nothing. It has in it everyone the characters are fond of but no pursuit that engrosses, except the golden belief in a better future centuries later that lights up Chekhov characters from the inside. The business is to get rid of regret. That's the thing. Sonya makes Uncle Vanya cry out once, because she reminds him of his dead sister. Astrov has tired of the people who sold him hope and eyewash in the past. Educated people exhaust him now. He has a self-damning talent for detecting easy cynics. The idea is to pick them out but to stay gentle, maybe. Any argument for keeping the status quo. He drinks hard because drinking is very like living if you are in this state of extremity. So does Uncle Vanya. Is everyone else's existence so difficult and at the same time so ludicrous? An old question of the great Russian authors, that. Uncle Vanya's station in the house is the station of the clownish family failure whom everyone has to put up with. He sleeps fitfully, like the others. Serebryakov has a dream that his left leg has gone. No one in this play can move easily. In which direction to exert yourself? That's the trouble.



It isn't true, of course, that Chekhov's works are

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plotless. It might be more true to say that they are accounts of people who *feel their lives to have no plot*, which is quite another thing. The characters are most strongly aware that other possibilities exist. Their private sense of cause and effect is one of the things that make them so potent to politically minded people with training in the course of public change. Astrov suddenly sees that Yelena is about to be the origin of devastation, and he speaks out in time. Vanya—whose presence, like his cigarette-smoking mother's, has a queer weight to it for all his apparent weakness, so that other people immediately stop speaking whenever either of them starts to talk—can see himself perishing of this provincial life like a flame in a jar without oxygen.

In a Chekhov play, vulgarity lies in the incapacity to have no second thoughts. It is the root, for instance, of the vulgarity in Natasha that Andrey, her husband, blurts things about in “The Three Sisters.” In the most revolutionary way, Chekhov is writing about aristocratism and about the related singularity that is native to the creative people who obsess him. The highbred, dreaming enthusiasm of his characters surges back quickly after rain. A pickled cucumber, a party, a strummed song. What a capital idea. . . . This is not a passive world but a world of repose and a yearning for something unknowably, mortally different. The agitations that spasmodically stir the air are sometimes farcically funny, like Vanya's bungled suicide and then his failed murder of the brother-in-law who has quietly sold him short for too many years. Those botched acts of violence recall the comic death in “Platonov,” which Chekhov wrote when he was twenty-one. Other Chekhovian events may sometimes seem minuscule on the surface, but they are always in the main drift, and about things of consequence and nobility. We are in the universe of could-have-been. Vanya once cries out from his soul that he could have been Schopenhauer, could have been Dostoevski. And so he could, we feel, if he had been given the support of any company of thought that had excited him to revolt earlier. Instead, he cruelly sees himself as nothing more than a man of enlightened views that have never actually enlightened anyone. So as it is—well, so what's to be done? It's strange, but the hands are spread out not exactly in resignation. Vanya has a wild attack of attempted *esprit d'escalier* on what he hopes to be the staircase of his life as he charges up to another room to try to kill him-

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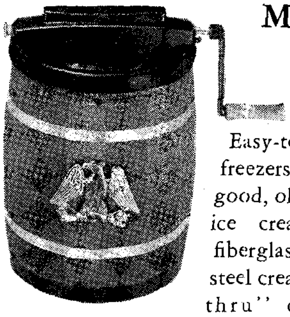

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self and the dandyish brother-in-law whose intellectual reputation has always hoodwinked and humiliated him. "You will remember me!" he yells. And so we do.

Like all the best Russian productions of Chekhov, this is the story of a group of geniuses who undercut their very lives by thinking themselves cranks. Uncle Vanya (the Russian word for "uncle" has a startling feminine ending that seems to have to do with a particularly Russian affection for relatives) is played by the Smoktunovsky famous in this country as the Russian Hamlet. In this film he wears a weak man's beard, reddish floppy hair, and an expression of tragedy that is all the more tragic for knowing full well that it is farcical. Yet he has a restful dignity that gives him a stature often lacking in a non-Russian Vanya, and his outbursts have the leap not of tantrums but of race horses smelling fire. Anyone in hearing runs to help, recognizing emergency, or leaves as fast as possible for another room. His intelligent, pamphlet-reading old mother—the house is littered with yellowing pamphlets and posters—goes bolting after him when he has yelled his "You will remember me!" The Astrov of the film is fully up to this great actor's weight. Bondarchuk, who plays him, directed the enormous "War and Peace" and acted in successive episodes as the slowly aging Pierre. His face here is white and lined, haunted by broken promises to himself; it looks like bedclothes slept in by someone who has had a very bad night.

Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky also wrote the script. (The subtitles were written in Russia by a professor of English, and they are a lesson in what can be done; they match the Russian in their concreteness and beautiful oddness.) This is the director's first feature to be released here, and only his second anywhere. He has made the long shots in his film look almost like interiors in Dutch paintings. There are receding views through the open doors of room after room, with sources of piebald light striking polished furniture from windows that are always believable even when they can't be seen. He switches here and there from color to a black-and-white printed on color stock, which gives the sepia look of old photographs. The black-and-white is used for the characters' most private moments, when they are reflecting on possibility. The move from one technique to the other has nothing to do with the banalities of its use in other films for flashbacks or sub-Freudian explanations. Like the rest of the picture, it is based

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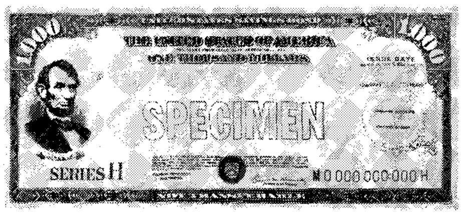

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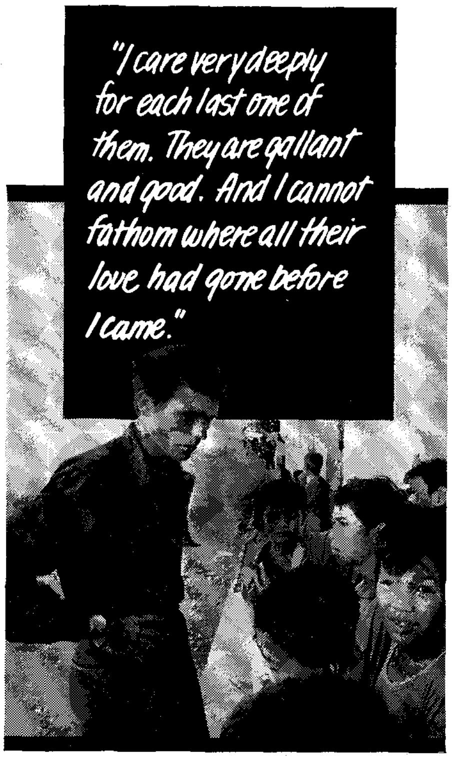

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in behavior, and it transmits a very Chekhovian devotion to vagrancies of temperament.

Every now and again in the film, Astrov will look at an old photograph of an unidentified starving child. Sometimes he will pin it up on a door. The picture's filmic additions to the play are full of the drumbeat of a better general life ahead that must be found, and they seem not Soviet propagandist but altogether Chekhovian. One must do other things, say the plays; one must imagine. "I suppose in Africa it's roasting-hot now," says Astrov, almost to himself, looking at a map of Africa and thinking of the winter ahead here. He says it entirely without desperation, in much the spirit of his kiss of Yelena in their last minute alone together—"quite casually, to pass the time," Chekhov wrote in a letter from Yalta to his future wife, the actress Olga Knipper, remonstrating about the rehearsals of a production of the play that sounded to him as if it were going to have altogether too much ardor in the fourth act. Astrov here is in the middle of one of those spun-out farewells that are so characteristic of Chekhov's plays. His characters must be the least capable in all literature of Parthian shots. Eventually, Astrov unhinges himself from the enraging, indispensable old house; Sonya speaks her amazing paean of welcome to a future far ahead; and the camera swings out-of-doors for the first time in the picture, apart from one brief shot of a road powdery with dust, to sweep over the giant landscape of Russia. It is as vast as Africa, and right outside the characters' own homes. The director of this "Uncle Vanya" is a young master at showing us people who believe that they never succeed in saying what they mean but whose struggle to do it actually defines the meaning of their beings with the most delicate exactness. Each small spin of mood in the film seems right, and every physical detail as attentively contemplated as the fact that since the old nanny stuck in her corner never stops knitting, the well-heeled and fond inhabitants of the house will wear bits and pieces of hand-knitteds all the time.

"I Love You, I Kill You" is the very interesting, terrifically theoretical work of a young German called Uwe Brandner. This is his first feature film. He used to be a writer. Words now have left him. The picture has hardly any dialogue, no characterization, no particulars, and it is deliberately edited so as to have the heavy regularity of food being chopped by a professional chef. That the omissions are on purpose doesn't make one regret the loss any the less.

We are in a little Hansel-and-Gretel town where cowbells occasionally tinkle. An atmosphere of important and ghastly topics lurks, like a malign child about to spring out from behind a door in the hope of interesting itself by provoking some nice adult calamity. The dear wee village turns out to be a microcosm of Fascism, sadomasochism, conformism, chauvinism, and role-switching between huntsman and prey. Society has been absolutely regularized and made obeisant to Government. There is no crime. Two bored policemen, sorely short of work, deal with the slightest sign of lawbreaking—being a down-and-out, say—by popping pills into the mouths of the lawbreakers. Rebellion has been drained of all possible danger to the State, just as the sex scenes are drained of all pleasure: the essence of them lies in a chilly sequence of a girl in a slip and leather boots undoing her own boot zips while a lover looks inescapably dulled. Drugs are used to murder discontent, and children at school intone the right answers to ritual questions with the monotony of a washing machine. In this new land of manifold indifferences, it is not surprising that the central love affair between two men should pass through the film without weight or feeling. One of the men is a teacher who turns poacher; the other is a hunter, a blond beauty with nasty-looking black leather gloves that go only up to his knuckles. The poacher becomes the hunter's prey and victim. But all the passions we see are made not to count a whit. Brandner set out to make a film reflecting a place where rules doing violence to the spirit are obeyed as readily as rules about not running in the school corridor by goody-goody children ambitious to win deportment prizes. The only enemy in his film is the existence of wild dogs and wolves in the forest, and to deal with them you need Government sanction. Love can either be paid for as easily as a newspaper or else converts into hatred for generalized aesthetic reasons. Change is beyond us; conformity with authoritarian institutions is a subject for idle welcome; the unreasonable can be made to wear a look of total reason, says the film. The picture has a particular freezing brilliance, but I hope the director gets his voice back with the next. It was a worthwhile step for the species to learn to speak.

—Penelope Gilliatt

Khajuraho-Oct.30

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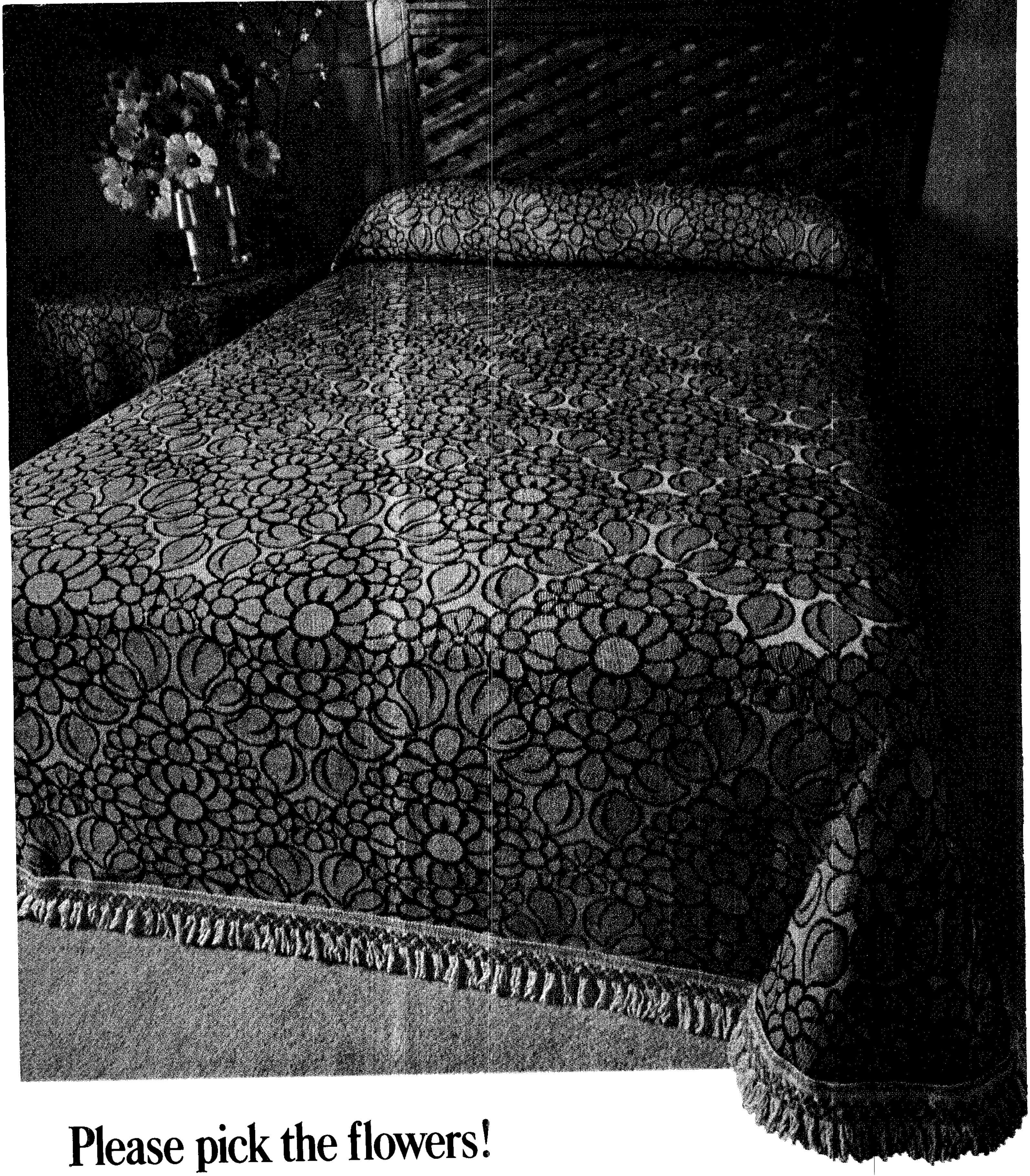

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BOOKS

Fabre

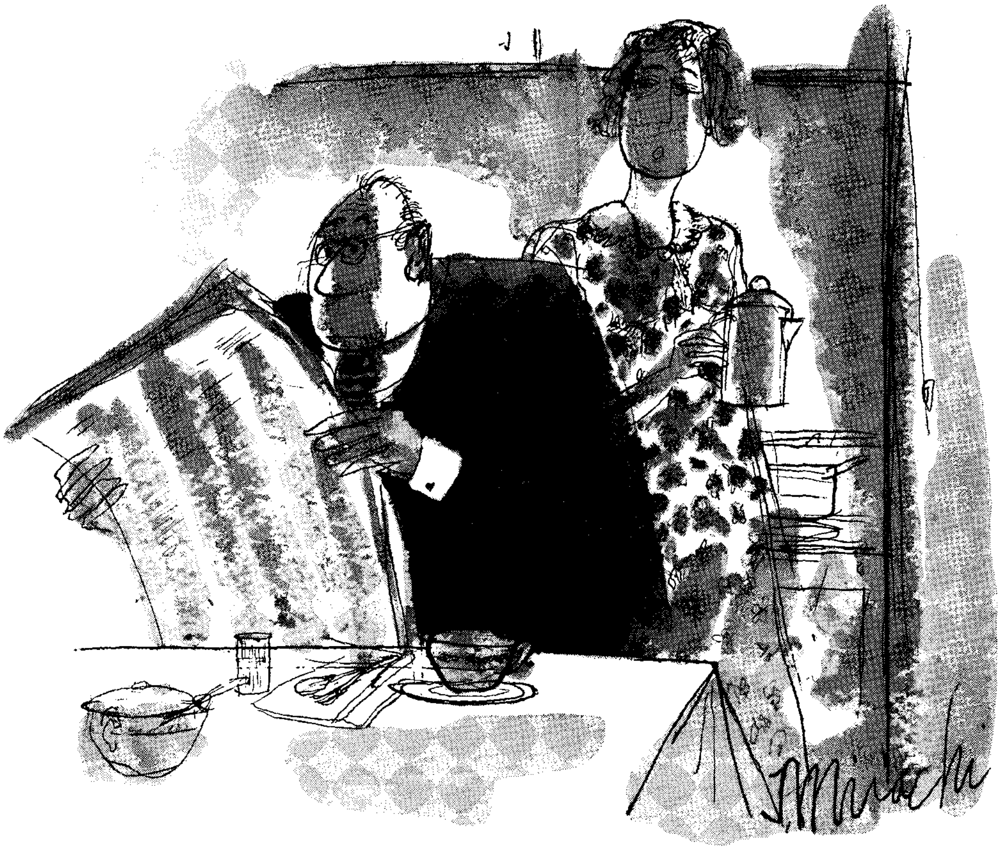
WHEN Shakespeare painted the settings of his plays in words, he described a world his audience couldn't see. Sometimes, he did more; he described a world it couldn't know. The naturalist does something similar for us. Nature is everywhere; we stare at it blindly. The naturalist opens our eyes. Sometimes, even with our eyes wide open we cannot see, because we do not know. He opens our minds, too. Unlike the physicist or the chemist, the naturalist is committed to words; mathematics, and the disciplines that depend on it, may be important to his understanding of the world but not to his sharing of it. He must be an accurate observer who can describe what he observes precisely. But that is not enough. He must also be a good writer. Good writing never lies, but it doesn't consist only in telling the truth. The naturalist distinguishes science from literature while making their connection plain, the way someone might comb a part in his hair; the division only makes the unity more apparent.

In the long tradition of nature writing—one that includes Linnaeus, Gilbert White, and Thoreau—a Frenchman who died in 1915 stands in a special position. Jean Henri Fabre, called by Darwin "the incomparable observer" and by Victor Hugo "the Homer of the insects," was born in 1823 in Provence, and, except for a sojourn in Paris to take his doctorate and a brief stint of teaching in Corsica, spent the ninety-two years of his life in southern France. Though Fabre's geographical range was narrow, the comparison to Homer is not inept; Fabre managed to make the seemingly mechanical world of the insect heroic. His life and work may be sampled in the recently reprinted "The Life of the Spider," by Fabre himself (translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos), and "Fabre, Poet of Science," a biography by G. V. Legros (translated by Bernard Miall), both published by Horizon Press.

Fabre came from a family of small farmers. Sent by his destitute parents to his grandparents at the age of six, so that he could survive, "he made for the flowers and insects as the Pieris makes for the cabbage and the Vanessa makes for the nettle . . . in ecstasy before the splendors of the wing-cases of a gardener-beetle, or the wings of a butterfly." At seven, trying to discover how light entered the human body, he closed his eyes and opened his mouth. Disappointed, he reversed the process. Fabre's endless curiosity about the world around him, his obsession with nature, had no precedent in his family; he seems to have been born with a predisposition for the natural world.

The experiment with light preceded experiments using a more or less similar method. Nothing was taken for granted; starting from scratch, and without recourse to the work of others, he depended as far as possible on empirical observation. In the intensity and single-mindedness of his labors, he became a local curiosity; riveted to one spot for hours, he watched some insect mate or moult or multiply. Eventually, he moved from the fields into controlled research. Though some of his experiments were to become famous, his first, "impossible laboratory" consisted of jam jars. A self-taught scholar, convinced that "one knows thoroughly only what one learns oneself," he was charmed by Vergil's descriptions of animals while he was studying Latin, and he taught himself Greek by comparing Greek texts with their Latin equivalents. He was to learn—and to teach—physics, the natural sciences, and mathematics. When he became a professor at the *lycée* in Avignon, he divided his spare time scrupulously between what he cared for (natural science) and what he was still ignorant of (higher mathematics). Natural science finally absorbed him completely. He brought to it a knowledge and love of languages, a thorough grounding in mathematics, and a prejudice against formal classification. The notion that nature existed only to be structured was repellent. He wanted to write about it with the knowledge of the specialist but in words anyone could understand.

In 1855, when he was thirty-two, he published his study on the Great Cerceris, a giant wasp—the first of his papers to get wide attention—and two years later came his memoir on beetles: the Sitaris and the Meloë, and their relation to wild bees. He was fascinated by the investigation of live forms ("a little animal proteid capable of pleas-



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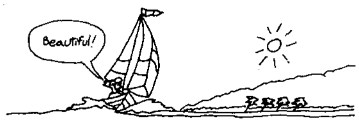

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ure and pain surpasses in interest the whole immense creation of dead matter"). In 1865, Pasteur, commissioned to find the cause of an epidemic that was threatening to destroy France's silk industry, consulted Fabre. Pasteur knew little about the silkworm and had never seen a cocoon. The relationship between the two men was touchy, and made touchier by Pasteur's request to see Fabre's wine cellar, which consisted of a demijohn of a local vintage. Pasteur may have been a snob, but Fabre was not an easy man himself. Outside a small, close circle that idolized him, he was uncomfortable. ("Good society I avoid as much as possible; I prefer my own company.") Anti-social, shy, a born solitary, he was gentle but had a violent temper. Like many dedicated people, he loathed interference, quickly took offense, and despised the trivial. His definition of it included opera and the theatre. He could be heavy: dinners were eaten in imposed silence.

Fabre was eventually awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and presented to Napoleon III, but his growing recognition did little for his pocketbook. He pieced out a living for his family (eight children, by two marriages) by teaching and tutoring and acting as custodian, at the Requien Museum, of a vast collection of flowers, herbs, weeds, and rocks, many of which he had gathered himself. At the *lycée*, the envy of his colleagues (according to Legros) soon found its occasion. One of the issues of the day was secondary education for women, and Fabre was invited to deliver a series of public lectures attended by both sexes. The lectures were popular, but the prejudiced devout and the narrowly pedantic were outraged, and Fabre's spinster landladies, joining forces with the local bigots, gave him a month to get out. He resigned his professorship, and it was only by borrowing from his friend and neighbor John Stuart Mill, who had retired to Avignon in despair at the death of his wife, that Fabre managed to survive. (How long Fabre lived in Avignon is a puzzle. On pages 61 and 91 of Legros' biography, it was twenty years; on page 80, it was twenty-eight. Legros, a friend of Fabre, has the virtue of intimacy but the disadvantage of hero worship, and he is inclined to rhapsodize when a clear fact or date is needed.)

Fabre moved to Orange, where he began to write textbooks for young people—"The Sky," "Earth," "The Plant," and so on—that were cherished by a generation of Frenchmen.

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With what money he made, he realized a lifelong dream; he bought an isolated house in Sérignan. As he attained the age of fifty-four, his career was just beginning its most fruitful period. In the remaining thirty-eight years, he did the major work that resulted in the publication of what stands as his monument—the ten-volume "Souvenirs Entomologiques," of which "The Life of the Spider" is one.

The large garden of the house was composed of thistles, couch grass, and other weeds. To its owner it was

> Eden . . . this accursed ground which no one would have as a gift is an earthly paradise for the bees and wasps. Never in my insect-hunting memories have I seen so large a population at a single spot. Here come hunters of every kind of game: builders of clay, weavers of cotton goods, plasterers mixing mortar, carpenters boring wood, miners digging underground galleries, workers in goldbeaters' skin, and many more.

Fabre lived in seclusion, and he made elaborate detours of several miles to avoid passing through Sérignan. With a patience that would have exhausted almost anyone else, he continued to reveal a hidden world with a transparent clarity of vision and style. Here is Fabre on the bluebottle fly, the mature form of the maggot, as it emerges from the sand:

> She disjoints her head into two movable halves, which, each distended with its great red eye, by turns separate and unite. In the intervening space a large glassy hernia rises and disappears, disappears and rises. When the two halves move asunder, with one eye forced back to the right and the other to the left, it is as though the insect were splitting its brain-pan in order to expel the contents. Then the hernia rises, blunt at the end and swollen into a great knob. Next, the forehead closes and the hernia retreats, leaving visible only a kind of shapeless muzzle. In short, a frontal pouch, with deep pulsations momentarily renewed, becomes the instrument of deliverance, the pestle wherewith the newly-hatched Dipteron bruises the sand and causes it to crumble. Gradually, the legs push the rubbish back and the insect advances so much towards the surface.

The cicada, whose metamorphosis is slow, exits from the soil after years of darkness; its larva

> resembles a sewer-man; its eyes are white, nebulous, squinting, blind. . . . It clings to some twig, it splits down the back, rejects its discarded skin, drier than horny parchment, and becomes the Cigale, which is at first of a pale grass-green hue.

Fabre can use an image that brings to mind the English poets of the nineteenth century. His cricket is "the brown violinist of the clods." He can

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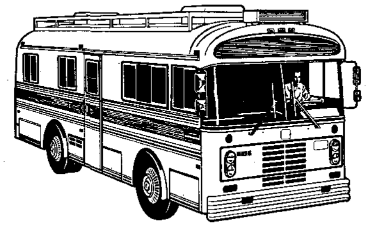

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be lucid as well. A spider, the banded Epeira,

> turning her back on the game ... works all her spinnerets, pierced like the rose of a watering pot, at one and the same time. The silky spray is gathered by the hind legs, which are longer than the others and open into a wide arc to allow the stream to spread. Thanks to this artifice, the Epeira ... obtains not a thread, but an iridescent sheet, a sort of clouded fan wherein the component threads are kept almost separate. The two hind legs fling this shroud gradually, by rapid alternate armfuls, while, at the same time, they turn the prey over and over, swathing it completely. The ancient *retiarius*, when pitted against a powerful wild beast, appeared in the arena with a rope-net folded over his left shoulder. The animal made its spring. The man, with a sudden movement of his right arm, cast the net after the manner of the fishermen; he covered the beast and tangled it in the meshes.... The Epeira acts in like fashion, with this advantage, that she is able to renew her armful of fetters.

One phenomenon had always puzzled insect observers. When insects like the Cerceris wasp dragged their prey to underground burrows to feed their larva, the prey seemed dead, yet there was no outward sign of decay for month after month. It was assumed that an embalming process had taken place. Fabre discovered that the prey was alive, not embalmed, and had been anesthetized by the venom of the predator: though the adult of the species lived on nectar, the newly hatched larva required live food. It turned out that the venom is injected only into the ganglia that control movement. With the skill of a surgeon, each predator stabs its prey in exactly the same place, and knows by instinct the nervous system of its victim as if it had been imprinted at birth. (No one has yet explored the psychological implications of this discovery.) If one stab is sufficient, it is always administered in the crucial nerve; no random stabs occur. And if the nervous system is complex, the predator uses its hypodermic needle the appropriate number of times in the appropriate number of places. A certain caterpillar, for instance, has nine nerve centers, one for each of its nine segments. Nine injections are necessary to immobilize it, and nine are administered. The venom can also be used to kill, depending on where it enters the body of its victim. Moreover, in the case of parasites, the interloper's egg is laid in the least sensitive spot each time, so when the larva begins to eat "the first mouthfuls are only feebly resented."

It was Fabre, too, who first saw how the newly hatched Narbonne Lycosa spiders disperse. Impelled by an

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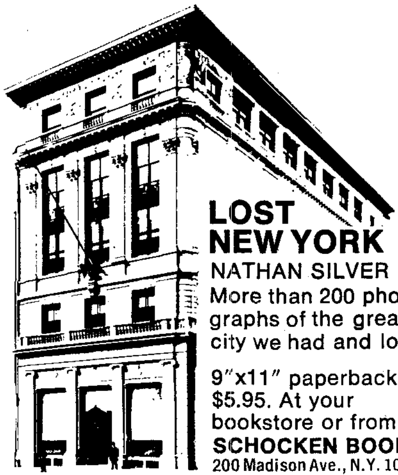

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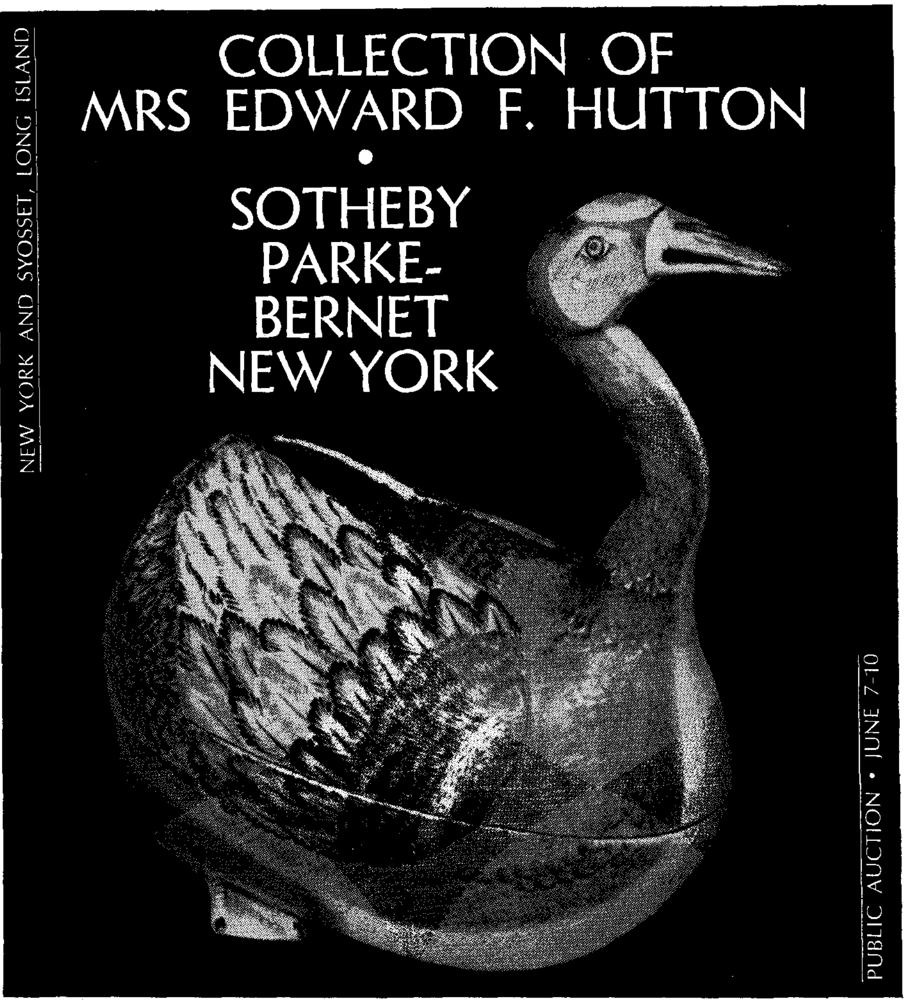
instinct that asserts itself only once and then disappears forever, the young climb to the highest point they can reach. There, ejecting a tiny piece of thread, they become kites, ready to be picked up by the slightest breeze. Carried by the wind, like certain seeds, they land wherever. Spiders have been found two hundred miles from their starting point.

And wonders pile upon wonders. The spider weaves threads beaded with glue for entrapment, threads as dry as silk for its own resting place, a waterproof material for the egg cases, a fabric as fine as swan's-down to protect the eggs. In a brilliant appendix to "The Life of the Spider," Fabre analyzes the geometry of the Epeira's web. It is a "logarithmic spiral," the same spiral that is found in the shells of molluscs—a series of winding ramps around a central pole that spin closer and closer to their support without ever touching it. The bringing together of the abstractions of mathematics and the realistic observation that characterize Fabre's books is extraordinary, but no more so than a hundred metaphors whose exactitude and originality of language justify the subtitle of Legros' biography.

I do not know what Fabre's place in science will ultimately be, or even what it is right now. Work completed at the time of the First World War has surely been superseded in important respects. And Fabre is dated in many obvious ways: his moralizing, his occasional sentimentality, his more-than-occasional anthropomorphic personifications. His scientific stature is more seriously marred by his refusal to accept evolution as a final theory. He became one of its opponents not because of a narrow orthodoxy—his insistence on the spiritual nature of reality was pantheistic at best—or ignorance or naïveté. He distrusted generalizations and limited himself to conclusions that could be verified by direct observation and by experiment. He thought evolution a too comfortable all-embracing notion. Having found evidence of the power of instinct everywhere, and knowing it to be irreversible, he felt that Darwin's theory left too many mysteries unexplained. Fabre believed that "human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we know the last word concerning the smallest fly." He and Darwin had enormous respect for one another, recognizing how passionately each was concerned with the truth. They corresponded for years, and when Darwin died Fabre was still trying to learn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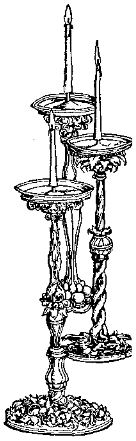

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English in order to better understand the subtleties of Darwin's thought.

Fabre's virtues spring from the same source as do his limitations. Grounded in one part of the world for over nine decades, he was able to investigate the insect life within his radius with an unprecedented thoroughness. His work on the scarab beetle took forty years. At the same time, his fixity kept him a provincial. Yet Fabre did something without parallel. Using his marvellous eyes, uncovering the incredible (the cricket's one hundred and fifty prisms, which simultaneously set in motion the four dulcimer-like organs of the elytron) and the abysmal (the dung beetle eats steadily for two months, night and day, without stopping for a second), he approached nature with the openness and wonder of a child, even as he became steeped in the lore of the specialist. For him, the miraculous and the mysterious were not necessarily at war with the factual; despite Eden, knowledge did not supplant innocence but was its corollary. We turn to him not only to find out what something looks like or how it behaves but to learn again how much can be discovered by looking. He renews our original impulses toward the world. Translating that world, he proves over and over the importance of words in conveying perception. Accuracy and truthfulness relate the scientist and the writer, but the sense of discovering the new unites the naturalist and the poet. In the end, it is revelation rather than description that draws us to both. —HOWARD MOSS

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MY NAME IS ASHER LEV, by Chaim Potok (Knopf). Asher Lev is a young artist and a Hasidic Jew, and he wants to tell us how difficult it is to be both. Ever since he began drawing at the age of four, he has had to choose between religion and art—between his parents and his patrons, between the yeshiva and the museum, between the streets of Brooklyn and the squares of Florence and Paris. He has faced a true dilemma of youth, but youth is not something to be taken quite as seriously as it is here. Mr. Potok treats both sides of Asher with an extremely monotonous solemnity. A Literary Guild selection.

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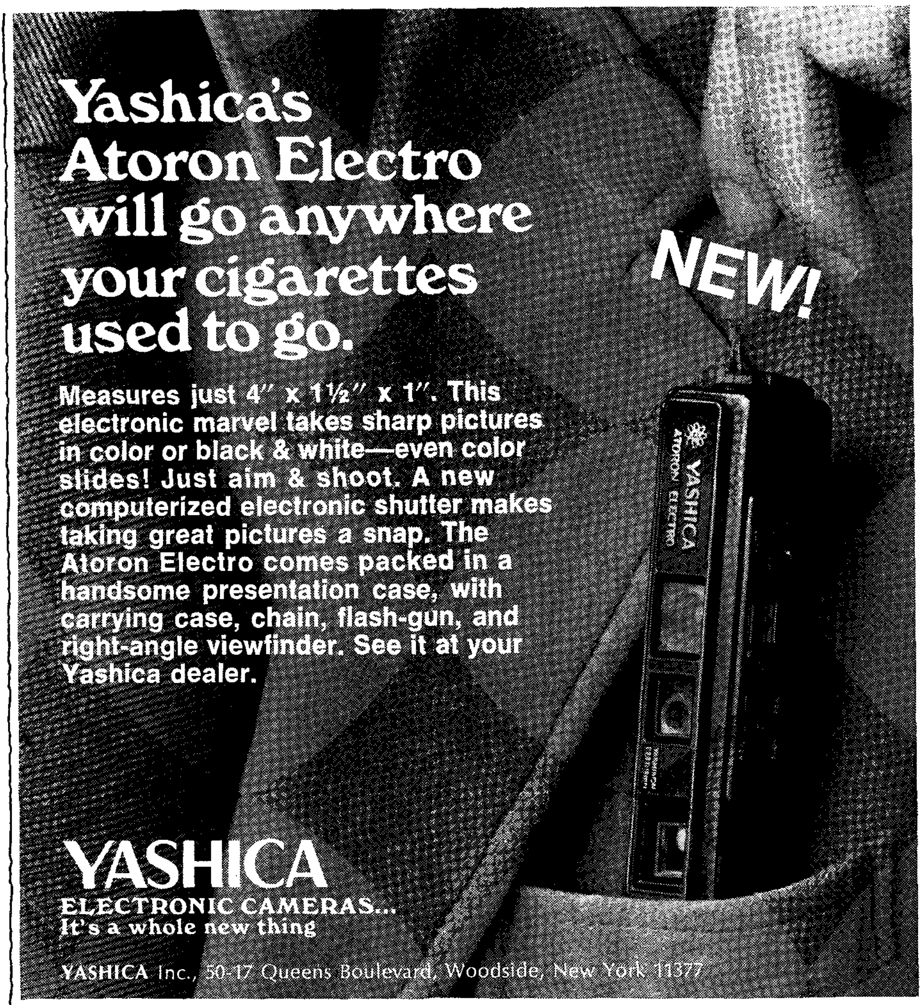
GENERAL

FELLED OAKS: CONVERSATION WITH DE GAULLE, by André Malraux, translated from the French by Irene Clephane and Linda Asher (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This book recalls a visit that M. Malraux paid to General de Gaulle at the latter's retirement retreat at Colombey in December of 1969, and the conversation with which they passed the morning, the afternoon, and much of the night. It is not, M. Malraux tells us, a mechanical record. His account is drawn from memory—from memory revised, heightened, and polished to an appropriate epigrammatic lustre. It is stirring, heroic, quintessentially de Gaullist: "France has always been shaped by strokes of the sword." "I was in a minority, I agree. I knew that sooner or later, I should cease to be so." "I shall not be able, a third time, to grab France by the hair at the last moment." "There is religious consolation; there is no religious thought." "Intellectuals get enthusiastic over intentions, and we over results." "Consider how little his defeats have dimmed Napoleon's fame." It is also recognizably Malraux-ist: "An ant ran nonchalantly across the sight I was using to fire on the Italians, who were gunning for me with all their might; ants are deaf. So are men, in a way."

THE ELIZABETHAN RENAISSANCE: THE LIFE OF THE SOCIETY, by A. L. Rowse (Scribners). Mr. Rowse first quotes Blake: "To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit." He then applies this advice throughout this engaging, absorbing study, which tells about the Elizabethans' daily life—about everything



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from riddles to sex, from witches to poorhouses. He does mention some general themes: for example, that rising prosperity (as Elizabethans invested the capital they took from the Church) was accompanied by travel to, and importations from, the Continent. (Fencing at this time, for one specific, was a chic, and at first sissified, novelty from Italy.) The book faithfully reflects that peculiarly beguiling Elizabethan mixture of the elegant and the rough-and-ready: Elizabethans, rich and not so rich, were stylish but not stodgy.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TIED UP IN TINSEL, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). This English novel shows quite plainly that if you write of murder you must either shimmer or dig deep. Dame Ngaio chooses to shimmer, and because she is a talented woman, possessed of good sense and sharp wit, her book turns out to be a vigorously entertaining Christmas tale, with old and new murders all decked out in holly and mistletoe, and all events revolving around a truly gorgeous golden Christmas tree. The scene is Halberds Manor, a luxuriously renovated ancestral pile standing in severe isolation on the moors surrounding a notorious old jail. The lord of Halberds is Hilary Bill-Tasman, a cheerful, hospitable millionaire who has made great profits out of his knowledge of antiques. Hilary has a bizarre taste in servants. Every one of the six efficient men who run the place—butler, cook, gardener, and three housemen—is an ex-convict who has committed a murder. One murder apiece, and Hilary contends that one murder is all these men had in them, so that they are now safer than safe. But when one of the Christmas visitors disappears, even Hilary begins to wonder about the wisdom of his appointments. Besides the convicts and Hilary, there are present five house guests and six policemen. The policemen include Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, of the C.I.D., and the guests include Alleyn's celebrated wife, Troy, who is there because she is painting Hilary's portrait.

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